

HOPE'S CERTAIN SIGNS.

When after winter's slow retreating days,
We get a glimpse of crocuses or the grass,
We throw aside our piteous "alas!"
And take upon our lips the tone of praise;
Upon the precious promises we gaze;
Beholding things so soon to come to pass,
Green fields and woods and all enchanted ways!

'Tis even so with us when we are sad,
The children of heart's season's dreary dale;
What time we see some growth of good arise;
A grass-blade word or smile makes us so glad,
A crocus gleam sends inspiration to the soul,
And we can look on earth with angel eyes!

—William Brewster.

An Outline Portrait of the Coming Preacher.

Abstract of a Lecture delivered before the
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Temple, Elizabeth Street, Sydney, New
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BY W. J. COLVILLE.

In the first chapter of Isaiah the essential qualifications of a successful preacher are graphically set forth. There have ever been three distinct classes of religious teachers in the world, namely Priests, Philosophers and Prophets. The functions of these have always been clearly distinct; but in some instances they have been united, but in other cases have been mutually opposed.

The priest is a natural conservative, one who greatly honors tradition and is content to be guided by long established precedent. The philosopher is of intellectual temperament and of speculative turn of mind; he is an inquirer or a student rather than an exhorter. The prophet or seer is one who not only proclaims righteousness and rebukes iniquity, he is also gifted with an unusual amount of insight and foresight, and by reason of his extraordinary knowledge of universal law and its unalterable workings, is capable of bringing to the people an amount of spiritual information in a convincing manner, which neither priest nor philosopher can supply. The words of Moses may well ring in our ears today: "Would that all the Lord's people were prophets."

We also do well to remember that the priestly idea in Israel has long been universal, so that the whole house of Israel has been called a nation of priests, which means that the head of every family should be a true religious minister to his household-congregation, thereby excluding the fallacious view of priestly function so often insisted upon with overwhelming vehemence by the heads of Hierarchical ecclesiastical organizations.

The priest, the philosopher, and the prophet can be united in a single individual, though they seldom are; for we generally find the priest concerning himself with dogmas and ceremonies, while the philosopher occupies himself with cool, rational inquiries into the abstract and the absolute, leaving it for the prophet alone to perform that essentially ethical work which requires not only sincere devotion to the cause of righteousness, but spiritual insight into the real conditions of human life.

The priest usually preaches from the pulpit of authority vested in a church or literature, but the prophet cares little for accepted standards and prescribed formulas; he lifts up an independent voice even in a wilderness of doubt or iniquity, and refuses to enquire whether church or college will accept or reject his heaven-inspired message.

The book of Isaiah is a remarkably fine specimen of the prophetic type of literature, for it embraces fervid exhortation, sublime poetry, stalwart denunciations of injustice, coupled with clear revelations regarding the nature of true universal religion. The Levitical portions of the Bible, though they abound in the highest moral counsels, contain many ritual injunctions which are of less than world-wide import and many of which scarcely apply to all periods of human history. These questions of ritual can always furnish ground for controversy, and can be made to serve as exclusive barriers between those that observe them and those that do not; but the distinctly prophetic utterances which abound in Isaiah and other prophetic writings, do not in any way serve to keep Jew apart from Gentile, for they gloriously emphasize the truth that righteousness alone can furnish a passport to divine favor, and therefore if one nation is nearer God than another, it can only be because one nation lives more righteously than another.

The modern preacher who is a true prophet in any degree, will never lack hearers nor will he ever be without influence wherever he may sojourn, though such a preacher can never count upon being the idol of fashionable society. People who attend a place of worship chiefly to be entertained, can do very well without a temple, because there are many places not professedly religious where high-class and even instructive amusement can be furnished them; but if a church is to live and justify its endurance as a well-sup-

ported institution, it must minister to certain definite human needs, which neither theatre nor concert room nor even college lecture halls can perfectly supply.

The prophets of old said that among the certain evidences of genuine inspiration and actual qualifications for the preacher's post must be mentioned ability to proclaim good tidings to the meek, to bind up the wounds of the broken hearted, to proclaim liberty to captives, and in all ways to furnish guidance to the wandering and consolation to the afflicted. The credentials which the ancient Hebrew prophets were able to furnish, and which abundantly proved the divinity of their mission, are just as necessary for the illumined teacher of today as they could possibly have been a few millenniums ago, and we may surely declare that the modern world needs a prophetic message quite as much as did the world of ancient times.

We are not only living in an age of doubt, we are living in an age of broadening faith; not only are we witnesses to the downfall of religious superstitions, we are also beholding the new birth of widespread interest in all that concerns the spiritual constitution of man and the universe. The trend of modern science is surely further and further away from materialism on the one hand and religious dogmatism on the other. The Roman Catholic Church furnishes an asylum of refuge for those who want to feel spiritually safe by entrusting their spiritual concerns to a priest, very much as people are accustomed to trust their bodily health to a physician and their worldly affairs to a lawyer or expert man of business.

The Australian Church, in harmony with all other liberal churches, can offer no asylum of refuge for the timid and fearful ones who dare not use their reason on matters of religion for fear that reason might lead them to perdition if they dared to follow it.

The preacher in a liberal pulpit can well take for his initial text, "Come, let us reason together, saith the Lord," and let it be truly declared that there is an intuition belonging to humanity behind reason which makes possible a fuller apprehension of divine things than reason unaided could supply, this very intuition must work upon and through reason to bring home to human consciousness a sense of spiritual responsibility to something higher than the man of sense.

It may not always be an easy task even for an inspired prophet to steer entirely free of the two extremes of dogmatism and indifference which are the chief blemishes of the average pulpit occupant, but we may all rest assured that unless this feat be accomplished by the coming preacher, the cause of liberal religion must necessarily languish. The old high pulpit has come down never to be re-erected, but a new pulpit may be required somewhat loftier than the modern reading desk. The immensely high pulpits of olden times symbolized—perfectly the prevailing thought of the period in which they were erected, and their recent demolition has been a natural outcome of the changed attitude taken by congregations to their ministers.

The church has both gained and suffered by the free dissemination of progressive literature; it has gained in so far as breadth is concerned, but it has somewhat lost in height in the estimation of the populace. Many clergymen in these transitional days do not know what to preach definitely, so they often make the mistake of intruding their own doubts upon their audiences, and though doubt may be perfectly honest, it can never be convincing, and as a multitude of those who attend places of worship are severely harassed by private doubts of their own (which they are seeking to get rid of), they cannot be expected to feel any great enthusiasm for a phase of ministry which only expresses in forcible and eloquent language the very difficulties which beset the congregation.

Dogmatic theology is not necessary to ethical certainty, nor need we be narrow in order to be sure.

The great hold which modern Spiritualism is still gaining upon the masses everywhere, is due largely to the fact that Spiritualists profess to deal with demonstrated certainties and declare that they can substitute knowledge for mere belief in the truth of human immortality.

Mental Scientists gain their chief hold on the public by promising relief from physical infirmities and by holding out prospects for improved business to all who follow a special course of mental training. While there are extravagances connected with all large claims and some amount of imposition usually attaches to popular movements, there is an all-sufficient substratum of truth in all Spiritualistic, Metaphysical, and Theosophical claims to justify their exponents in vigorously promulgating their respective theories.

The popular preacher in an independent pulpit should be able to take a sympathetic view of all movements which appeal to human needs and so guide the thought of the community which he influences as to show the true meeting-place between the various

aspects of truth presented by varying systems of modern thought, thereby exerting an influence entirely in the direction of greater general harmony. No matter how eloquent or how learned the preacher may be, if he lacks a large amount of fearlessness in the expression of his convictions, or if he permits himself to be unduly swayed by any faction in the community, he is sure to lose ground among the very people he seeks to serve and to conciliate.

Nothing has been more clearly demonstrated in America than the amazing hold which thoroughly fearless and almost impermanent preachers have gained upon the educated elements in almost all parts of the United States. One of the most notable instances is the case of Doctor Emil Hirsch, of Chicago, who receives by far the largest salary of any religious minister in that enormous enterprising city. Doctor Hirsch never hesitates to express his strongest views on all varieties of topics. He is sometimes almost offensively outspoken, and never spares the wealthy when he denounces courses of injustice; still so great is his hold upon his own congregation as well as upon an immense community outside, that he is in every respect one of the most influential of all the speakers who represent liberal thought in the religious world of modern America.

Truly, it may be said that a really influential preacher must be a man of many parts. He must be versatile as well as eloquent and comprehensible, as well as comprehensive in his utterances. But there is also a certain quality of self-assurance which an individual must embody in his own personality before he can become a magnet to attract and hold any vast assembly, no matter how great may be his learning or how wide his experience and sympathy. Nearly everybody admires strength, and particularly that kind of strength which can only be appreciated psychically. We often hear the remark concerning a great preacher that he is a "strong man." This allusion in no way refers to his strength of body, but to his strength of purpose, though it must be frankly admitted that a robust, physical constitution is of immense advantage to all active workers.

Doctor Joseph Parker of London has proved himself one of the pulpit wonders of the nineteenth century, and it is not strange that a very warm friendship long subsisted between him and the celebrated American preacher, Henry Ward Beecher, who was another brilliant example of strong individuality coupled with a great wealth of kindly sympathy.

It may be truly said of the long celebrated Charles Spurgeon, whose congregations were the largest in London, that he preached no doctrine in any way different from that proclaimed by thousands of other so-called evangelical ministers. The great American revivalist Moody was never known to rise to any extraordinary heights of eloquence, and his singular companion, Sankey, never attained to great artistic celebrity as a vocalist.

Whence, then, the magnetic force which drew such large masses of people continually to the ministrations of these particular men who had nothing extraordinary to offer to the public? One answer is surely correct: They were thoroughly convinced of their own ability to draw and hold the masses, and they did not pander to what they believed to be the passing fancy of the hour.

Every preacher who has strong convictions, great confidence in the public, and unbounded personal assurance, is certain to succeed in some particular line of ministry, but he will serve no great end in the community unless he employs his position in such a manner as to fulfill the prophetic requirements enumerated in the first chapter of Isaiah. People need encouraging far more than they need scolding, but they need teaching and warning far more than they need flattering. Let all preachers carefully study the character of Elisha, especially as displayed in his dealings with Naaman, and they may learn therefrom to strike the happy "golden mean" between aggressive fault-finding, which enlightens nobody but angers many, and that truckling, condescending spirit which dare not point out without prevarication the true road to conquest over the vices and miseries which still afflict society.

Whenever a preacher is sure of anything himself, he should proclaim his certainty in public; but while he is laboring with a confused mass of tentative conjectures, he had better remain silent concerning those subjects about which he feels he knows nothing certainly. It is only faith and knowledge and love, embodied in a preacher, that can make him a true success. His work may be to guide thought, but it can never be to repress free thought in others. Reverent free thought is particularly needed in the pulpit of today, and wherever a preacher shall be found who can interpret human life and explain the riddle of the universe more fully than the average man seems able to explain it, that preacher will not lack for support or hearers. The living pulpit must be thoroughly optimistic, for without optimism there can be no

true reform. But a genuine optimist is by no means one who complacently smiles at everything and makes no distinction between cleanliness and dirt, or between harmony and discord. He is one who can point the way to the evolution of cosmos out of chaos, and can take the lesson taught in Ruskin's "Ethics of the Dust," and apply it to every stipulation demanding his and the people's attention. When all sacerdotal assumptions shall have been finally discounted, and the preacher has been forever separated from the ambitious priest and lifted above the coldly intellectual level of the mere philosopher, new prophets will appear to herald a new religious epoch which will be an era distinguished from all past ages by reason of greater freedom of thought, wider enlightenment of the masses, and the complete extrication of the religious spirit from the swaddling bands of fear and superstition in which it has so long been cradled.

Faith in one Supreme Beneficence, the life of the universe, and the immortality of every human soul, can be reasonably maintained in connection with firm devotion to the truly scientific spirit which fearlessly investigates all things. Head and heart, intellect and emotion, can find united play in the coming pulpit, for they must be unitedly ministered unto as represented in the coming pew.

Death.

BY AUGUSTA ADAMS.

Now, what is this that spells its name as Death? What is this that creeps through the bones of all earth-children and calls them as its own?

If you have eyes, look forth: if you have mouth, speak forth, and if you have ears, listen to our say.

You stretch your pall of darkness across the habitations of the sons of men, and hang your clouds within the hearts of all God's children. The angels have no stoop to know your sign of darkness, and the lean-to of thy world is builded not against their throne.

What song have you that chants not any notes but sorrow's? Are you the gift of gods, or are you hung a-forth from doors of Hell to frighten childlike hearts, to know no step to Heaven? You all, belittle Nature's way, for she doth know not of thy tune. Her song is sung though storms a-wild may blow thy blasts, and all the fury of her sky is built a-forth even though the fury of all hells go telling elsewhere that her charm is lost.

Now, you, O Death, art born where shadows fall. Your bodies are the stretch you prize, and it were well if you might learn the lesson meekly told to many hearts, that life is in the soul and health is in all love. You take no road of lesser turn than shows you where the ending mortal runs, and you graveyard all yourself where grasses prove your falseness by their waving selves, proclaiming life that never dies.

Should you and I, O Death and Soul, be met on table of fine feast, think you the guests would take your fifth to my never-ending life? Think you the flowers bedecking all your make-believing way would bloom again if planted where the smiles of youth do grow? Think you, O greatest falseness, that the dead who know thy step are suited to thy tune and range no more with life?

You are hiring from the doors of Nature culled. She doth open thee with her foot, and carriage of her grandness doth not arise a blackness like to you. You are ghost of all the past, and out you go a-haunting all the future.

But bend your ear now,—
You never may in future hold
The reins that now are overbold,—

for, see you not the car where Wisdom rides
Aclose upon your track? See where not the
footprints where the aged walk as tell that
thou didst ne'er apprise their youth? See
you not the heavens in contract to avoid thy
step and make a harness for thy speed?

'Tis you, forsooth, that seats the hiring
where the worker plods, and 'tis you that
makes no smiles where laughter all should
ring. Adown the centuries where you have
spelled your wicket self, have you ne'er
thought the souls that stood await themselves
and took this road of life to member make
themselves of all the great Eternal? Was
not your ears a-catch to all their pleading as
they did seek to tarry till times of Time had
made them known with other time where you
are not?

O, shame upon you, faithless one, that stood
so friendless to the all-pleading ones that
shook your darkness through their souls. You
was morning not to any night, and now you
winter still with colded breath the hearts
that cry your distance.

I am not the thing to know your way, yet
would I stoop and shatter all your greedy
self that hangs on tip-toe, through the air of
earthlings' way. I would punish you with
stripes that tell you prisoner in the hands
of Love, and I would go a-forth as angel-
bearer to proclaim your bowels all outboard
where bodies never more may feed them.

I rock a cradle sweet, and 'tis mother-arms
I hold, no soul shall perish where I swing my
lullaby, and you, O haunting one of earth,
can never sleep my paradise. I have said you
long with words, but now in days of future
ride I harlequin out where words are not, and
in the sword-blade of my hand I picture you
a death. 'Tis said you leap all bounds when
youth cries fast her songs of love and pas-
sions forth her beauty to your ways. But I,
O Death, am Life, and see you well the
market-bare that fasten you to earth's dull
ways are safely put, for I will dream you
with such vision that nights will stand apart
from all your ways, and be no more the
things to dress themselves for your bewilderment.

Ah! Death, I laugh at your great little-
ness. I spurn your knowing not your hold, I
anchor where the babes of Bethlehem, still
known to Christ's great heart, are all stolid
as numbered soil within his praise, and you,
O mocker of mother-hearts and waker of
tears through all dreams, will go a riding
where no heart will leap to your returning
journey.

I am Nature's way, and Nature's foot is
dressed to trample on your neck, so, stoop,
thou bastard, and wince not, for the thrushes
of all the world do cry you down, and now
receive your doom. I punish you with life.
You shall awaken from your sleep and be the
thing I smile to know. Ah! I will angel you
to veriest heaven and all earth-born will
know thee as the thing that once did sit their
souls to prove their mastership.

Rockland, Me.

Wait for the Coming of His Faithful Love.

BY FANNIE A. BEND.

Why search the volume of the modern
writer, to find grains of sand, when flowers
bloom upon your way? Revel in the higher
mazes of inspired contributions, rilling in
worth of combined effort of the less ad-
vanced, in unfolding their personal dedica-
tions drawn from less lofty sources.

To read the truth in its entirety requires
matchless scope the misguided mind cannot
grasp in a few illustrations only. In magni-
tude it is appalling, but when once brought
under commanding circumstances, the product
may be distilled in rich measure.

Drawn from higher sources of wisdom, we
encounter its ripest fruits, and convert all
into facts given as preliminaries to rouse the
mental output, to do its best, to conserve the
possibilities thereof. The strides are long
and hard to reach for the many, yet each
trial brings added equipment for the suc-
ceeding. Joyful are the tidings the new day
brings in memory of the awaited rich in re-
membered acts of love's fulfillment as drawing
the world's gaze to a better state of exist-
ence, or of life, it may be termed, denoting
the undying power of example divesting it-
self of all save the best, a standard never to
be changed.

In unswerving effort the law holds its fol-
lowers to make the seal stronger, as well as
more highly embellished with deeds of trans-
forming beauty, so seemingly the central
figure is placed yet higher in conception.
Why is all this desire made to uncover the
lower, less goodly elements in man's com-
bined equipment, the part he is to unfold into
perfection? Instruments of cruel intent seem-
ingly probe the sickly parts, and much of
pain ensues. 'Tis thus all along the way of
improvement in matters material and spiri-
tual. Why is this so? How many times has
the question been asked? In limited visions
of far seeing even the answer is barely ad-
dible, and the searchings are full of this
same pain, in longing, in anticipation, an in-
restrainable pressure dominates the will and the
uncertain reply instead of refreshing the soul
causes doubt and pain.

If ever men reach the initial stage where
the power to rule all faculties, to yield of
their best, the answer will show itself in
diminutive parts, one grain at a time. The
perfection spoken of is not the highest, it is
one step toward it. As we advance in sub-
jugating the lower passions known to men in
the first stages of existence, others appear,
and 'tis thus we realize the eternities of time
stretch far beyond the feeble conception of
minds in infancy. Not to be discouraged, but
quickened with renewed zeal to press on to
higher altitudes of being. How far it reaches,
how far away it appears, yet what accumu-
lations of wisdom attend the ongoing, and the
richness, the inexhaustible delight inspires to
give patience, courage, and the spirit true to
wander where learning grows, each revela-
tion assuming significance enriching the life
beyond all mortal conceptions.

Why linger at the doorway of ignorance
when plenty abides for the asking? Apathy
means doing something to further the de-
sire. Remember the words of him who
spoke in parables. Be ye down of the word
and not hearers only. His mission is just be-
gun after 3000 years. The spirit is leading us
(Continued on page five.)

SAD DAYS THAT ARE GLAD DAYS.

BY MARY MAILED FINCH.

Sometimes my days they are sad days
All tinged with the wistful weather,
While on my days they are glad days
Each tinted with the summer's tender.

Thus I turn the soul of my sad days
To smile at the summer's sweetness;
And I hold the heart of my glad days
To sing of the year's completeness.

I bend the brow of my gray days
With the green of the fields and meadows;
While larks are singing their hey-days
We bid adieu to the shadows.

Boone, Colo.

In the Land of Might Have Been.

BY IDA L. SPALDING.

There are moments when the delicate fragrance of rare flowers exhaled in some far-distant land of poetry and romance seemingly greets our senses, when the soft breezes of a summer clime gently fan our cheek and strains of exquisite melody float to us from master hands from harps unseen float to us on the ambient air from fairer shores. The hard lines of our present surroundings seem to fade away in the light never seen on land or sea that softens and beautifies all things.

It is then that we catch a glimpse of what we might be and see no longer ourselves as we are. The crudities and angularities of our personality slip from us, and we behold the unfolded, refined, cultured being we might be.

Sometimes this realization awakens a deep feeling of resentment at Fate that she has not provided us with proper environments for our best unfoldment; sometimes we experience only disappointment and chagrin at our own undoubted failure in reaching the goal of our dreams, in attaining our ideal; and sometimes with thankfulness and joy we recognize the fact that we have within us that which may enable us to become better than we are—that, indeed, we are related to all that which calls forth our deepest respect, our greatest admiration and even reverence. Sometimes the vision, or rather the momentary consciousness of what we might have been leaves us depressed, dejected and so dissatisfied with ourselves and our surroundings that we are for a season unhappy, miserable and even wretched; then, again, the "might have been" so glorifies the present as it is, with its radiance and beauty, that we take up our heavy burdens once more with light heart and go forward to meet the difficulties that lie in our way with renewed strength and patience, for we realize that we are more than we seem, that we are greater, more powerful and forceful than our environments, and that all the might have been are but the may-bes of the future.

So many falsely imagine that ill-spent time and unimproved opportunities are such a complete and irrevocable loss that it does not profit them in the least to strive to make up the past to themselves by more earnest and intelligent endeavors. Their life is wasted, they cry in impotent misery and despair.

I am so constituted that I cannot easily acknowledge defeat. To me it seems that we are imperfect creatures at best, and imperfection must mark our greatest efforts and mar our most excellent achievements and highest attainments. It is in studying the cause of our failures that we learn by experience, which is at once our severest and most efficient teacher. If an experience has brought us misfortune and unhappiness we are too prone to pronounce it all evil, and either brood and sorrow over it, or, worse, hope, or put it behind us without analyzing the causes which produced such deplorable results. In either case I confess it is an irredeemable misfortune in that we have thereby lost that which we shall never recover. However, I do not believe in spending time and taking the nerves by bitter regrets or fretful replinings over what is past and cannot in that sense be remedied, neither do I believe in relegating it to oblivion without striving to glean therefrom a lesson. We grow strong, we gain knowledge and wisdom by a careful study of every mistake and failure, we gather therefrom the possibility of finally achieving success, of gaining the goal and of attaining our ideals.

"But we are growing old!" some one exclaims passionately and despairingly. "How can we hope that we may yet achieve all that we might have accomplished and be all that we might have been?"

In the moments of spiritual exaltation of which I have spoken, we feel what we might have been and what we are capable of becoming under the most favorable circumstances, but what conditions it requires to develop in each individual the sterling qualities of heart, mind and soul whereby those attributes and talents that we possess may find complete and satisfactory expression no one can foretell. We do not know what we might have been without the sad experiences and misfortunes that have been ours, or even without the failures we have made and the golden opportunities we have lost but now unavailingly regret. There was and perhaps is a tendency to self-indulgence and selfishness on our part to be overcome and a habit of industry, patience and perseverance to be established before we can successfully exercise those gifts that would make us what we feel so strongly impressed we might be.

We feel defrauded sometimes that Fate has not provided the favorable circumstances necessary for the unfoldment and cultivation of the best and highest inherent in our nature. Yet in such surroundings we might be like the rare exotic that flourishes and blooms in beauty under the care of the skillful florist in the artificial atmosphere of the conservatory, but that is instantly blighted and quickly perishes when heaven's cool, invigorating air breathes over so lightly upon it.

It is not reasonable to suppose that we are placed in this sphere of existence in the midst of the conditions now prevalent throughout the world to live the sheltered lives of hot-house plants. We are here to gain the sturdy growth that will prepare us for the next sphere of usefulness to which, sooner or later, we shall be called, where our lives may blossom out in the loveliness befitting the more perfect conditions obtaining there. We are here to gain strength in the midst of trials and difficulties, to be suppling that away and bend before the fury of the storm. We are here to learn endurance like the hardy rose that survives the chilling blasts and deep snows of winter and blooms in the summer air, so sweetly fragrant and so entrancingly lovely in form and hue as to be demoralized and overcome if flowers. We are here to so cultivate our spiritual nature that the cold, depressing environments of earth may not stunt its growth or make it less beautiful and fragrant with love, and kindness, and graciousness, and high and holy aspirations.

Mortal existence is not the all of life, therefore we have no need to mourn as those without hope over our every failure. We have no need to mourn at all, and I say it in all serious earnestness, even though the

whole of our earthly life prove a series of mistakes, failures and disappointments. A continued existence for man beyond the narrow confines of the tomb is indubitably proven by the phenomena of Spiritualism, and that it is well worth the living here to attain the undisputed testimony of those who return to us from the land immortal. They speak to us in tones of hope, they point to a life of endless progression over yonder—a series of endeavors, struggles, and even mistakes, I doubt not, as well as great successes, grand achievements and high attainments—and in view of eternity with all its glorious possibilities in store for us, the wonder is that we can be so thoroughly downcast and despairing at the worst that comes to us here.

While the short span of mortal existence is insignificant, as far as all that comes to us of trial and sorrow that by our conduct have not invited, when compared with the life everlasting, let us not forget that it is of vast importance to us in another sense. The manner in which we use our time and opportunities or glean a lesson from their misuses or waste, is of the greatest moment to us, for we are taught by every returning intelligence that our life here establishes our status there, and the consequences of our acts and even thoughts follow and abide with us in the spirit land until we have outgrown the conditions thereby induced.

As the denizens of that other world come to us, sad or happy, impoverished in spirit and undeveloped in intellect or spiritually exalted, their thoughts clothed in the beautiful garb that bespeaks refinement and culture, consciously or unconsciously, thoughtlessly or with a purpose, their most commonplace messages teach the truest, grandest lessons, and the highest code of human ethics hitherto known has been deduced therefrom by the noble exponents of the spiritual philosophy on this side of life, enjoining as it does the cultivation of individuality, the recognition of personal responsibility and the constant practice of the golden rule, teaching the inalienability of retributive justice, and embracing the doctrine of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

Spiritualism as a religion supplies every need and answers every aspiration of the soul in all conditions and under all circumstances. To the doubting mind it offers the assurance of immortality. It comforts the bereaved with incontrovertible proofs of the continued existence and presence of the beloved dead. It does not seek to enslave the soul with a creed or so limit its usefulness by dogmatic assumptions that it shall of necessity be outgrown by the unfolding spirit. In its forms and ceremonies it enjoins the most democratic simplicity compatible with dignity and a proper reverent spirit, and thus meets the requirements of the few gathered together in its name as well as the most flourishing society in the most magnificent temple dedicated to the dissemination of its great and everlasting truths.

Spiritualism is unique in this respect: It is a harvester that separates, as it reaps, the wheat from the tares, the corn from the thistles, and it does not confine its garnering to any one field. Everywhere it seeks the wheat and winnow it; it has harvested until nothing but the perfect grain remains. From every source it gathers that which will benefit mankind. Its maxim is, "Search for the good that abides in everything." In every religion, in every school of thought, it looks for the truth embodied therein, and when it finds that which it can utilize it gladly accepts it. It is tolerant and unbogged, and gives credit to every sect, every movement, every reform, for being actuated by unselfish, humanitarian motives in seeking to ameliorate the conditions of material existence and to elevate mankind, and it is spiritually, even though it may not always approve of the methods employed or the teachings it seeks to inculcate.

Spiritualism is not a destroyer in the sense of a devastator. Atheism and Materialism are iconoclasts, but Spiritualism is, above all else, a builder. It adds knowledge, moral and intellectual, evidence to hope and faith, and with heaven's effulgent rays the path over which mankind has so long groped its way feebly and fearfully in the darkness of error, ignorance and superstition. Through its agency the ministry of angels is indeed realized, and we learn with joy and gratitude that they are not a special creation apart from ourselves, but are our own beloved ones whom we have mourned as lost to us, possibly forever, as far as their tenderly remembered individuality is concerned. We are assured that while they have put on the garments of immortality they have not laid aside with materiality their human affections and those attributes of heart and mind, imperfect though they might have been, which endeared them to us. Not only are we made happier and better by our daily companionship with them, but we learn that through their instrumentality more dyed-in-the-wool souls are enabled to approach us, and in the character of teachers and ministers of good, they open up to us new fields wherein we may search for and find the priceless treasures of wisdom and knowledge.

In the light shed by Spiritualism over our way, the dividing line between the two worlds is practically obliterated, and we see before us an unbroken path leading ever onward and upward, for endless progression is the soul's divine inheritance. Up the heights with ceaseless struggle and endeavor we shall climb ever to see before us a succession of greater heights, yet ever upward we are called upon to begin the ascent; we may be assured that we shall have ample time and opportunity to rest from our labors and enjoy the fruits of our efforts with the companions of our journey in the smiling valley that lies between, where silvery streams in the sun and the air, and the verdant banks, where tuneful birds warble their lays in the whispering groves and an air of peace and harmony pervades the scene.

But wherever we may roam and however far we may advance in this sphere of life or in the spirit land, we may well believe that there will come to us error and anon soft echoes from the Land of Might Have Been, or the Land of May Be, for this Land of Might Have Been is the domain of the soul, that spark of divinity enshrined within every individual. From out its own perfection it breathes to us in our crude, unrefined expression of better, purer, holier things than we have as yet outlived, and when we shall have learned to heed its admonitions, like a guiding star shining clear and true and steady in the firmament above us, it will lead us by the more perfect and direct paths up the grandest, loftiest heights of spiritual attainment as we press ever onward, higher and still higher in the scale of individual unfoldment, through the countless ages of eternity.

Helpful Movement.

A novel movement is being carried on under the auspices of the South End churches, the study of the child being considered from the economic, physical, mental, moral and religious standpoint, under the leadership of Joseph L. Dixon of the Bible normal college.

Mr. Dixon starts with the proposition that every child has the instincts of love, anger, fear, hunger, inclination and activity, and that these instincts may be so trained as to develop the highest good or the worst evil in the possessor.

The talks are attended largely by kinder-

garten teachers and mothers. Questions are invited and discussion is free, as shown at last evening's meeting in the Shawmut Congregational church. The subjects specially considered were anger, fear and love.

Anger, Mr. Dixon held, was shown in very early infancy. This quality can be increased in the child by giving it exhibitions of anger in return, through the universal instinct of imitation. It could also be lessened and turned into the qualities of bravery and heroism by mildness, combined with firmness, and authority tempered by love.

Fear was described as the antithesis of love. It was easy to make it about us, overwhelming by ghost stories, threats, shutting up in the dark and various other ways. It might, on the other hand, be so cultivated that it should apply only to real danger and to wrong.

Love was predominant in all animate beings. The lowest of dumb animals possessed it, and the mother could well learn lessons from them in the care of their young. The mother who repels the caress of her child produces a result which it will be hard to counteract. The mother—and the father, too—should begin right. Keep the child busy about something. It will think it is doing a lot to help, even if it only holds the soap while the baby is washed.

The child from 1 to 13 years will also be considered, on the broad and comprehensive question of what shall be done with it. This will include food, clothing, manners, toys, the beginning of education, and other details.—Boston Globe.

What and Where is Heaven?

BY MABEL GIFFORD.

In a general way heaven is the place where all is in its true order. Men see in this world conditions of inharmonious, disorder, and falsity, and they hope some day to go where all is set to rights. They have been taught that if they believe certain things or do certain things that they will some day be taken up out of this world and set down in the kingdom of heavenly conditions. They have been taught that they are put here to suffer and endure, and so win the right to heaven, as a reward for their endurance.

In a particular way, heaven is to every man the kind of a place he imagines the happiest existence. To the Indian it is a happy hunting ground; to the weary, rest; to the energetic a place where they can do the work they like best; to the progressive man it is eternal growth.

Men are coming now to understand that heaven is possible only to those who have come to love what it is and are in the endeavor to live it. The students of the science of life find that a man may come into heaven as fast as he learns to live in the things that make heaven. He need not wait for some future time, but may begin any time. Unless he prefers to live in disorderly conditions here, he may learn to live in the orderly conditions while in this world. To put a man in conditions he did not love would not be heaven to him, however orderly they might be. What would be heaven to one man, would be a wretched place to another.

In a broad sense, all are in heaven who are in the endeavor to live the heavenly life, and all are in hell who are in no endeavor to live the heavenly life, but delight in perverted conditions. Between these two there is a great gulf fixed, and it is impossible for the souls in either one to go into the other's place except by living the life of it. A man cannot know the delights of love except by loving; a man cannot know the wretchedness of hate except by hating. No man can know the blessedness of peace except by trusting; no man can know the torment of doubt except by doubting. Each human being lives in heaven and hell to the extent that he lives the life of either. We live partially in both places, and development, is growing more and more into the true conditions. The more we live in the true the less room there is for the false. Thus the sheep and the goats are separated in us. The "lamb" goes into the everlasting bliss that accompanies the true conditions, and the "goats" go into the torment that they perpetually create by their nature.

We are in the heavenly way while endeavoring to live in the truth, but we are not in heaven fully, until we learn to live wholly in the truth. We are then to develop into conscious beings capable of knowing and enjoying the heavenly life. This plane is the beginning of consciousness. We first become conscious of ourselves in the physical and material world or plane, then of the emotional, then of the mental, and last of the spiritual. We are here to find out ourselves, and what we are here for, and where we are going, and how to get there. Our development here is to find ourselves, to choose the way, and to make a start in it. When we are persuaded that the false ways are false, we desire to get out of them and to find a better. The earnestness of our desire determines our progress here. To make a beginning, then, what we are here for. The next plane is for the separation of the false and the true and the instruction and adoption of the true. This is the intermediate world. When this separation has been accomplished, we can enter into the heavenly plane or world, where are harmonious conditions. Here we are to progress from strength to strength, from glory to glory, as we come ever more into the consciousness of heavenly conditions.

The Christians called the false conditions sin, and the realization of it conviction of sin; the desire to be freed from it, repentance; and the guidance and power of the one who repels the truth to the truth, to them, they called salvation; realization that Truth could save them from their inharmonious conditions, they called conversion. When this takes place they say a man is regenerated; born again; begun a new life. Justification is that stage of progress where a man endeavors to live in the truth wholly, and feels the conviction that all his motives and intentions being for the truth, he will not suffer for his failings. This puzzles some minds, for they believe that we reap in every act and thought that which we sow. But it becomes plain when we consider that the soul's desire is to progress from strength to strength, from glory to glory, as we come ever more into the consciousness of heavenly conditions. The soul's desire is to progress from strength to strength, from glory to glory, as we come ever more into the consciousness of heavenly conditions. The soul's desire is to progress from strength to strength, from glory to glory, as we come ever more into the consciousness of heavenly conditions.

These stages of progression come to every growing soul, whether he is a churchman, a deist, a skeptic, a rationalist, or a humanist. Each stage of progression has a different name, but it is not the letters that are used to spell a name, but what the name stands for to those who use it. Every letter of the Hebrew name for the Highest, is sacred to them, for each letter represents the highest and holiest. We are told that except we believe in the name of Jesus we cannot be saved. This is plain; if we cannot believe in what that name represents, we cannot be saved. If we cannot believe in truth

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and love and all that proceed from them, we certainly cannot be saved from the false conditions we are in. From the creations of the Infinite, we see that he is infinite love, and truth, wisdom and power, and that his creations are perfect law, order and harmony. We, being in ignorance, desire to live in this law, order and harmony, and of the methods of finding it that man presents to us, we choose that which seems to us the best, or we think out some system of our own, or we look to the Highest and receive light from him. We may not believe in the historical Jesus, but we believe in that which he is. He is the revelation of God's truth, which is love. The Bible is a revelation of the Infinite love and truth, and shows how man is led from the lowest conception of the Infinite up to the highest. The historical Jesus revealed the Highest to men who were in such darkness that the light could reach them in no other way. To read about it, to hear about it, to see it in Nature, did not appeal to them, so dead were their hearts, so lost were they in rites and ceremonies and the traditions of men. But love revealed in a human life they could understand, and feel its nature.

God could not reveal himself through any man, for man would not reveal his love perfectly, his own personality preventing, but God could prepare a human body to express himself through, with no human being in it to interfere. In this way he could be revealed as perfectly as man was able to comprehend, and within this revelation include a higher that would be revealed as fast as man progressed. Every man may show forth some thing of the God-nature, but no one can reveal the whole. God can manifest through every consecrated soul, through every great leader, but modified by their personality and powers of reception. In this body which he prepared, there was no personality manifesting him, but God manifesting himself. If we do not believe in the historical Jesus, yet we believe in that which he revealed, and it is that which opens heaven to man. If we do not believe in the Bible, yet we believe in that which the Bible reveals of truth and love. If we do not believe in the methods of progression which the Christian, the Hindu, the Buddhist, the Occultist or other orders present, yet we find that we pass through the states of progression they represent by different names. They all tell us the same things in different words. They all point us to heaven. There is much difference in the ways, but the end is one. It makes much difference which way you take, some ways being dark and thorny, others sad, others a perpetual warfare. Each man must take the way that he feels best suited

to him, but God's way is pleasant, and his paths peace. The highest way is the harmonious way, and happy are the few that find it.

Man's way is broad and full of thorns and stones; enemies in ambush, and openly attacking him; God's way is the narrow way leading through the midst of man's, but he who walks it, sees only the beauty, mercy, wisdom, love and power of God, and no evil can come nigh him, for his aura is trust in God, and his eyes fixed on the light instead of being turned to the darkness searching for what it may contain.

Heaven—Truth—is God's creation. Hell—Falsity—is man's. Heaven is where those souls gather who dwell in truth wholly separated from falsities.

Needham, Mass.

A Reverent Attitude.

BY H. M. K.

There is a misunderstanding in regard to the right way of receiving spiritual visitors. It is too much the custom to consider a spiritual visitant as a medium for the indulgence of curiosity and entertainment. Nothing could be more detrimental, both to the spirit, and the communicator, or medium. This attitude brings about a feeling of hilarity which should not be indulged in by those who are seeking for spiritual truth.

The attitude should be reverent, and at least a politely attentive as would be accorded a guest in refined society. There should be a feeling of hospitality and friendliness; and those who are consulting the medium should remember that the time will come when they will be in the place of the spirit, and what they expect, to say the least, friend and civil treatment.

The error comes wholly from thoughtlessness, and would not occur were the character and source of the communication fully understood.

Baby Talk:—Little two-year-old Harold had never been accustomed to hear "baby talk." One day when he was calling with his mamma, the lady of the house, thinking to amuse the child, pointed out a steam engine standing on a railroad track not far from the house. "Do you see the choo-choo, baby?" she said. "This little man looked first at her, then at the engine with a troubled look on his little face—then he asked gravely, 'Do you mean the locomotive?'"—Current Literature.

BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE.

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No notice is paid to anonymous communications. Names and addresses of writers is indispensable as a guarantee of good faith. We cannot undertake to preserve or return enclosed articles. If we do not, we will not be held responsible for their return.

Newsletters are sent to this office containing matter for inspection, should be used by a line across the article or articles in question.

Banner of Light.

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Legal Holiday.

As Friday, Feb. 22, is a legal holiday, the office of the Banner of Light Publishing Company will be closed in honor of the occasion. Our patrons will kindly take due notice and govern themselves accordingly.

Washington's Birthday.

The natal day of George Washington will be duly celebrated throughout the land on the twenty-second of the present month. That eminent patriot and statesman will be extolled by those who address public assemblies on that day, and will be rightly credited with having done humanity faithful service through his devotion to the cause of liberty.

It is to be hoped that the speakers will give credit to that other gifted patriot and statesman, Thomas Paine, to whose pen, as much as to the sword of Washington, American Independence is due. Had it not been for Paine, public sentiment would not have sustained Washington and his army. Valley Forge would have seen the abandonment of freedom's holy cause, had not Thomas Paine kindled anew the fires of patriotism in the breasts of the American people by his inspired writings. To these men, we of the present day owe much. They were patriots, true and tried, and sought only their country's good, without regard to reward for themselves.

If the people of America today could be given another Declaration of Independence by a Thomas Paine and a Thomas Jefferson, if they could have another Washington to sustain such a Declaration, Liberty would once more claim this country of ours as her abiding place. In 1776, taxation without representation caused our fathers to rebel against the English crown. In 1901, the money barons of England are receiving heavy tributes from the American people, yet they are not protesting against this form of taxation, nor do they seem to realize that England has regained the power that was wrested from the hands of George III. by the pen of Thomas Paine, and the sword of the immortal Washington. We have only good will for our English brethren over the sea, and we desire that artificial national boundary lines shall cease to divide the people of the earth against one another. But we do object to the control of our financial markets from any foreign center, and believe that our nation is strong enough to manage its own affairs without the interference of any outside world-power.

Paine and Washington believe that all just governments derived their powers from the consent of the people by whom those governments were sustained. Today Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands are striking official lessons in the opposite direction. A distinguished United States Senator recently said: "We intend to let the Cuban fish nibble

at the bait of independence until he swallows the annexation hook, and then we shall land that fish high and dry." Such a remark from one high in the councils of the Government, plainly shows the need of another Paine and another Washington to plead and sustain the cause of freedom. In the days of Washington, tyranny was objected to by every loyal American. Today, Trusts and Combinations are as tyrannical as was George III., ay, even more so, because they can cut off the breadstuffs of the people, whereas the British King could only deprive them of representation. Today, the suppression of a free press and the right of free speech has been accomplished in certain places in this nation of ours. Washington claimed that both of these rights were sacred and inviolable, and could not be legally taken from the people. Today, the people are suffering from the tyranny of excessive legislation, and are being bled to provide immense revenues to sustain wars against freedom, and to put large sums into the pockets of dishonest contractors.

Washington and Paine held that all legislation should protect the rights of the people, and serve to guard the National and State treasuries from being looted by spoilsmen. Today, public office is sought to secure power over the people; today, Imperialism demands the abridgment of the right of free speech in order that it may the sooner establish itself in power; today, Militarism demands that the arts of war are to be taught rather than the principles of peace, in order that the might of wealth may rule over the democratic principles of the masses. Washington served the cause of freedom wisely and well. He is needed today on the part of the common people of this nation more than he ever was before. With Paine and Washington again at work for the people, the enemies of liberty and justice would sink out of sight forever. Spiritualism ought to be the means by which Paine and Washington could again proclaim liberty unto all of the people of the earth, as well as of America. Spiritualism means the liberation of the souls of men from the bondage of fear and superstition. It teaches each and every human being to develop his own soul powers, hence guarantees equal rights to all and special privileges to none. When Spiritualists make Spiritualism the new Declaration of Independence for humanity, Washington's birthday will take on its old-time significance, and will once more become the anniversary on which all of the people will publicly renew their pledge of fealty to the principles of liberty for which Washington stood, and which he labored so long to establish in this nation of ours.

Osteopathy and Christian Science.

The Legislature of New York is wrestling with a medical bill whose provisions exclude the Osteopaths and Christian Scientists from practicing their art of healing in the great Empire State. Proprietors of patent medicines and others interested in similar lines of business were originally included in the bill, but secured exemption through prompt and vigorous action before the Committee on Public Health. From present appearances, it seems as if the pending measure was sure to pass. If it does, there is no doubt but what Gov. Odell will sign the bill and make it the law of the State. In every respect it is a bill that ought not pass. It is founded in injustice, propagated by iniquity, and fostered by prejudice. It is class legislation of the worst kind, yet is enacted without one particle of respect to the wishes of the people in regard to the matter. At the hearing it was not shown that any body of people outside of a few doctors of the old school were desirous that the bill should pass. It is an outrage upon the liberty loving citizens of the State of New York.

An attempt was made to exclude the Osteopaths from the provisions of the bill, but it proved unsuccessful. Medical prejudice was too strong and its lobby influence too great to be overcome. Those who were affected by the bill should have united in the opposition to it. The pro-it-alone policy of the several irregular schools gave the Legislators the impression that each class wanted its share of favors, to the disadvantage of all others. This prejudiced the cause of medical freedom from the start, and led to the unjust discrimination against the Osteopaths. There is no doubt whatever that Osteopathy is of great value in the treatment and healing of disease. Thousands of attested cures are on record to its credit. People in all stations in life report themselves benefited by it, and its adherents are multiplying with astonishing rapidity. It should have every opportunity to prove its value to the world. Any agency that relieves pain and heals disease should be given a cordial welcome by all schools of medicine. That they uniformly oppose those who practice new methods of healing, is ample evidence that the average physician cares only for the money he can get out of his patient, and has little or no interest in his cure. The longer a man is ill, the greater will be the doctor's bill, is the argument of the physician. It seems rather strange to find the people of America willing to submit to persecution, and indifferent to the injustice practiced upon those who are working to relieve suffering.

The absurd claims and methods of work of the Christian Scientists have had much to do with their present persecutions. They have cared for the rights of no other body of healers than themselves, and have ignored every request for aid that has been made of them in the name of liberty. "God will take care of us, for our gift is directly from Him," has been their argument, and they have been absolutely indifferent to the persecutions of other practitioners who have only been guilty of the high crime of healing disease. Now they are under the barrow. The discrimination against them is unjust, for it is a pernicious class legislation. It is an interference with the sacred right of a freeman to employ the physician of his choice. There is no doubt that many cures have been wrought through

the agency of Christian Science. Many people suffering from diseased imaginations, hypochondrias, and nervous persons, have found relief in Christian Science. It does not matter whether a disease is real or supposed, so long as it is removed, and the patient restored to his family, able to labor for its support.

Christian Science may rest upon a very uncertain foundation in its philosophy; its religious tenets are certainly open to question, and are very objectionable to many well-meaning people. But these things should not interfere with the rights of those who conscientiously believe in Christian Science, to enjoy their belief unmolested. One of the advocates of Christian Science claimed that the New York bill was unconstitutional on the ground that it interfered with religious liberty. The supporters of the measure at once cited the law prohibiting polygamy as an instance where the Government interfered to stamp out a pernicious religion, and was sustained by the courts; therefore, even if this bill did interfere with the religious liberty of the people, it was yet constitutional, for the State has a right to prohibit an immoral religion. We have long contended that the attack upon the Mormon religion was the first step in the direction of the suppression of religious freedom in America. That law was advocated vigorously even by many Spiritualists, and now it is quoted as a precedent in the base work of depriving honest people of their right to worship as they please. It is true that the Constitution provides that Congress shall make no law restricting religious worship, or interfering with the free exercise thereof. That provision was trampled upon in settling the Mormon question, and is now likely to be extended to the Christian Scientists.

Such work is un-American, and un-Republican in the extreme. It is in line with the claims of Imperialism, and is a direct outcome of the idea that the few were born to rule over the many. It is the product of monopoly, and is the result of religious intolerance. There is no telling as to how soon the Spiritualists may be prescribed in regard to their forms of worship. If the doctors, lawyers, and priests can have their way, it will not be long before they will be under the barrow as well as the Christian Scientists. Spirit healing is as objectionable to the medicals as is the method of the Scientists. If God had taken care of the Christian Scientists, if he had been on hand to save them from arrest, if he had defeated the bill in question, they would have demonstrated the verity of their claims to the world. As it is, their God has gone back on them, and they now realize, unpalatable as the fact is, that they are no better than other people. To be told this plain truth, and to be forced to realize it, cannot be other than gall and wormwood to the Christian Scientists, who are prone to look upon themselves as beings of superior clay to their fellow-mortals, to say nothing of their intellects. A little persecution, well administered, may awaken them to their duty to others, and lead them to make common cause against a common enemy. If it does, this persecution will have served a good purpose in this, that it made the Christian Scientists humanitarian in their work and teachings. But the errors of the Scientists, their bigotry, prejudice and ignorance, furnish no excuse whatever for their persecution, and we trust that they and the Osteopaths, also, may yet compass the defeat of the iniquitous measure now pending before the Legislature of New York.

Modern Justice.

One of the learned Jurists of Pennsylvania distinguished himself and his State recently by filing a physician, who had been subpoenaed as a witness, ten dollars for failing to appear at the hour named in the summons. The physician stated in his excuse for tardiness that he had been detained by a case of diphtheria, the neglect of which might have resulted in the death of the patient. The wise (?) judge declared that it would be preferable that the man should die from the want of care than that the Commonwealth should suffer from the delay occasioned in the case, or that the court should be treated with contempt. The heartlessness of this sapient judge is apparent to even a casual reader, and cannot fail to arouse the people to a burst of righteous indignation. The physician made every effort to appear in Court at the appointed hour, and was tardy only thirty minutes because of his humane desire to relieve human suffering. Which is of greater value—thirty minutes to a Pennsylvania court, or a human life? This gifted (?) judge says that life is of no consequence when compared with the dignity of a court whose imperial purpose had been interfered with for one little half-hour by man's wish to do good.

The imposition of the fine aroused the people to action, and the physician's appeal for its remission was sustained by all of the respectable journals of the State, as well as by all reputable citizens. The judge remitted the fine, but took occasion to reaffirm his former opinion with regard to the supreme importance of the dignity of the Commonwealth. No good citizen entertains anything but the highest respect for his State and for the United States Government, when the officials of the same are true to the principles of Liberty and Justice. But we venture to assert that every civilized human being would prefer that the business of the State, the Courts and the Government, should be neglected for a full day rather than that a suffering mortal should perish for the want of attention. The judge in question simply expressed in concrete form the sentiment of the people's rulers at the present time. Life is to them of little consequence, so long as they are permitted to have their own way in regard to maintaining unjust wars, and in depriving men of their life and liberty to sustain the "dignity" of the nation. In fact, the words of the judge are probably inspired by the prevailing conditions in society throughout the nation. Men are cheaper than money,

and life is of no consequence when contrasted with the value of trade in dollars and cents.

Modern Justice does not mean life, liberty and pursuit of happiness for all men. It means the right of the strong to tyrannize over the weak; the right of those in authority to disregard the sanctity of human life, the right of the few to possess themselves under the sanction of law, of that which should be enjoyed by all. Womanly virtue is mocked at, and the chief sin of the offenders against women seems to consist in the fact that they are found out. When one of the highest judicial tribunals in a great State declares that life can be neglected with impunity, people may well question what the future has in store for them. Imprisonment by injunction without a trial under due process of law, the denial to man of his right to self-government, will soon be followed by edicts commanding him to support the religion upheld by his rulers. Freedom of speech, the sanctity of life, and the right of every individual to enjoy the blessings of peace, liberty and justice, are all in jeopardy, the moment a court is sustained in any such flagrant act of injustice as is instanced above. Spiritualists, look well out that you are not caught in the above-named drag-net.

"Spirit Guides."

Our recent comments upon this topic have called forth some very curious personal letters to the Editor of the Banner of Light. Some of the writers commend our position in unqualified terms of praise, while others denounce us as arch-enemies of true Spiritualism and a foe to honest media. We had no reference to any particular person or medium in our remarks to which such strong exceptions have been taken by the few, and which have been so enthusiastically endorsed by the majority of the thinking Spiritualists of the land. Our words were called forth by what we have experienced in different sections of this land. In dozens of cities and towns, we have met media who claimed to have Lincoln, Grant, Pythagoras, Aristotle, and other notable characters as their special guides. In nearly every case, these media in their normal states could not speak one full sentence grammatically, and while under "control," their language was positively shocking in its inaccuracies. This was especially true of the control labeled Robert G. Ingersoll through at least three different media.

It was also true in nearly every case where Socrates, Plato, Jesus, Buddha, and Confucius were alleged to be the controls. It was true in one instance at least where Bishop Phillips Brooks was the alleged speaker, also in one case where Henry Ward Beecher was said to be the speaker. We cannot believe that these eminent personages have retrograded in their mentalities since they have been residents of the spirit-world. They used good grammar while on earth—at least so history states of all of them. Have Jesus, who wrote nothing, and spoke little—hence it is reasonable to suppose that they have retained their normal faculties in the life where they now are. We do not deny that these eminent personages can return to earth when they have learned the psychic law that enables spirits to communicate with mortals. We affirm, however, that spirits who have been from two to three thousand years out of their bodies, have grown so spiritual, so soulful in their natures, as to make it difficult, even painful, for them to come into direct communication with mortals. If they do speak at all, it would be far more likely that they would transmit their thoughts through spirits in different spheres in the higher life, until one who could approach the earth without pain or other difficulty could be found. Spirit return is a fact in nature that no intelligent being can gainsay. If these ancient and modern savants do come in contact with mortals, we ask in all sincerity, if, as rational, intelligent beings, they would vibrate in harmony with minds less intelligent than themselves? It is the height of egotism and folly to argue that water ever falls below its level, and remains there. Intelligence seeks intelligence, or progress is not the law of life.

Again, what is there in a name that adds even one iota to pure, unadulterated truth? It is the value of the thought itself, rather than the fame of an individual man or woman, that is of real worth to a thinker. A truth stated by John Jones, unknown to mortal fame, is just as high and sacred as if it were an emanation from a Socrates or a Jesus. It savors too much of self-assurance on the part of media to hear them assert that they are the exclusive instruments of certain historical notables, such as we have named above. It is true, no doubt, that many of the celebrated divines, scientists, and philosophers would be glad of an opportunity to undo the errors committed by them while in mortal form. But many of them are too prejudiced at the time of their entrance into spirit-life to be willing to learn the law of spirit-control, while others often do not realize the fact that they have changed worlds, for many years after they have done so. For instance, Jonathan Edwards, after having been three-quarters of a century in the higher life, complained, through one of the most reliable of all our media, Judge Edmonds, that he was yet looking for a hell crammed with infants who had died unregenerate. It would probably take the cold-blooded materialists fully as long to come into possession of their spiritual consciousness as it did Jonathan Edwards. It, therefore, is irrational to an intelligent being to argue that the great materialists, Christians, and thinkers of the world are suddenly metamorphosed into spiritual teachers by the change called death.

It is assumption, pure and simple, on the part of those who claim the great men and women of the world as their particular guides. Lincoln has work to do in the great Congress of spirit-statesmen, to devise ways and means of blessing mankind through improvement in governmental conditions, hence has nothing in common with those who assume to speak for him. Jesus is probably

trying to evolve a better expression of the law of love for humanity, and has little time to control some person who knows little or nothing of his life and purpose. So it is with all other advanced spirits; they are laboring for the highest good of all, and earnestly seeking to express the principles of Altruism in the lives and characters of mankind. This work looks toward universal principles, and never makes an individual the one central figure, the one important point in their thoughts. Wise spirits can and do return to help their loved ones on earth. They come into the sacred home circle and help to uplift the dear ones there. They may and probably do frequently control media and speak to the people from the public rostrum; but when they do so in reality, they lay stress only upon the truths they utter, and never make their personalities prominent. "Knowledge is proud that she knows so much, while Wisdom is humble that she knows no more." Only the purblind egotist, full of the conceit of ignorance, will assume that he is the special agent of the master minds of the ages. The true teacher gives the truth as it is revealed to him, and is thankful that he is able to do even a little to aid his fellowmen.

Mass Meeting.

Grand mass meetings in the interest of the State and National Associations are now being held throughout the nation. On Feb. 23, 24, 25, a grand rally of the Spiritualists will be held in St. Louis, Mo., and as we go to press a similar rally is being held in St. Paul, Minn. On March 2, 3, a meeting will be held in Kansas City, Mo., and March 8, 9, 10 the Spiritualists of Kansas will assemble in Topeka. These meetings mean much for the Cause of Spiritualism. Spirit messages, expository lectures, scientific data and profound philosophy are given by the media and speakers in attendance. The social side of these meetings is important. Friendships are renewed, new acquaintances made, and the needs of the Cause brought home to the hearts of all loyal Spiritualists. For these and many other reasons, all of these mass conventions should be largely attended.

Philadelphia will hold a three days' mass convention March 12, 13, 14. Chicago will probably date its rally March 26, 27, 28. Why wouldn't it be well for Baltimore, Washington and Pittsburg to plan rallies in the two weeks between the Philadelphia and Chicago gatherings? Now is the time to plan for them, and no doubt the officials of the N. S. A. will be pleased to hear from the Spiritualists in the places named with regard to the matter. In this connection, we venture to ask why Boston cannot have a rally during the same interval? There is talent enough in the city, and surely the friends of the N. S. A. are numerous enough here to make the meeting financially successful. There should be interest enough to make such a convention in Boston an event in New England Spiritualism.

In Re Titusville Spiritualism.

In a recent issue we had occasion to refer to the work in Titusville, Penn., of one F. O. Matthews, who has been posing as a Spiritualist pastor there. Our words could be interpreted as intended for the local Spiritualist Society in that city, and we hasten to correct any such unjust impression. The local society there has had nothing whatever to do with Matthews, and does not fellowship him at all. We take great pleasure in making this correction, and trust that our good friends in that city will be so kind as to accept this apology for hinting that they were even interested in the man above named. Titusville has always stood for clean Spiritualism, and it was with deep regret that we heard of the advent of the disturbing element in that city. The parties who reported Matthews as being under the employ and countenance of the local society there misled us, and gave rise to the comments we made in our former article.

In this connection we are authorized to refute the statement that Matthews is to take the pulpit in Buffalo now occupied by that noble worker, Moses Hull, for the period of one year. Mr. Hull informs us that there is not one word of truth in the story, and that his society has unanimously voted not to admit Matthews to its platform. Possibly he may be welcomed by other Buffalo societies for a time, but we very much doubt it. Wherever this man goes he is a disintegrator and works incalculable harm to true Spiritualism. He may be a medium, but if he is, his "guides" (?) are of a different order than those who have appealed to their brethren on earth through other channels. The higher intelligences in spirit-life have taught men that truthfulness, honesty, sobriety, and unselfishness were cardinal virtues, and have urged that they be added to the possessions of every man, woman and child on earth. Spirits who teach otherwise should not be allowed to approach any true medium.

If the members of both branches of Congress in Washington were as much interested in the welfare of the country as a whole as they are in furthering some pet scheme to serve private ends, the quality of the legislation enacted would be decidedly better. It is passing strange that so-called statesmen prefer to spend the people's money in preparations for war, and for the carrying on of the same, and not in the direction of education in the arts of peace and civilization. Statesmanship today differs widely from that of the days of Washington and Jefferson.

The transition of Queen Victoria recalls to mind many spirit prophecies that were made during the past quarter of a century, to the effect that Albert Edward would never succeed his mother as ruler of England. Inasmuch as he is now reigning under the title of Edward VII., it would seem as if the numerous spirit-prophecies were far from being accurate. Prophecy has been proved to be a fact in many directions, but the results in the case of Edward VII. either indicate that the prophesying spirits erred, or that their mediums simply uttered a wish of their own.

(Continued from first page.)

way into the inner consciousness of men, and the opening of the door has a large meaning. It shapes itself in ways men fear to wrestle with, but there are brave souls guided with power from above set to remove the barriers, and it will be done, and united the sons of the earth shall be in proclaiming peace, goodwill to men.

To add this uplifting the great minds risen to clearer heights have labored long and earnestly, and their reward is to be acknowledged of combined effort on the part of those sent out fully equipped to marshal all the forces to fulfill each its mission. The sons of men are waking to reverence the power of love, goodwill to men of all nations, all climes and peoples.

Drifting, the world is not-it is swinging in its orbit, and the law of the God of all must be fulfilled.

15 Congress St., Worcester, Mass.

Medical Limitations.

BY SUSIE C. CLARK.

At this hour, when medical monopoly again rears its hydra head to strike at the rights of free-born people, it may be appropos to call public attention to the singular and universal failure of the medical faculty to cope with that fashionable malady, la grippe. Perhaps nowhere else is medical limitation so flagrantly shown. How many valuable lives are needlessly sacrificed every year from the manifest professional incapacity to understand the nature of this prevalent disease. Such a prominent exhibition of medical skill has rarely been excelled since President Garfield's bullet was found in the wash-bowl after months of probing for it in the wrong direction—a mistake which any clairvoyant in the land could have quickly discovered.

But the gripe germ has at least been honorably discovered, and it is a monster of such portentous proportions, so we are assured by Dr. Hill, the bacteriologist of the Boston Board of Health—that when placed under a microscope which magnifies 100 diameters, making the area of the object 50,000 times larger than itself, it is still barely discernible to the human eye by this powerful lens. Perhaps a million of these germs could dance on the point of a cambric-needle.

Then which ought to be the most dominant, one of these infinitesimal germs, or an immortal soul that knows its oneness with Omnipotence? Which expression of life should be the stronger, the fittest to survive, this puny microbe or that conscious, abundant Life that never can be overcome, or fail until God does?

Seventy deaths from this influenza are reported in Boston in a single week. Is this the best the medical faculty can do to arrest this scourge? Then should not the public be protected from such blind, unavailing methods of treatment?

When the gripe first visited our country, a statement appeared in a local Chicago paper, one not apt to be over-just to new thought, at a time during the ravages of the influenza, when funerals had to wait until the over-worked undertakers and insufficient hearses could be secured for service, that it was a little singular that not one case of the gripe which had been treated by the modern school of healers had failed to get over it. It was indeed singular. The writer might have added that no case of gripe can ever secure a respectable run if the healer has an early chance at it. It is cut off untimely in its sins, and ceases to be; and how many cases every healer can testify, that have had their run under erudite, scientific medical care, and after weeks and months of trying to get over it, have sought these nondescript healers, to be released from its baleful effects, as also that of the medicine given in the endeavor to allay its severity.

The first visitation of the influenza was called the Russian gripe. Perhaps recent cases might be classified as the Spanish gripe, their fierce, fiery grasp expressing the quality of thought sent like javelins from the Spanish people to their American conquerors. There may occur even a few cases of Filipino gripe, as some of our own chickens fly home to roost. Would it not be well, then, to meet these visitors in the realm of causation rather than on the plane of effect? Has any suffering been relieved, any case shortened a hair, by prolonged examination of these microscopic germs, thus fostered by thought, and accepting the position of prominence assigned them? The spread of the disease is encouraged thereby. The Health Board assures us also that there is no possible preventative, no precaution that can be taken to successfully avoid this dread influenza. Then why are a part of the community, those under the ban of medical legislation, exempt from it, while breathing the same, presumably infected, atmosphere, but whose consciousness is centered on health, and freedom from all physical bondage?

At a time when wars rage upon the earth, their fields of carnage and bloodshed give birth inevitably to vast hordes of elemental life, of which these minute microbes and bacteria are the correspondence, the semi-embodiment. These lower germs of life often fasten upon negative mortals creating diseased expression and prostration. Moreover, as every out-going thought, if potent, attracts from the unseen realm of conscious, sentient life which is all about us, an intelligent entity, either human or angel, according to its quality, the unforgiving thoughts to which reference has been made, embodies itself into very malicious form, which often seizes its victim with a deathlike grip. Surely no malady was ever more fully named. It follows, then, that the gripe is a psychic visitation, more than physical influenza, to be reached only from the spiritual plane, by a strong, intelligent soul who understands the cause, and is therefore master of the situation. Only psychic healing, the faculty of exorcism, disincorporation, can be successful, and this is a quality or power which our doctors do not possess, or desire. This, then, is the sole reason for the lamentable, persistent failure of physicians to arrest this direful disease, since they can only touch it from the physical plane where they live and labor, and in the realm of effect. From the first, their impotence has been most marked; the speedy triumph of the higher is most noticeable.

The title "M. D." admits of more than one interpretation. It can be translated "Medical Delusion," or "Manifest Divinity." Which system of treatment is best adapted to the needs of the present day, which the fittest to survive? Let a suffering world give answer.

The P. S. A. of Lynn.

Last Sunday night I dropped in at Providence Hall and was well pleased with the variety and quality of spiritual food furnished by the following named persons: Mr. Mumford opened the meeting by singing "The Holy City"; invocation was offered by Mrs. Quail; Mr. Mumford spoke briefly and recited an original poem; an earnest appeal was made by Mrs. Palmer; Mr. Smith of the Banner recited; astrological readings were given by Mrs. Pierce.

The spirit of earnestness manifested at the evening meeting was most commendable and promises much for the future.

Observer.

Our Moses.

BY SILAS BOARDMAN.

Read by Mrs. Clara L. Stewart at the 11th session of the Mass Meetings, held at La Crosse, Wis., Feb. 8, 9 and 10, 1901.

The leader, who the multitude
Out of Egyptian bondage drew,
May look today from spirit-life
With pity on the struggling few
Who represent in trait and place,
The remnant of a chosen race.

From our view-point he seems almost
A myth, that few have power to scan,
A leader sent to Israel's host
With attributes of God and man.
He may have held, may still hold place,
As leader of a chosen race.

Before the world today there stands,
With a commission of high worth,
Another, who, with outstretched hands,
Brings warning messages to earth,
With safeguards for the over-wise
That help the poor and low to rise.

I might not say it to his face,
That he is God's messenger to you,
The chosen leader of no race,
But all beneath high Heaven's blue,
His armor, truth; progress his aim;
His message and reward the same.

Think twice before you spurn his word
That offers now your way to light
From error's bondage; do not turn
Back to the mire of myth and night.
With ear to hear, and eye to see,
Behold! the Moses of a century—
Our Moses.

Wisconsin Mass Meeting.

The Spiritualists of La Crosse have had a feast of good things in the mass meeting just closed. It was our gathering with us Moses Hull and Max Hoffman, besides the efficient president of the State Association, Mrs. Clara L. Stewart. The meetings throughout were well attended, several pastors of the different churches being present at one or two of the meetings. It is the conviction of the writer that the logical outcome of our brother Moses Hull, on the Bible and its relation to Spiritualism, has awakened many to think for themselves and study that book, as they never have before. The test work of Max Hoffman was a revelation to many, and I am sure will have the same effect as it did on the writer these years ago, so set them to thinking—and, I sincerely hope, with the same result.

The meetings closed with only one regret on the part of all: that they were not of longer duration. At the closing session, Mrs. Stewart tendered, on behalf of the Association, a vote of thanks to all who so liberally supported the meetings, both financially and by their presence; to the singers; to the local society, and especially to Mr. G. H. Brooks, to whose untiring effort is wholly due the pleasure we have just had. The best musical talent of the city, under the leadership of Miss Ethel C. Scott, gave us beautiful music. At the closing session, Mrs. Stewart introduced Moses Hull by a poem written for the occasion by Silas S. Boardman, a copy of which precedes this report.

Altogether, we who are Spiritualists are glad of the privilege and honor we have enjoyed in the visit of our brother, and we trust the day is not far distant when we can again enjoy a like pleasure, and that those who are not Spiritualists may realize the teaching of our noble brother: that the day of small things has passed and that we can have the grandest, best and highest in spiritual things which the angel world stand ever ready to give us.

Isabelle S. Paul.

Testimonial to G. H. Brooks.

On January 15th a Spiritual Society was organized in La Crosse, Wis., by Geo. H. Brooks of Wheaton, Ill. A most enjoyable Mass Meeting has just been held. For both of these, we are indebted to the untiring efforts of our brother, and wishing to show appreciation, the society voted at its last meeting to send recognition of Brother Brooks' efforts in the following testimonial, a copy to be sent to each of the Spiritual papers, and one filed with the Secretary of the Society:

Therefore, inasmuch as Bro. George H. Brooks has been untiring in his efforts on our behalf, we wish by this means to show our appreciation. Therefore, be it Resolved, That, as a society, we will try to repay his zeal and enthusiasm by our efforts to show that Spiritualism in its fullness, in its goodness, in its grandeur and glory, is destined to reach into the life of humanity, and appeal to the highest and sweetest qualities of human nature.

Resolved, That we tender our heartiest thanks to Brother Brooks, whose efforts made it possible for us to hear Moses Hull. Resolved, That we will try to appreciate the lessons taught us by our brother Moses Hull, in that we will endeavor, in all places, and at all times, to promulgate that Truth for which we stand. For our Brother Brooks we pray: May the bright angels of love and love ever be your teachers, and may you climb upward over the hill of progress and arrive upon the top with all honor and glory.

Isabelle S. Paul,
Sarah Holmes,
Silas S. Boardman.

Notices.

The Massachusetts State Association will celebrate the Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, Thursday, March 28, in Paine Hall, Appleton street, Boston, all day and evening. The following talent have been invited: Mr. H. D. Barrett, Dr. G. A. Fuller, Mrs. Carrie F. Loring, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, Mr. Forrest Harding, Mrs. Nettie Holt Harding, Mrs. N. J. Willis, Mr. James Scarlett, Dr. C. L. Willis, Mrs. A. S. Waterhouse, Mrs. M. J. Butler, Mrs. Hattie C. Mason, Mrs. Minnie M. Soule, Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock, Mr. J. Frank Baxter, Dr. Deana Clarke, Mrs. Alex. Clark, Miss Susie C. Clark, Mrs. E. I. Webster, Mr. A. P. Riley, Mrs. Horace G. Holcomb, Mr. F. A. Wiggin, Mrs. Juliette Yew, Mrs. C. Fannie Allen, Miss Lillie Harlow, Mrs. Sadie L. Hand. Good music through the day. See later Banner for corrected list. Carrie L. Hatch, Sec'y.

The Boston Spiritualist Lyceum will hold a special Washington's Birthday Mass Meeting, Feb. 24, at Paine Hall, commencing at 1:30 p. m. Music, speaking, and recitations appropriate for the occasion. You are cordially invited to be present and bring the children. The Boston Spiritualist Lyceum will celebrate the 32d Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism in Paine Hall, Sunday, March 31, afternoon and evening. Free to all. Watch this paper for particulars. J. B. Hatch, Jr., Conductor.

The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid of Stoneham will hold its next business meeting on Thursday, Feb. 28, in the A. M. Hall, at 4:30. Supper at 6:30. In the evening, Mrs. Abbie J. Pettigill of Malden will lecture and give psychometric readings. All are welcome. Mrs. James Robertson, Sec'y.

The Cambridge Industrial Society will hold "Sale" Feb. 22. In addition to the Bean Supper, there will be a fish show. The "Sale" begins at 2 p. m. and continues during the evening. Supper at 6:30.

A Medical Monopoly Proposed in the State of New York.

Two medical bills have been introduced in the Legislature of the State of New York—one by Assemblyman Bell, and one by Mr. Wagner. The purpose of these bills is to restrict the practice of medicine to drug physicians. Their advocates presume to arrogate to themselves the right to restrict the healing art, claiming the ability to do all that is needed for the human body. They believe they have framed these measures so that if they become the law of the State they will effectively prevent the practice of clairvoyance, magnetic healing, Christian Science, or any other healing power or art except their own. They are pushing the measures vigorously, as the hearing already given on the Bell bill has demonstrated. As to the right of such restriction, little need be said. The proposed laws are vicious in character and would be very unjust and injurious in effect.

The real question is: Are the Spiritualists of New York State willing to be deprived of the liberty to avail themselves of such remedies as they believe in? We know that the practice of medicine comes a long way short of being an established science, as the frequent blunders of practicing drug physicians testify. We know that clairvoyance and magnetic healing are curing multitudes whom drug physicians have given up to die. Now, are we ready and willing to have this door-way to health closed to us and to suffering humanity? Shall we stand calmly by and not raise our hand, permitting ourselves to be deprived of these God-given gifts of healing? Are we ready to submit to the enforced use of poisonous drugs at the hand of a medical trust?

These are burning questions that should come home to every Spiritualist in this State. The New York State Association is doing all in its power to defeat these bills, but it is seriously handicapped by want of funds. Able advocates must be on the ground to defeat these measures and defend the rights of the people. The expenses must be met. The State Association is your Association. You are, or ought to be, a part of it, if you live in New York State. Its ability to do, depends largely upon your support, financially and otherwise. There are thousands of Spiritualists in the State who, without serious inconvenience, contribute from one to five dollars each. Others can contribute more. If more funds are paid in than is needed for this purpose, they will be judiciously used in carrying on the regular State work of the Association.

Send in your contributions quickly, as immediate action is essential. Remit to the Treasurer or Secretary of the New York State Association of Spiritualists, Carrie E. S. Twing, Pres. W. Wines Sargent, 1st Vice-Pres. Tillie U. Reynolds, 2d Vice-Pres. Herbert L. Whitney, Sec'y, 353 Madison St., Brooklyn, N. Y. H. W. Richardson, Treas., East Aurora, N. Y.

Movements of Platform Lecturers.

Mrs. Abbie N. Burnham spoke in Boston, Feb. 7; in Hyannis, Feb. 10. Mrs. Burnham and her daughter are now located at 1 Ellis street, Malden, Mass. Mrs. Jennie Hagen Brown is making engagements for the camp-meetings of July and August in the Central States; and will also make engagements in the East; address 716 Florence street, Fort Worth, Texas. Dr. C. L. Smith will give a close engagement in Toronto, Canada, March 3d. Fills platform of First Society of Spiritualists at Syracuse, N. Y., March 10 and 17. Societies in neighboring places desired week-night dates, correspond at once: 423 Jarvis street, Toronto, Canada.

Mr. Arthur P. Blinn, inspirational speaker, has served the societies at Waltham, Lowell, Marlboro and Boston during this season, and is engaged for Portland, Me., Norwich, Conn., Berkeley Hall, Boston, and Lowell, Mass., until April 14. Has the last two Sundays of April and some dates in May unengaged. Can be addressed at 603 Tremont street, Boston. Is authorized to solemnize marriages, and will officiate at funerals.

Mr. Arthur S. Howe and Mrs. Gilliland-Howe, speakers and test mediums, have removed to 365 Main street, Room 10, Springfield, Mass. They can be engaged for platform work at reasonable terms. Post-office address: General Delivery, Springfield, Mass. Home circle Wednesdays, 7:30 p. m. Frank T. Ripley, speaker and platform medium, lectured and gave messages to large audiences at Coshocton, Ohio, Sundays, February 10 and 17. His first public meetings held for years at this place. Mr. Ripley has the Sundays of March and April open for engagements, on liberal terms. Address P. O. Box 79, Oxford, Ohio.

Encouraging Words.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
I wish to renew my subscription, for the Banner is like an able and tried friend; it is better and better every week; it is so instructive and interesting. I love to read the messages, and am anxious to find any one I know. The children's column is especially nice for them. The faces I know, in the Banner, all but Sister Barrett and darling baby; I am very fond of children.

Mrs. Conant gave us the first test or message that we got from our dear boy; that was in 1856, and she was always dear to me ever after that. She has been recognized in our house at dinner. I want to read Mrs. Judson's letters to the Banner.

My health is very poor; for two years I have not been able to go to hear any lectures. We became Spiritualists when it was a sin in the eyes of most people, but it was all the same with us; we have outlived it. Spiritualism is food and drink for me.

May Heaven bless you all, and may you live many years to help the Cause. We shall try this spring to see if we cannot get money enough to hire a speaker for a few days. There are only three or four to do anything. We need to have some one stir them from the foundation; and I don't want to do it.

Yours for truth and justice.

Mrs. L. M. Kimball.

West Burke, Vermont.

Movements.

W. Scott Steadman has the following open dates: March, the latter part of April and May. Address Box 215, Stoneham, Mass. Mrs. A. E. Chandlerham spoke and gave tests in Newburyport, Feb. 19 to full houses. Would be pleased to make engagements for the month of March. Address 603 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

Dr. Pfeiffer, president of the Medical Liberty League, but as we already had one article of that nature in type, and the hearing has been postponed, we lay the matter over till next week.

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A LECTURE BY

Mary A. Livermore.

In the interests of the Building Fund of the Gospel of the Spiritualists Society. This lecture will be given at 200 Washington Ave., Wednesday, March 6, at 8 p. m., the pastor of the society, Minnie M. Soule, presiding.

The tickets are 35 cents each, guaranteeing a seat if purchased in advance. Tickets are not on sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, and can also be procured at the Sunday evening services of the society at 200 Washington Avenue.

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SPIRIT Message Department.

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

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

These Circles are not public.

To Our Readers.

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

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

Report of Seances held Jan. 21, 1901, S. E. 53.

Invocation.

Oh, Spirit of infinite love and wisdom, we ask that the Presence of those who dwell ever near to Thee, may be near us at this time. That with their influence, their strength, their love, and their understanding of the needs of those in distress, they may help us to give out again whatever is theirs. Whatever we have of loving trust and confidence, whatever has been vouchsafed to us of the knowledge of this after life, may we be steady in our purpose to pour it out wherever need is. May we be patient as well as strong. May we be tender and loving and always true, and may the responses come from hearts ready to receive, from lives attuned to the highest and the best, and may we always look beyond the present, soothing wounds, and every distress, to the uplifting and the eternal verities of the truth as it is borne in upon us. And may the dear ones who in weakness and distress gather here at this hour expecting to send definite messages to loving ones waiting for them, be strong. May they speak in words so clear, in messages so definite, that no mistake shall keep them away from the heart that is longing. Amen.

MESSAGES.

Frankie Williams.

I see the spirit of a little boy about ten or twelve years old, with blue eyes, light hair, and oh, the dearest little mouth and the cuttiest little way he comes up to me and says: "I want to get to my mama and papa; my name is Frankie Williams and I used to live in Barnstable, Mass. The people there all knew about my going away. I died rather suddenly and did not have a chance to have as many flowers and pretty things as many children do when they go, because they had to put me away quickly. My throat is better now, and I have so much pleasure with my grandma, who is helping me as I come today. My father's name is Frank, too; he'd not believe I can come and so I thought I'd come and surprise him."

Lizzie Lawler.

I see now the spirit of a woman about fifty years old. She is dark, short and stout; her hair is coarse and black and is combed very plainly, parted and brought back, stiff and plain. She looks like a woman who had always worked hard and had very little to say but kept at her duties until everything was done. She comes right up and looks into my face and says: "You have read me well. I suppose you have judged from the looks of my person that I was always a hard-working woman. My name is Lizzie Lawler; I used to live in South Boston and I never had much to be thankful for when I was alive. I have some things now that make me believe after all that God is good. I don't think he was when I used to work so hard and I saw other people have so much easier times. My man's name is Jim. He wasn't much good to me, but when I came away it seemed to wake him up and he has been better ever since. I've heard the people say that if only I could have lived to see the change I would have been happy, but I want to say that if I had lived the change would not have come and I have helped from the spirit to keep him steady and to break his appetite. I have his sister with me and she says that together we will be able to do more for him than he expects. He is out of work now, but he will get it before long, and then I am sure he will do better than he ever has before. I want this message to be printed not only because it may help him, but because I shall feel stronger for having spoken and for the influence that I get here in coming. It will be easier for me to stand close to him and keep him from getting down again as he was before. If he'd only keep away from those men who have always been his curse, it would be easier to be straight, and my influence is going out to bring that condition about."

Ella White.

The next spirit is a lady, delicate, pretty, and just as blithe as a summer morning. She steps up here with grace and ease of manner and she is fair not only to look upon but in her spirit and her way. She has blue eyes, brown hair, is rather slender and a little above the medium height. She loves music, for she walks right over to the piano and looks at it as though if she had the opportunity she could sit down and play. She says: "My name is Ella White; I used to live in Nashua, N. H. I was always fond of music and people. To me it was a great grief to leave my friends and come out into a new life, but I have been so happy ever since I came over that I thought if I could send word back to Charlie and tell him that I am as much like as I ever was, that he must feel me at times although he is not conscious of what the influence is, perhaps it might open his eyes and he would make a way for me to come to him. He felt so badly about all my things. He couldn't bear to give a thing away, just seemed as though anything I had touched he had to keep, and I have to laugh sometimes when I see everything put away so carefully as though it had been an angel who had had it and he had handled it. Tell him for me that I appreciate all his love, that I understand his loneliness and it makes my heart jump for joy when I see him look at my picture and speak tenderly as he does, and while the time seems long, it seems short to me and I look forward with pleasure to the hour when he will come here into my life. He mustn't worry and I see nothing of a bad condition about him, but everything looks as bright before him as anybody could wish."

Rhoda Buchanan.

I see now an old lady. She is short and small, and is all dressed in black with a heavy black shawl over her and a black bonnet. She comes up to me and looks in my face as if she were sort of bewildered and hardly knew what to say now that she has got here. She has gray eyes and such a little mumbling way of speaking that it is almost impossible for me to hear her and seems hard work for her to see and understand me. The first thing she says when she gets here is: "Oh, eh, what can I say? Yes, my name is Rhoda Buchanan and I have traveled a long way to get here. I have been gone a long time from earth, and I have asked often to be allowed to come, and when this place was made known to me, I hastened to give my evidence. It seems very strange to be here really talking to people in the body again, and yet it is a pleasure. I am not as fussy over anything as I was when I was here. My only desire now is to come clearly and help those who need me. Most of those who are alive and connected with me are old and are looking to the time when they will be in my presence. Cynthia is with me and she says, 'Send greetings from us all to our friends in California and say that it is well with us and that we are progressing and are happy, that the new life is ever opening up to us new wonders, new bodies, and new opportunities. This gives us always an impetus to live and go forward.'"

Emily Perkins.

I see another lady who is about thirty-eight years old. She is medium height, not very stout, and very, very pale with blue eyes and brown hair. She has a sweet smile as she comes to me; she says: "Little one, without any more ado than is necessary please say that Emily Perkins of Montgomery, Vt., is here and that she is more anxious to speak than she can tell. She comes because of great need in the Perkins family. James is in danger, not the danger of accident, but danger of being overcome by conditions about him unless he awakens to the fact and sees for himself where the danger lies. I dislike coming in this public way, but it is the need that brings me. Tell him I am constantly with him. I hear him when he speaks of me and I strive always to make my presence known to him. He feels it and knows it, and yet is bewildered by it because he doesn't know how far my power extends. Tell him to listen to what I say, to the voice that comes to him at night, and then I will tell him what steps to take to relieve himself from his present embarrassing condition."

Henry Chamberlin.

Now I see the spirit of a man, bald-headed, short and stout. His eyes are blue, he has a full face and no beard. He is jolly and has a pipe in his mouth as if he always smoked, smoked, smoked. He says: "First I thought I would come back without my pipe, but when I remembered that nobody ever saw me much without it, I thought I would take it along with me as a means of identification. It is the same old pipe, too—the black one that Maria used to hate so much. My name is Henry Chamberlin and I lived in Lebanon, Me. I didn't know about this sort of stuff and if anyone had told me that it was possible for people to come back after they were dead, I would have thought they were crazy. As it is now, I am surprised that some of my folks have not come back and shaken me by the shoulder and called my attention to the fact of their consciousness of my existence. I often go up to the old home and walk around and I can see a thousand things that I would change if I were there. I guess that it was a good thing I went out when I did. I had old-fashioned notions and kind of kept things from going ahead and when the younger hands got hold, it made things fly and I am glad of it. It is a good thing to stir things up, but I couldn't have it when there. I used to be troubled about the wood. In the summer I fretted because it wasn't up for the winter, and in the winter I fretted because it was being burned up and I must have more got up next summer. It was a foolish thing, but seemed to be my burden. Nobody cares now, and nobody frets for the wood, how much or how little is burned, and I guess it is a relief to everybody all round. I have seen Josiah, and Josiah says: 'Send word for me that I am all right although nobody ever expected that I would be in any condition except one of torture, but I haven't found it yet, and if it is waiting for me further, why I will just do as I did when I was alive—plod right along and take it when it comes.'"

Albert Grant.

The next spirit that comes to me is a young man of about eighteen or nineteen years. He is tall, thin, and coughs unceasingly. His eyes are blue, his hair is dark, and he comes with such a manner of distress and desire to return mingled, that his heart goes out to him right away. He says: "Oh, yes, I want to get back to Anna; my name is Albert Grant; I used to live in Uden, N. Y. Anna is my sister and she is sick as I was and dreads the journey before her. I want to say to her that she is to have no fear, that I put my arms out to help her so that when she

comes it will be easy and she won't find herself out in the dark alone, but with me and with sunshine and with our Aunt Jennie, who is such a help to me that she will help her I know. I want to tell her that those she leaves behind will get the light. I see it as plainly as I saw her conditions, that they will come to an understanding of where we are and that it won't be like leaving them for a long time, but just for a little, and she will be able to come back to them as I have to her. This message will mean much to her, and I leave it with you with joy that I have been able to come."

Abby Snow.

Now I see a woman, large, tall, and fair. Her hair is light—light brown. Her eyes are big and blue. The first thing she does is to walk over to me and put her hand on my head and say: "My name is Abby Snow, and I am an old hand at this. I have been back many times, never in this way, but in the home and to my medium, and I bring this message to help her and others connected with her. I am growing stronger and am amply able to do the work which she has mapped out. I want her to go forward with her hand in mine. She lives in Augusta, Me., and this message will find her and she will understand, and I thank you for the opportunity. Goodbye."

Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY TWO.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Dr. Alexander Wilder of Newark, N. J., often gives us food for thought through your columns, not only on Spiritualistic subjects, but also on history, philosophy, science, and on the practical side of daily life. He not only gives us original articles on varied themes, but culls facts, moralizings and aphorisms from a wide range of reading and thought. I was struck of late by the practical lesson he taught by the following terse statement:

"The best way to be happy is not to think too much of yesterday, nor expect too much of tomorrow, but to get all the good you can out of today."

This motto came to me with much force, for I am one of the persons who live a life tolerably free from care, and who does not need to worry lest the necessities of life fail me, so long as I can be, like Milton, satisfied with "plain living and high thinking."

It would apply in less degree to the millions in our land who are tugging with might and main to find work, so as to supply themselves and those dear to them with shelter, food, and those clothes. These millions are not thinking of how best to be happy, but of how they are going to live at all outside the poor-house. Still, we freely admit that if they would think little of yesterday, and get all they can out of today, their mortal state would be more tolerable. As to expecting too much of tomorrow, they will hardly do that, for leaden-eyed despair has already filled them with sad foreboding regarding the events of the future. If they can scrape dollars enough to keep them from being turned into the streets, or nickels enough to buy food to keep their souls still tethered to their bodies, this is all that these sufferers can expect, or even hope, of the morrow.

One of the most learned and philosophical men that I know, a man of about sixty, with a wife who is also well advanced in years, a man who is an eloquent public speaker, and who wields a ready pen, who is living a life of simple patience and courage that wins the admiration of all who know him and his devoted wife. Her health is feeble, and his sight is so imperfect that he can eat best at home, where she can watchfully place each article of food where he can easily find it.

This man writes for a New York weekly paper, and receives from the editor three dollars a week for his contributions. This narrow stipend will be continued according to the will of the editor. His best articles are not printed. Only the lightest find a place in the columns of the paper. This three dollars, the sale of an occasional book as an agent, and the "collection" after a lecture, is all that this aged couple have as their means of support.

The owners of a large house in the suburbs of a great city, old friends of this couple, rent them a small house back of their own for six dollars a month. It consists of four rooms, all on the ground floor, and all opening into each other. A single stove heats the whole.

I made my first visit to these valued friends last week. It took me two hours, by train, by ferry-boat, by trolleys and by bridges to reach them, and warm was the greeting I received. Under that humble roof I found a genuine hospitality, a learned and instructive conversation, a flow of wit, combined with a courtesy of manner, that could not be surpassed in any home in America.

Besides seeing them, I also saw Johnnie, of whom I had often heard.

Johnnie is a canary-bird, who was of mature age when they bought him at an auction twelve years ago. His color is a light yellow, and his tail stamps him with the peculiarities of geese, for its main feathers spread out like a lyre. He was once a fine singer, but he is now too hoarse to sing. He is nearly blind, and all his food has to be placed on the floor of the cage, so that he may be able to find it. But Johnnie is not too old to love his master and mistress, nor too deaf to hear their loving tones when they come to him in the morning, often with the dread of finding him on his back, cold and dead. Johnnie at once recognized the presence of a stranger. He was somewhat affable, but reticent.

This elderly couple have many admiring friends, who would gladly welcome them to their warm homes and well-spread tables for weeks at a time, especially in the winter, when it would be such a pleasure to make them comfortable. But they can never stay anywhere over night, on account of Johnnie, and they cannot take him with them, for Johnnie is too old to travel.

Some would think them foolish, but it is beautiful in them. This tenderness and faithfulness to a tiny bird, who is wholly dependent on them, and who loves them with all the love "perverse to his nature," keep their hearts soft, and add the grace of self-sacrificing devotion to the bowers above, where they will find a well-earned home of beauty, and where Johnnie, bright, young and tenuous as of yore, will fix his shining eyes on them while he sings his notes of praise.

This elderly pair live thirty-nine blocks beyond Ferdinand Fox-Jencken, whose little home I visited the same day for the second time. He is a very feeble young man, but he is manfully striving to keep the gaunt wolf of hunger away from his delicate wife and his two little girls. His hands are so thin and bloodless that one might almost fancy them transparent, and the hemorrhages from the blood-vessel in his nose that broke last spring, recur with exertion in this severe weather. He is gentle and tries to be cheerful, and is certainly doing all that a man can or ought to be in his enfeebled state.

He is still on the "extra list" on one of the "elevated" lines in New York. There, he has a pass, and it seems to me desirable to have the little family removed to New York, near his headquarters on 129th St., so that his fare to Brooklyn be saved, and he be able to get home to eat something warm at the noon meal.

I thank the friends who have already sent me money for Ferdinand, and if any of your readers be inclined to entrust me with any sum, either great or small, I make myself personally responsible that it be well expended.

Though the grand-daughter, the great-niece, the daughter, the sister, and the aunt of ministers, I have not been able to adhere very closely to the text which I selected from Dr. Wilder's repository, and placed near the beginning of this letter. My intention was to prepare a sermon on that text, and preach it first to myself, and second to any of our readers who would submit to the process of being preached to—a process to which Spiritualists, as a class, do not take kindly. But many side-issues have crept in, and have usurped the place of the introduction, the first, second and third, and the peroration. It will now have to be all peroration.

We all want to get the most happiness out of our condition and surroundings that we can get in a lawful way. Our text says that to accomplish this we are not to think too much of yesterday. If yesterday was sad, it is foolish to chew its cud over and over again, and thus repeatedly taste its bitterness. It was unpleasant while it lasted, and there is no use in feeling it over again. The medicine was perchance bitter. Then why pour it again over the palate?

If some one said an unkind or sarcastic word yesterday, he who said it has probably forgotten all about it by this time. Then why should the innocent recipient of such remarks keep thinking of them, and suffering the pain all over again?

Perhaps we said some wrong word, or made some mistake yesterday. But before the day was ended, we realized what we had done, we learned our lesson, and determined not to do that thing again. That settled it, we hope. We trod the wrong we had done under our feet, repaired it the best we could, and today we shall climb higher. "Let the dead past bury its dead."

The text next says that we are not to expect too much of tomorrow. We are thus reminded that if we paint the coming day in brighter colors than it will probably display, we are preparing to be disappointed. But if we expect it to be about like today, and then something bright is placed in its setting like a shining jewel, we shall enjoy it all the more than we should if we grasped at it prematurely, as the child does for the moon.

And just here, Mr. Editor, allow me to interpolate a thought, that does not come within the margin of our text. It is this:

Let us not anticipate today, by thinking of it, the work that we shall have to do tomorrow. By so doing, we do it psychically today, and then do it again physically tomorrow. We thus get doubly tired.

Some persons, and it is faithful ones of the gentler sex who have this failing, have the habit while they are doing one thing of thinking what they will do as soon as that thing is done, and of what they will do next, and next, and so on. Thus doing, such piles of work accumulate in their mental picture, that they are all tired out before the first thing is finished. And all the successive pieces of work seem jumbled together, and the mind is so confused, excited and worried, that this faithful woman feels as if she should fly all to pieces, just while she is washing the dishes. If possible, confine the mind to the piece of work directly in hand. When that is completed, do the next thing; and after that, the next. We shall thus avoid the mental wear and tear of trying to do about ten things while we are doing one.

We now come to the pleasantest part of our text, which bids us get all the good we can out of today. Bad as things may be, there is always in every lot something that might be a great deal worse than it is.

An elderly pair fear that they cannot keep up the interest on the mortgage, and that the house will be sold over their heads. But they own unnumbered enough living and household goods to make them comfortable in two or three rooms that they will still be able to pay the rent of, and in such rooms they can live without anxiety.

My dear friend, who went back to Minneapolis a year ago last fall, has sustained there two dreadful operations, and her husband, though skilled in a difficult kind of manual labor, has been out of work much of the time. But he has not one bad habit, and devotes every cent he earns to the needs of his family. And her boy of twelve is absolutely devoted to his mother, and is a good boy all through.

A friend moved away to Brooklyn. She has a drinking husband, who is sometimes cruel to her. She wrote me that she still has the sky to look at, and her little dog to love

her. Her lot is indeed a hard one. Ah! the horrible curse of drink! How it weighs on millions of American women! I think it must be very nice to smash up wine-bottles, and let barrels of beer-run over the floors. It is hard to find a better side in the life of a woman whose husband drinks.

Yours for humanity and spirituality,
Abby A. Judson.
Arlington, N. J., Feb. 9.

Passed On.

Very recently, from his sister's home in New Hampshire, Mr. Edwards bade goodbye to earth and entered into the experience of the Higher Life. Brother E. was an earnest Spiritualist and did his part to forward the Cause. For some time he was President of the Veterans' Association and did active service to promote its interests. He also was one of the foremost champions of medical freedom, and did yeoman service to defeat "class legislation." He was a man of talent, of firm convictions, and had the courage to speak them. We congratulate him that he is now free from the suffering his body manfully, and that he is now among those who will appreciate his worth, and judge his acts "according to the needs of his nature, and not according to the standards of man." Peace to his ashes, and abiding joy to his spirit, is the benediction of his friends left behind.
D. C.

Passed to Spirit Life.

From Leominster, Jan. 25, Mrs. Sophia L. wife of George L. Gates, aged 65 years and 8 months.

Mrs. Gates was born in Alstead, N. H., but her early life was passed in Walpole. Since her marriage to Mr. Gates, her home has been in Leominster, which home she made happy by the harmony and peace of her nature, and her devotion to her husband, and her tender and beautiful care of the children whose mother had passed to the beyond.

Three years she had most patiently borne the heavy cross of lingering illness, and been in her turn the object of loving solicitude, until at last the silver cord was gently loosed.

Quiet, faithful, and unobtrusive, she was beloved and respected by a wide circle of friends and neighbors, who were present in large numbers at the service, which was held at the home, Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 20, the writer giving the inspirations of the hour. Spiritualism had been for many years a household word in this family, and its truths had cheered the departed, and now brings blessed comfort to the husband and daughter, whose mortal eyes in sadness look upon the vacant chair.
Juliette Yeaw.

James Egan, of Amsterdam, N. Y., a believer in Modern Spiritualism, Wednesday morning, Jan. 20, 1901. He is survived by his wife and eight children; the sincere sympathy of all who knew him goes out to the members of his stricken family. May the light of Spiritualism illumine each and every soul now bowed in grief by this great earthly sorrow.
J. M. G.

Mrs. Mary Kimball Morier, aged 63 years, January 24, from her home in Salem, Mass. She had been an earnest worker in the field of Spiritualism; organized the first Lyceum in Salem, and was its conductor for many years. The writer officiated at her funeral.
Mrs. J. W. Kenyon.

In South Thomaston, Henry S. Sweetland, aged 62 years. No other man was more prominent or more universally esteemed in the community where he had always resided. He had all his life been a true, firm and consistent Spiritualist. (His father, James Sweetland, was the first man in that town to investigate and advocate this belief, nearly fifty years ago. He, too, was one of Nature's noblemen.) The writer was called to conduct the funeral exercises, for which the family expressed much satisfaction. He leaves six children and two sisters, his wife having preceded him to Spirit life two years ago. Thus another veteran and good man has joined the heavenly forces to aid in the upward advance of humanity.
F. W. Smith.

From Quincy, Jan. 23, Mrs. Hannah P. Soule, aged 83 years, 6 months. Mrs. Soule was the oldest Spiritualist in Quincy. Funeral services were conducted by Mrs. N. J. Willis.

The Tendency to Selfence.

Science is tending toward a great psychological discovery. I said the other evening that I thought the progress of the future would come through psychic discovery. I think the veil may be very thin between us and the other world! I think it may only exist in our imagination! There may be no such thing as a veil! But I am not sure that we shall need to depend upon the leaping of the soul from out the body into communion with the spirits that we cannot see, but with whom we may converse, in order to obtain psychic revelations. For I believe, as near as I can read this record carefully from the beginning to the close of this century, that science is unconsciously writing in letters of light that he who runs may read, this one word "Spirit!" That is one lesson of the revelation of our Wonderful Century. The chemist and the biologist and the astronomer, and the physiologist, and all of those who speak of what we call "matter," speak of this. They have decomposed matter. They say—some of the greatest scientists that only a few years ago were called "materialists"—they say that after all they are not sure that everything may not be summed up in the word "Force." I think we are fairly rushing, with greater than electric speed, towards such a revelation as will cause us no longer to say "Good" and "Bad," or "Material" and "Spiritual"; but we shall all be one in the great revelation of God.—Ex.

Wiping Out Barriers Between Nations.

BY W. F. STEAD.

The work of the nineteenth century was the completion of the overthrow of Feudalism, the death-knell of which was sounded in the French Revolution. The work of the twentieth century is the completion of the destruction of Nationalism. The death-knell of which was sounded at the conference of The Hague. The nineteenth century was nearly fifty years old before the principles of the revolution brought forth their full fruit in the overthrow of Feudalism in Germany and Austria. Possibly we may have more time before the new principle of internationalism succeeds in establishing itself on the ruins of the old Nationalism. But the edict has gone forth, the sentence has been pronounced, and it is for the twentieth century to arrange for the execution.

The principle of Nationalism has much in it that is inspiring and noble. It was the principle of nationality which exorcised the petty particularism which is the bane of many States. In the nineteenth century it did excellent work in destroying multitudinous small States and creating a larger unity. But although it was as much an advance upon the system of which it superseded as Feudalism was upon the political order in the midst of which it grew up, Nationalism has had its day, and the twentieth century must dig its grave. Not the grave of nationality—that is indestructible—but the grave of Nationalism. Nationalism, which has become a new form of particularism, cultivating its own interest at the expense of the general community. Every consideration of policy and morality, as well as the instinct of self-preservation, alike urgently calls for its destruction. It is an excrescence upon the doctrine of nationality, the exaggeration and vice of the good quality which is inherent in the conception of nationality. It is the cause of the armed peace of Europe, by which half a dozen nations every year expend in the manufacture and consumption of weapons of destruction, and in the training of men for mutual slaughter, more than would be sufficient to inaugurate a Socialist millennium.

The doctrine of internationalism is no more hostile to the principle of nationality than the doctrine of nationality is inimical to the sanctity of the family. There was a time, not so very far remote, when the family or the clan considered itself as bound to assert its sovereignty, without regard to the larger interest of the nation of which it formed a part. But just as the family or the clan had to make way for a larger conception of national unity, and subordinate its interests to those of the nation at large, so the nations which make up modern Europe have to learn that internationalism, or the nationalism of the future, is a nationalism which is the Nationalism of each.

The progress of society may be measured by the extent to which the exclusive interests of the individual, of the family, of the commune, of the province, or of the nation are subordinated to or rather co-ordinated with the superior interests of the international community.

It is important to have a definite object and one sufficiently distant and sublime to make it worth while for generations to devote their best energies to its attainment. We are fortunate at the beginning of a new century to perceive clearly the goal toward which we are tending. What wars, what tumults, what welter of human misery must be endured before the international ideal is established, no one can predict. It is improbable that so great a revolution as the shifting of the centre of political and executive action from the capitals of the great nations to the common centre of the international community can be accomplished with ease. The partitioning of empires is never achieved without throes of labor, and internationalism will not burst from the womb of time without the bloody midwifery of Mars. But, "from wars come and great was war," like the old-time wars, the new wars, but not the less for them, perhaps by means of them, Humanity speeds onward to its goal.

Of the possibility of this we have a potent object lesson at our very doors. Of the crimes which disgrace the history of the century that has just passed, the effect of the South African war. It seems as if the old century had determined to afford mankind in its closing years a supreme example of the folly, the fatuity, and the suicidal madness of war. From the point of view of peace, the three wars waged by Bismarck in 1864, 1866 and 1870-71. In these three campaigns Prussia made war victoriously, and profited by war every time. In each of these wars the world was afforded an object lesson of the profitable results which follow from an appeal to the sword. War, it seemed, could be made to pay, both financially and politically. That the effect of the South African war is to counteract the evil influence of this object lesson so effectively as the war which is still raging in South Africa.

If ever war promised cheap and easy spoils to the victor, it was the war in South Africa. Our soldiers set out for the campaign as if they were starting on a picnic, and those who ventured to hint that the war would not be over by Christmas, 1899, were regarded as absurd pessimists who would speedily be put to shame by the logic of events. But what if it were now today?

After fifteen months of continuous warfare the overwhelming forces of the Empire are baffled by the indomitable resistance of a mere handful of burghers. So far from the war being over last Christmas twelve months, it was evident last Christmas that the hardest part of our task had not yet been begun. An expenditure of 100 millions of money has brought us no nearer to our goal. Even if at this moment the last burgher were stretched dead upon the veldt, we should enter into possession of a dead country, scorched by fire and sword, in which the survivors, white and black, would grope hungrily for food in the midst of a famine created by our army.

The bitterest opponent of war, the most enthusiastic advocate of the principle of arbitration, would not have ventured twelve months ago to have dreamed of so tremendous a demonstration of the retribution entailed upon those who prefer war to arbitration. One great argument which weighed with the Czar in summoning The Hague Conference was his conviction that war as a Court of Appeal had become a thing to be ruinous to allow it to hold its place any longer as the tribunal of nations. The cost of the suit ate up the whole value of the disputed estate. That was what he thought, and said, in the Spring of 1899. It was reserved for England to afford mankind the most tremendous demonstration of the truth of the Czar's belief that the world has yet seen.

This, however, is but one part of the invaluable lesson which the nineteenth century has left as its most precious bequest to the century in which we are now living. The war has not only demonstrated the ruinous costliness of such a method of solving disputes, but it has to an unprecedented extent created an international solidarity on the part of the Continental nations. In con-

sequence of this South African war the human race outside the boundaries of our empire is practically a unit. The heroic struggle of the Boers against overmastering odds has kindled a flame of enthusiasm which burns as brightly on the plains of Transvaal as among the valleys of Switzerland. A common enthusiasm for the moment tends toward internationalism as much as a common language.

Owing to the Continent being divided into what may be described as a series of watertight compartments, it has been hitherto almost impossible to move it as a unit, but the newspaper and the telegraph and the universal diffusion of the capacity to read and write have rendered possible the creation of a common sentiment before which national barriers disappear. That is a great gain to the cause of internationalism, and although it has been brought about at our expense, we can only rejoice at the result, however much we may mourn the method by which it came.

Only Nine Per Cent.

A paltry nine per cent. of our vast exports for the past three years have been carried in American vessels. It requires no imagination to picture the distress that would prevail in this country if the export trade of farm products and manufactured goods were suddenly stopped because either of the carriers to our customers had become a belligerent nation. A short railroad strike in a big city, a few years ago, disturbed transportation between East and West. A war between the great Powers of Europe would throw back upon our home market the greater part of American exports. President Gisscom in the Saturday Evening Post.

THE PURPOSE OF LIFE:
Or, The Phenomena and Philosophy of Modern Spiritualism Reviewed and Explained.

BY C. G. OYSTON.

Mr. W. J. Colville in his Introduction to the book says: "During my long experience as a lecturer, traveler and writer, I have come across many thousands of persons in both hemispheres who were in the habit of asking me the great questions concerning human life and destiny which are contained in the following remarkable series of essays, each which for profundity of thought and lucidity of statement have, in my judgment, rarely if ever been treated in any other work. Mr. Oyston claims to have derived a great portion of the material for his book through the mediumship of Hilson D. Main, an English word-worker, who had never been known or hampered with academic training, ought to be considered to the interest and value of the work; for though spirit communications are not necessarily authoritative, and should never be blindly or uncritically accepted, it is certainly fair to consider that such a source of information is to be a revelation from the world of spirits to the living." "Without venturing to pass judgment upon the actual merits of an eminently transcendental work as the present edition of the book, I have been deeply interested in having read the MS. and corrected the proofs, I have been struck by the lucidity and force of the reasoning, and the lucidity of statement have, in my judgment, rarely if ever been treated in any other work. Mr. Oyston claims to have derived a great portion of the material for his book through the mediumship of Hilson D. Main, an English word-worker, who had never been known or hampered with academic training, ought to be considered to the interest and value of the work; for though spirit communications are not necessarily authoritative, and should never be blindly or uncritically accepted, it is certainly fair to consider that such a source of information is to be a revelation from the world of spirits to the living."

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