

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 11.

MAY.

MATTIE E. HULL.

O, lovely May! Thy magic fingers touch  
The skies with wondrous beauty; and thy breath  
Needles like lover's kisses mid the flowers;  
A sweetest lingers on the passing air.  
How diligently thy fairies are at work  
With noiseless loom, weaving the fabrics rare,  
Whereby the trees, and shrubs, and dear old earth,  
May each be clothed in fitting garb so bright  
To give a royal welcome to thy Queen,  
June, sweet rosy June.

Noislessly, perfectly thy work goes on;  
No jealousy or envy anywhere,  
In thy vast realm, O lovely May,  
Where thy command has gone. The sturdy oak  
Throws out its long, majestic, sheltering arm;  
The tiny vine that has not strength to stand  
And face the wind, clings closer day by day;  
The early gorgeous flowers in garden-beds,  
Nod in the sunbeams, while the violet sweet  
Half hidden in the grass in some by-place,  
Droops low its head and says: "I am content."  
Dandelions as golden jewels shine  
From the soft covering Mother Nature folds  
Closer about her breast each passing day.

And while thy wondrous magic work goes on,  
Thy orchestra with soulful music rings—  
It fills all places with harmonious sound;  
No discord, rivalry, or critic's tongue  
Jars the full harmony in thy great realm,  
For all are happy in the sphere and place  
Nature has them assigned.

## Noitaidem; Greatest of Magicians.

BY MADELL GIFFORD

My desire was for the higher life. I had searched the literature of many lands, I had interviewed those who had met success, hoping to wrest the secret from them; I belonged to clubs, and attended many lectures. I took instructions. There was no power in anything; my life, my body, my mind, my heart remained unchanged.

"What is this elusive thing the teachers prate about, which they have given the name 'Power'?" I cried. "How is it that others have it and not I? They lie; they tell us this and that and will put us in possession of it, but all they say proves false. The real secret they keep hid; they wish to be rulers and superiors and would keep the people under."

Foot-sore, weary and despairing, I sat down by the wayside and wrapped in the dark mantle of my bitter thoughts, I gave myself up to poignant realization of my wretchedness. The sun had become "black as sackcloth;" life and light did not exist for me. I had shut myself away from them into total darkness. The moon became as blood; faith had departed, and I only saw human sacrifices. The stars fell from heaven in that moment; all the truths I had ever learned became as nothing. The heaven "departed as a scroll when it is rolled together;" nothing but darkness remained; "every mountain and island were moved out of their places;" all the knowledge I had gathered in my life was dislodged and fell into chaos.

I began to feel a deadly chill; such a chill as might emanate from a tomb. It impressed me like a dread presence. I feared to raise my head from my hands to look; but I could not endure the fear of not knowing.

I looked up trembling greatly, for the presence seemed so near me. I saw an indistinct form seated beside me; shoulder to shoulder, knee to knee. It was bowed, its face hidden and wrapped from head to foot in an inky black mantle, the sight of which filled me with dread. There seemed to be the sense of evil in the presence. I glimpsed something of a resemblance to a jet crown on the head of the figure. "Is it the Prince of the Powers of Darkness, then?" I mused. "Have I lost my soul, and wandered to the entrance of the Abyss? and has His Majesty come to escort me thither?"

As if to answer my thought, the figure raised its head, and revealed a face the like of which I pray I may never look on again. It looked like a composite of everything evil and wretched in the universe. I shuddered and shivered like one in an agony, and an inner fire of fear devoured me. The face was black, and the eyes wells of darkness, and I seemed to see it as through a black veil.

I gazed transfixed with horror and fear, longing, but not having courage to speak. The figure raised a hand under the black mantle, and pointed. "Come, Rekees," it said, in a voice indescribable, but more terrible than its face; it was a dead-voice.

But it loosed my tongue; the desperation of fear gave me voice. "I am not Rekees. Who are you? and why are you here?" I demanded, meaning to resist to the last breath, before consenting to be carried off by the thing that had come after me. Still the figure pointed. I looked in the direction it indicated, and saw dusky outlines of a black portal which evidently opened into an abode of darkness.

"Who are you? and why are you here?" I repeated more feebly than before.

Then the thing pointed to its head, and I saw round about its coronet black letters. I studied them intently, as I had good cause. I spelled out NOITATIDEM.

"I am no wiser than before," I declared, with a little of something like relief, for even if this was a messenger from the Abyss, it was not quite so dreadful as to be called for by the king of darkness himself.

"Where do you come from, and why are you here?" I asked, determined to learn all I could before further action.

The figure pointed to the portal, and said, "You called me."

This astounded me, but something impressive in the attitude and voice, caused me to preserve silence and muse over the words, instead of denying them.

The figure rose and towered above me, the folds of the black mantle falling noiselessly about it. "You called me, now I call you," said the mysterious being, Noitaidem.

"Come; let us be wretched together, Rekees." Some power drew me, and I had no choice but to follow. As I drew near the portal I made out the same letters over the arch, that I had discovered on the head of my companion, Noitaidem, and below that was another word, YAN.

Despite my abhorrence and shrinking back, I was drawn within the dark portal. Within all was darkness. My companion sat down, and I had no choice but to do the same. The figure came close beside me, and sat shoulder to shoulder, and knee to knee. "Now we will be wretched together," it said.

Then I seemed to share the strange being's thoughts; it went over with all I had been torturing myself with before it appeared. When it had thought to the end of everything, it began over again. "Who is it?" I mused, "knows my every thought so well; I will know more of this stranger. Who are you?" I demanded, as one who would not be refused.

The figure reached a hand under the black folds and rested it lovingly, if I may use such a word in connection with this thing, on mine. "I am your thoughts," it said. For a moment I was paralyzed. I looked into the darkness; it was thick, palpitating, as if with invisible but loathsome near, life.

I sprang up; "It is false," I cried; "I never thought anything as bad as this." I threw myself on the ground and wept tears of anger and resentment. Some great injustice was crushing me. I was the victim of some evil power. "God help me," I cried; "if there is any God he will help me out of this place." But no help came.

I wept and complained until I could weep no more. Then I sat up. My companion sat opposite me; facing me; facing me—the torture of it!

"My thoughts!" I mused sarcastically; "they are not mine, but the thoughts of others out in the world." But as I looked and mused, the background of darkness beyond my companion grew alive with forms; ugly things; melancholy and fearsome. It seemed as if Noitaidem was explaining without speaking, the symbolism of them. "If these are my thoughts," suddenly came to my mind, "then why cannot I do as I please with them?" This suggestion so pleased me that I began to experiment. Here is jealousy; I am jealous of a certain friend; I will not think of that; I will think just for the experiment that I am not jealous; no, I can't think that, for I am; but I will think of something else about my friend that is happy to think of. I watched the demon that I had recognized as Jealousy; it grew less active and less distinct; seemed to be receding; vanished quite. Then to satisfy myself, I began the jealous thoughts again, and it reappeared; then I thought it away again.

I sprang to my feet and clapped my hands joyfully. "It is true," I said, "these are my own creations, and I can get rid of them if I will." Something of the darkness lifted; the demons faded into the background; the letters in my companion's coronet began to glow faintly now. But it was not so easy; the dark thoughts kept coming. I discovered that I actually loved to think them; I did not want to stop thinking them, but I wanted to get rid of their results and the sight and sense of them. In fact I wished to keep on thinking, and still be happy and live in the light.

At last I became discouraged. "I really believe these things," I said, "and how am I going to stop thinking of them?"

I looked up into the darkness that was not quite so dark, and cried, "If there be any power to help mortals, help me, and show me the way." The darkness thinned still more, and an inner voice said to me, "Seek Truth."

I looked quickly at Noitaidem; the voice seemed to come from my companion, but the lips were not moving. "I have been doing that all my life," I replied, "and this is the result. It is the truth that I cannot forget and that makes me so wretched."

There was no reply to this, and I mused again. Presently I recalled that when I thought on happy things, the demons vanished and the darkness lifted. Then I began to say, "What is Truth? What is Truth?"

It came to me, that truth could not be darkness. "But how is it with all these dark thoughts I have thought were true? I know they are true. It is true the poor are oppressed; that the strong crush the weak; that lust seduces the innocents."

I mused a long, long time. At last it came to me, that Truth is Good, and that Evil is perverted Good. Hate is perverted Love; greed, perverted generosity; ill temper, perverted good temper.

"Now," I said, "I understand how to think; when I see a perverted condition I may think of the true condition, and that will tend to restore that truth to its true form in myself or another, or the world at large."

There was a gentle sigh beside me, like the sighing of a happy heart. I looked at my companion; the dark garments were changing from black to lighter and lighter shades, as night changes to the grey of morning. A light from within seemed burning away the darkness. The transformation went on until the black robe became a soft, silvery grey. Through the grey veil a pale face with twilight eyes looked out at me. On the silver coronet the name, Noitaidem, gleamed as if written in moonlight.

"My friend," I whispered to my so lately loathed companion, feeling an impulse to kneel at her feet.

She pointed beyond me, and I turned and saw the background scintillating with golden lights which, as I gazed, seemed forming into figures of beautiful shapes. They formed, and dissolved and formed again in ever changing shapes. Then beautiful faces of children and maidens looked out at me, swinging garlands of loveliest flowers, or tossing them singly from their hands.

Then these vanished, and horses came into view; the handsomest and noblest I had ever seen. They did not come from above, downward and outward, but from the right, and passed to the left. Other animals followed, sheep, oxen, deer.

I had not spoken, I was so absorbed in watching the panorama. As I gazed, the golden wall grew more and more transparent, and parted, revealing a white portal. Over the arch were the letters of my friend's name, in gold; under, was a word not like that I had read on the black portal: AEBY. Through this portal shone a golden white light.

"Come, Rekees," said Noitaidem, taking my hand; and this time I did not shrink, but went forward joyfully.

Within, all that was to be seen was alabaster pillars with the golden-white light shining about them. I lingered at the portal; there was something grateful and restful to my senses here, yet something of awe that made me a little afraid. I loved, and yet felt unworthy, of so pure a place. "Who are you?" I asked my friend as if it was the first time.

"I am your thoughts," she made answer. "You are more than that," I cried; "you are a magician; and you reveal the thoughts of mortals to them. You lead them from dark thoughts to bright ones." I looked at Noitaidem for confirmation of my words. She was glowing with the beautiful white light; her eyes were clear wells of light; but deep in their scintillated light she said:

"Noitaidem," I cried; "tell me, am I the only mortal to whom you have revealed your glorious being? Your name is not known on earth; I have searched the books of the wise ones, but among all the gods and fates and Masters, no such name as you bear is found." My friend smiled; "To those who sit in darkness and the shadow of death, I am Noitaidem; the unknown; the fearsome; to those who find the light, I am—"

Noitaidem dissolved in light; for one brief instant her coronet flashed and scintillated, and in place of the now familiar name I read, MEDITATION. That too, vanished; but over the white portal the same name glowed, and an inner voice said to me, "Rekees; Seeker; Remember me; remember me every day of life; I am waiting for you always. I am the Revealer of Light. By Meditation light comes; and by remembering the light, souls grow. I am the only way."

Then there was silence; the sweetest silence I had ever known. My footsteps made no sound as I moved from pillar to pillar. I moved slowly, uncertain what might greet my eyes within, and fearing I might come upon some vision too glorious for me to bear. I sent my glance down the corridors, but only the alabaster pillars in the soft light were seen. "This," I mused, "must be the Temple of Silence. It must be my own inner Temple of Silence, for I am all alone here."

Yet I sensed some greater Presence; I noticed that the light deepened and intensified as if radiating from some centre of light as I progressed. I loitered long among the white shafts whose crowns seemed to dissolve in light, and whose bases were defined by the light. But all was silence, and at last I went on, and came finally into the heart of the temple. There was no throne or dazzling Being of light as I had half feared, and hoped as much as feared, but a clear space into which it seemed a light from above flowed down as if from a sun, only not dazzling, and from this space, shone out through all the temple.

Here I seated myself and drank in the silence and the light.

Presently I saw the sun over the temple, very near it seemed, and it did not hurt my eyes to look at it. I saw an angel standing in the sun. The angel held in his right hand a number of keys of gold. As I looked, I saw that each key was in the form of a letter; I read the letters from left to right, and this is what I read: HTIAF. I had learned the magician's secret, and so I read from right to left, FAITH.

As I looked upon Faith, my soul grew strong; exultant; I feared nothing; I, who had never known what it was to live without fear. Faith took the first key and fitted it to the lock of a door of gold just beyond him, which now first came to my notice. The door slid back, and then was revealed to me that Faith holds the keys of truth, and that meditation in the Temple of Silence is the way to Faith. Meditation reveals Faith, and Faith reveals Truth.

"Present thy petition," said the voice of an invisible presence which I knew was Meditation.

"Why were the mystic words reversed when first revealed to me?" I asked.

Within the golden door the answer was given to me in beautiful symbols, which I will interpret in words. All is good and truth; there is naught else. When the thoughts of men reverse truth and good in their minds, it so appears to all their senses. I had reversed meditation and made it a creator of darkness instead of light, in my own mind, and within the portal I gave myself up to the nay, or negation of thought. When I wearied of the darkness and desired light, the reversal of thought began. I had been told many truths, but they had no power in my life because I only received them into my mind and did not make them a part of my life through meditation. Without faith we can do nothing, and it is only by meditation that faith comes. Every time a mortal reverses a truth he passes through the portal of Yea, or Affirmation, and if he meditates there, faith comes to him, and reveals the truth of all things whatsoever he desires.

The operation of this work was also shown me, and he who desires, may seek it by the way I have shown him; the way is open to all.

Then was my soul glad, for I had found Power at last, I had witnessed the power of Truth, which I saw is able to accomplish all things to mortals through faith. Every time I looked upon the angel in the sun, he turned one of the golden keys, and whatsoever perversion of truth I desired reversed, it was done for me; which was simply showing me the truth, that I might live in it instead of false.

I first desired to be released from the negations of health, which create to human senses, disease. It was shown me that there is only health, but that the false thought of man has perverted the conditions to man's senses, and he suffers through his beliefs. I began immediately to live in the—truth, thought, and my senses began to develop in the true conditions. I desired harmony in my environment, and it was shown me that I lived in the midst of all the harmonies that I loved, but that my false or perverted thought reversed all my senses and caused me to seem to be imprisoned in a world of inharmonies. As fast as I reversed my false thoughts and held the true ones, I realized the harmonies, and presently they took on corresponding forms; for when there is an understanding faith, external forms change quickly, the vibrations then extending directly into the external forms, rapidly dissolving and reforming by the law of attraction in vibration.

So it was with all things of my life. I wished always for harmony, for then I was sure to make no mistakes. What seemed good to me might not be. What I loved I held in thought, and desired it to come in a harmonious way. I desired harmonious friends, and they were manifested to me. But I did not insist on any particular person; if I desired a certain person, I held that one in my love with the desire that he would come to me through the laws of harmony; if there was little harmony between us, he receded, and the more harmonious friend appeared, but if the one I had selected was much in harmony with me, he came nearer and recognized a dear friend in me. I desired to find the harmonious way with all with whom I came in contact, and the harmonious ways were shown, even where it looked next to impossible.

Every question I desired explained was illustrated to me in living ways that caused me to realize them, or feel the truth, and see it as life, not merely statement, as is the ordinary way. These revelations created or opened to my senses the true world, which grew daily, and is still growing; larger and grander and sweeter.

A little faith reveals a little; a large faith reveals much. A wavering faith, or a spasmodic faith cannot reveal the new life in continuous order, for we are then dwelling by

turns in both the world of shadows and the world of light, and sense the creations of both. For the continuous unfolding of the higher life meditation must be made a daily part of it, and an important part.

Ah! Meditation; thou greatest of magicians; how I love thee! Thou who waitest in the Temple of Silence which is within the heart of every soul, to lead us from darkness into the light, thou art become my priceless treasure; the sweetness and brightness and joy of my life. In thy presence Love and Truth fill all my being, and their desires pulsate in my heart and stimulate my senses; hand and tongue and brain throbb to do their will. Through thy ministrations the world that God in the beginning created, and has never ceased to create, is revealed to me. Be thou near me always; if ever I forget, call me from the clamor and glare of the false world; for without thee I die to the sense of the true life; with thee I die daily to the false and live in the true.

All praise be to Him who is Harmony and Truth, Life, Infinite Love, and who created us to share what he is with him. Whose laws are perfect, converting the soul from falsities to truths when obeyed; who has sent his angels to guide us into the way; Meditation and Faith; angels of light and power. Through them, all the occult sayings of Jesus and the prophets and all wise men are revealed. And now is Thy kingdom come to me, for I have learned that the kingdom must be found within, before it can be found without. And this, even given the most favorable external conditions. "Thy commandment is pure, enlightening the eyes; thy testimonies are sure, making wise the simple." In all ages and nations and tongues are these same laws found, and knowledge of them given to those who walk in the way; and the way pointed out, for all who will to enter; and to all who continue in the way is fulfillment.

The words of Rekees; to those who would dwell in the light.

Needham, Mass.

## Education.

BY ARTHUR C. SMITH.

Hellen Keller, the blind, deaf mute, contributed an article to the New York Sunday Journal of April 23th, one paragraph of which touched me deeply; it seemed a plaintive wail from that poor afflicted little being to the Moloch educational system of today. She said:

"There are disadvantages I find in going to college. The one I feel most is lack of time. I used to have time to think, to reflect, my mind and I. We would sit together of an evening and listen to the inner melodies of the spirit which one hears only in leisure moments, when the yards of some loved poet touch a deep, sweet chord in the soul that had been silent until then. But in college there is no time to commune with one's thoughts. One goes to college to learn, not to think, it seems. When one enters the portals of learning, one leaves the dearest pleasures—solitude, books and imagination—outside with the whispering pines and the sun-lit, odorless woods."

After reading the above from one denied the usual powers of observation; one prone to reflection by the sad condition of her life, you feel that the "cramming" system is worse than failure.

Education should be, as the word signifies, a drawing out, a development of the self, not an inflation nor a tacking on; but a growth from within out. No sane person would strive to increase the growth of a tree or creature by tacking on any substance whatever; but by proper nourishment, that being digested, assimilated, may add to the natural growth from within out. So with the growth of the mentality; it should be nourished by congenial surroundings, that time given for the digestion and assimilation of that mental food, that the growth may be healthy and natural, from within out; that the learner may be a creator, not a parrot, a thinker, not a well stored bank of pigeon holes.

Man has three great natural schoolmasters, namely: Necessity, Observation and Communion, alike valuable and ever teaching in the great school of life. Necessity drove monkeys to erect shelter and devise clothing to protect their bodies, and man was begot. Men observed the strength of union among creatures that swarm, school, flock, pack or herd, and communities sprang up for the better protection of the individual. Communion with nature gave us natural sciences; with our fellow-man gave us of his knowledge; with ourselves gave us wisdom.

Man learned from the wants of winter to store the fruits and grains of autumn, against cold and storm he erected a shelter; from the lightning he learned to build a fire; the shepherd and the sailor became astronomers, one to mark time, the other that he might reach the desired port; Newton saw an apple fall; he thought; out of that thought

(Continued on page five.)











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## Banner of Light

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### Altruism.

The spirit of Altruism is fast impressing upon the progressive Spiritualists of America. Indeed, it is the only logical platform upon which they can stand. The spirit forces proclaimed their Golden Rule, when they set it forth fifty-three years ago, to be "Do All for Others." Altruism is the embodiment of that very rule. It means the living and doing for others, without regard to self. "Love thyself last" is the command of this angelic gospel of peace and progress. It teaches men that heaven is to be found here on earth, through noble needs, wrought in kindness for the good of others. It tells mankind that Peace is better than War—Love better than Hatred, and Truth better than Falseness. It means a true life for both men and women, and deals with the real things in the lives of men. It is the gospel of civilization. Its motto is, "On earth peace, good will to men,"—a gospel that has long been preached but never practiced. It is the gospel of the sick, the needy and the afflicted. It sends men on errands of mercy, and seeks to level up social conditions in order that suffering may forever be eradicated.

It bridges the yawning chasm between the tramp and the billionaire with the archway of fraternity, and shows the latter that the former is his brother and proves to him that he is that brother's keeper. It makes men strong and tender in their dealings with those who have fallen, wounded grievously, in the great battle of life. It shows what ministering angels in the form can do when they labor unselfishly for the good of others. It puts Love to the front as the guide, counsellor and teacher of humanity, and makes each mortal the caretaker of his fellow-man. It is the religion of the angels, lived out through the lives of angels in the form, and is daily seeking to make Earth a place of Peace and Plenty.

This heaven-sent gospel has been placed in the hands of the Spiritualists to present to the world. Are they equal to the task? Are they really worthy of the high calling the angels have given them?

If they are, they can soon prove it by being altruistic in their treatment of one another. They will cease to scandalize their own brethren; they will eschew gossip, avoid censure, and turn aside the word of anger. They will look for the good that is within every human being, and seek to add a little to that good for Love's sweet sake. They will rally for Liberty and Justice in one solid body, and will work with a will to defeat entrenched wrong, as well as organized injustice. The dollar will lose its attractions to them, and man will become of greater value than money. Life of all sorts will become sacred to them, and the words "Thou shalt not kill any living thing" will be a command

that they will guard every ray of Love's sun. They will seek for points of agreement, instead of disagreement, and will exemplify the religion of human brotherhood in thought, word and deed. Love, in its highest, truest and purest form, is Altruism's most willing helper, by whom men are shown that passion, attraction, and selfish enjoyment are no parts whatever of the Soul. Altruism sends men out in search of their souls, and through Love places them face to face with the beings with whom they are to spend Eternity. It teaches men that mediocrity will not do for the Soul, but that they must push on until Attainment is reached. Altruism is Zerkow's gospel when he cries out: "Hail O my Soul, to still loftier heights! Unfettered be all thy wings!"

### The Stoughton Case.

The inhumanity of the Stoughton brute whose cruelties to his children were recently brought to light by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children is the subject of general remark on the part of the press. The Boston Herald well says in an editorial upon the subject, "There are acts of human wickedness for which nothing less than hell is an adequate punishment." Surely if such words were ever justified, they are in this case. A father who could wantonly break the bones in the limbs of children of tender years, and then brutally beat them with straps because they complained of pain in the broken bones, deserves greater punishment than a term in prison can inflict upon him. The hell of the Orthodox is too mild in its nature, and too long postponed to meet the exigencies of the case now. The brute should be treated to the whipping post every day for a year or two, and kept at hard labor for the support of his children until the youngest one of the six has attained his majority.

The mawkish sentiment that the whipping post is barbarous is mere nonsense. It is the only deterrent to cruelties of the above character that has yet been found. Wife and child beaters in Delaware do not return for a second application of the whip. If this Stoughton monster were given frequent applications of the whip, his itching for beating his children would soon ooze out of his finger tips. To put him into a comfortable cell where he can have food, shelter and a bed, is virtually a reward for his brutality. His children have none of these things, save through the charity of the public. Put the man to work—work that is not easy, and apply the proceeds of that work to the needs of his children. In addition to this toll, let him be given an occasional reminder of the cause of his incarceration, and let that reminder be well administered. Then and then only will he be led to see that the way of the transgressor is hard.

Why the citizens of Stoughton did not interfere in this case long ago is not apparent to the public. Officer B. J. Loring and the society he represents are entitled to great credit for their efficient work in rescuing these six unfortunate from their brutal father. Their mother has escaped from her earthly sufferings, and was no doubt hastened out of this life through the actions of her brutal husband. Strange indeed is it that such hardened wretches can find women ready and willing to marry them, and to bear children for them. These anomalies are even stranger than the one of the indifference of the people to the cruelties practised under their very eyes. Perhaps the best people of the town did not know what was going on in their midst. It may be that the man's vote was so important that a little thing like beating innocent children was not felt to be worthy of notice. Action has been taken at last and now the children will be free from the tyranny and brutality of their father, while he will begin a term in prison that the majesty of the law may be vindicated. Better the whipping post and hard, daily labor, than a term of ten years for such as he. The law may speak, but justice yet awaits a hearing. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children deserves the hearty thanks of every human man and woman in Massachusetts. Officer Loring should be given a medal of honor for his splendid work in the case.

### The Coal Combine.

It is said that the managers of the Anthracite Coal Trust have determined to add seventy-five millions of dollars to their income the present season, through the advance of the price of anthracite coal. It is to be put upon the market in May at five dollars fifty cents per ton, and will be advanced each month until October, when the price will be six dollars fifty cents per ton. This adds a large sum to the coffers of the men in the Trust, and subtracts the same from the pockets of the people who are compelled to buy the coal. It is a deal that comes hard to the common people who can only afford to purchase coal in very small quantities, but the leaders of the people are not at all concerned with the needs of the poor. They must settle the Chinese imbroglio, the benevolent assimilation question, and the Cuban independence through the Platt amendment, ere the cost of fuel can be given attention.

Spiritualists are the needs of the poor of any moment to you? If so, why not inaugurate a crusade in favor of reduced price of fuel, of food products and other necessities that are now in the hands of the few? Which is of greater importance—the saving of precious lives, or the witnessing of so-called marvels at prices ranging from ten cents to five dollars per capita? Agitation, earnestly, honestly and fearlessly carried forward, means liberty and justice for the people. Are we to remain silent when a few men decide to filch seventy-five millions of dollars from the people? The wages of the miners, the cost of transportation and handling remains the same. It is a movement designed solely to add to the wealth of a few at the expense of the many. Spiritualists, what are YOU going to do in this case? If you organize for

work, and then work with a will, you can do much to defeat this dishonest plan. Will you do it?

### The Wagner Bill

We desire to correct the statements we have hitherto made in regard to this much discussed bill. It did not become a law as Hon. A. H. Dailey has kindly explained in a recent issue of the Banner. Our remarks were based upon the statements made in the secular press, and in the letters of personal friends in the State of New York. We are pleased to know that our information was incorrect, and are glad to correct our error. We congratulate our New York friends upon having one more year of freedom doled out to them by their law makers, and hope they will profit by the object lesson given them this year, by defeating at the polls every legislator who was in favor of the bill when it was under discussion. When Spiritualists vote for their principles, as well as talk about them, Wagner bills will become impossibilities. Let our New York brethren look out for their next Legislature if they wish to be free.

### The Field.

After a careful review of the field, we are pained to find a steady decadence in our local societies. Everywhere there are the same symptoms of decay. Numerical and financial strength is wanting. A change is needed, and a remedy must be found for the present disease. Who will advance it? Spiritualism per se, is perfectly safe; the angels will take care of it, but who will take care of its promulgation on earth, if the Spiritualists persist in their present reprehensible state of indifference? Who will care for the Spiritualists, when they refuse to do their duty? No one, and any Spiritualist who expects the angels to look out for his material and spiritual welfare will find himself stranded in the midst of the Sahara of despair, or adrift like a wrecked ship at sea, without a chart, or compass, or rudder, to enable him to guide himself into a harbor of refuge for repairs. When our local societies are gone, what will be the next step? Why not restore our movement to its former power before it is too late? Let us rebuild our local societies, and establish new ones wherever it is possible to do so. Who will aid the National Association in its work in this direction?

### Mrs. F. Gordon White

took leave of earth very suddenly from her home in Buffalo, N. Y., Sunday, April 14. She was engaged in her household duties, when she suddenly fell to the floor and almost immediately expired. Her death was caused by an affection of the heart with which she had long been troubled, but no one knew the end was so near. The funeral services were held at her late residence in Buffalo, and were conducted by Moses Hull, pastor of the First Spiritualist Church of that city. The bereaved husband has the sincere sympathy of his many friends in his hour of trial. The Banner extends condolences, and trusts that he will soon receive the assurance of her continued existence through his own mediumship.

### The Post Office.

Some frequenters of the post office in one of the large Western cities have been talking with regard to the use of the mails. The General Delivery department is a very popular division, and is used for diverse purposes. Strangers have their letters sent in its care, and use it for legitimate purposes. Some people use it as a means of carrying on a clandestine correspondence. Married couples use assumed names, and receive letters from their paramours under its protecting cloak. Young girls made foolish by the trashy novels they have read, assume the names of their heroines and receive letters from men whom they never saw, but whose advertisements they have seen and answered. This department is also the resort of criminals, and is carefully watched by detectives who are in search of some "crook" who has suddenly disappeared from another city. In view of the above facts, we venture to suggest that it would be well for parents to examine with care the literature their children read. Clandestine correspondence never results in good to any young girl, even under the protection of the General Delivery department. It is often the step that takes the individual upon the road that leads to social degradation and life-long disgrace.

### Thanks, Friends.

To our esteemed contemporaries we return our grateful thanks for their special kindly references to our Birthday Banner. They have given that issue unstinted praise, and have been kind in their greetings to the Banner on its natal day. We appreciate and reciprocate their kind words. To our many correspondents who have sent us personal letters expressing their appreciation of our special number, we also extend thanks. These letters show us how much the Banner is prized in all sections of the land, and we can safely promise our good friends that the present high standard will be maintained so long as the management now in control, remain at the helm. We tried to present a creditable paper to our readers, and all signs point to the fact that we succeeded.

### The Secular Press.

The secular press throughout the nation has treated the spiritualistic gatherings held in many of the large cities with uniform courtesy and kindness. The despatches of the Associated Press have also been fair and impartial. Wherever the Spiritualists have had a good standing locally, the reports have been extended and very considerate. The one paper that has earned for itself the proud distinction of being most unfair, untruthful and

contemptible is the Detroit, Mich., Journal. Its assaults upon some of the speakers and mediums at the Detroit Convention were conceived in malice, and uttered knowing them to be absolutely false. Such papers should be boycotted by the Spiritualists, yet, nine times out of ten, they submit to these indignities, and continue to patronize the papers because of their political views. If a secular paper will deliberately falsify about respectable people, it will not hesitate to lie in politics.

### President McKinley

Is now taking a ten thousand mile trip through the Southern, Southwestern, and Western States. He will spend seven weeks in this enjoyable pastime, and will return to his post of duty much benefited by his trip. We hope he will get at the exact social and industrial conditions in the States he visits, and find wisdom to suggest remedies for existing ills. He is being received with every mark of respect along his journey, all classes of people uniting in their tributes to our nation's Chief Executive. This general respect for the exalted office of Chief Magistrate is a healthful sign, for it proves that the people at heart still love the Republic and delight to honor its first representative.

### The Eastman Case.

The Eastman case, now on trial at Cambridge, seems to be progressing very slowly. The Attorney-General complained that Judge Gaskill did not give him a chance to speak upon the exceptions taken in the trial by the defense, and thereby caused quite a flurry in court. The Attorney-General must be a good lawyer—at least, a successful one—otherwise he would not hold his present office. We doubt, however, that he is the best man in the State for the place.

### The Pan-American Exposition

Is now open, and the city of Buffalo, N. Y., will be the centre of attraction for the American people for the next six months. It is to be hoped that the management will open the gates on Sundays so that the workmen may be able to enjoy it. If the Sabbatarians have their way, the road to New England Puritanism will be a very short one. This great Exposition is worth seeing, and should be opened to the toilers as well as to millionaires. Let it be kept open on Sundays for the good of all the people.

We take great pleasure in calling the reader's attention to an account on another page, of the dedicatory services of the new home just completed by our oldest society, the First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia, and at the same time in acknowledging an invitation to attend the same. We regret our inability to be present. Now that the oldest association has a home of its own, the younger societies may take courage and feel that their time is coming. Perhaps it may be our hobby, but we are inclined to believe that the method of employing a settled speaker has been instrumental in bringing about this much to be desired result. There cannot be great cohesiveness when the platform each Sunday is occupied by one who may be called a forerunner. We extend hearty congratulations to the First Association. May it continue in good work, and live long to enjoy its home.

Blessedness is that condition of mind that is created by the promptings of the Soul in inspiring its children to do some good deed for others without the formation for a wish for reward of any kind finding expression. Its name in the world of sense is Altruism, and its influence becomes more potent for good each succeeding day. As this means the good of others, rather than the advancement of self-interest, the meaning of Thomas Carlyle's words, "There is another higher than happiness—it is Blessedness"—can be fully understood. Spiritualists, shall Spiritualism become the Blessedness of Altruism? It is for you to say.

A real small trick was observed not long since. A man tried to get into a Spiritualist meeting, at which a door fee was charged, on the ground that he was a member of a local society and ought not to have to pay. The doorman insisted, so the man laid down a dollar, and while waiting for his change, deliberately picked up small coin enough to make up the cost of his admission ticket, while the eye of the doorman was not upon him. In other words, he considered it a spiritual act to steal twenty-five cents for the sake of robbing people in the hall of what they honestly paid to receive. David Harum was right in saying: "Fourteen sick men could ride on one wagon seat and not be crowded!"

Have the recent severe struggles in the Legislatures of the several States taught the Spiritualists of America a lesson? What are they doing to organize their forces? Do they wish yet other abridgements of their liberties? If so, then let them continue to withhold their support from local, State and National organizations for a few years longer, and note the result. Persecution has already begun in Washington, D. C., also in the State of Washington. No one can tell where it is to end.

The willingness of many Spiritualists to get something for nothing is equalled only by that of the politicians. The latter is the personification of selfishness, while the former pretends to be the living example of generosity. Which of these two is the hypocrite?

Many people claim that the Spiritualists are all poor in purse, and poor in regard to their ability to do for Spiritualism. If the demonstration of life beyond the tomb, if a knowledge of spirit return make people poor, what, in heaven's name, can be called riches? What greater treasure hath mortal man than this—his knowledge of the continued existence of those nearest and dearest to him?

He who is spiritual always seeks to add to the happiness of others through a noble life and kindly deeds. Spirituality does not dwell with sensuality, tobacco, whiskey, and coarseness. It is an attribute of the soul, and only abides where purity, goodness and truth abound. Pork-eating, smoking, drinking and carousing are as conducive to spirituality as they are to decency and civilization.

Have you decided upon the camp at which you are to spend the summer? If you have, be sure to order the Banner of Light so that you may be able to follow the news of the day as you enjoy your outing. There is no Spiritualist journal like the Banner for campmeeting news.

Do you wish to do something for Spiritualism? If you do, subscribe for a Spiritualist paper. If you don't know which one to take, try the Banner of Light for one year, and see if you can then afford to be without it. Urge your neighbor to do likewise.

Give thy soul a chance to speak to thee, O Spiritualist, if thou wouldst know the realities of the soul world.

### A Pleasant Occasion.

These words can be spoken of the Mass meeting in New York City on the first, second, third and fourth of May. So great was the interest taken by the people that an additional day was added to the series by the management, on which occasion the people were even more enthusiastic than they were at first. The meeting was a success financially and numerically, and will result in a renewed interest in the State and National Organizations. The officers of the two bodies co-operated in the work of the convention and did much to restore good feeling among the local workers in Greater New York. A large delegation will go to the National Convention in Washington in October from the great metropolis of America. This great gathering was a most pleasant affair in more ways than one to the writer. Here the Editor of The Light of Truth, the Editor of The Sermon, and the Editor of The Banner of Light met upon common ground, and recaptured the bonds of friendship that have so long united them. Brothers Hull and Austin were at their best, and aroused much enthusiasm among the people, while the Banner Editor found himself too busy with the duties of presiding officer to do much in any other field. The mediums, Mrs. May S. Pepper, Miss Margaret Gaule, and Ira Moore Courlis, gave scores of convincing messages, and created mild sensations whenever they appeared. They made every test tell, and clinched their assertions with indisputable evidence of fact. They are entitled to great praise for their most excellent and unselfish work. The N. S. A. is fortunate in having such earnest and devoted friends.

Hon. A. H. Dailey, Mrs. H. T. Brigham, Prof. Wm. M. Lockwood, and Mrs. H. J. Newton spoke ably and instructively at different sessions of the convention. Each one added many valuable thoughts to the store of those who heard them, and did much to awaken an interest in organization among the many people who listened to them. Too much praise cannot be given to the music rendered at all of the meetings. The singing of Robert C. Easton and Mrs. Jessie Graham was of the highest order, while the violin solos by Prof. Severn were most excellent in character. With splendid music, excellent tests, and able speakers, the convention could not be otherwise than a grand success. It has renewed friendship, restored harmony, and reawakened the flagging zeal of many of the workers in Spiritualism.

Two features of the convention must not be overlooked, and that is the hospitality of the people, and the opportunity to greet old friends. Brothers Hull and Townsend of The Light of Truth, Dr. Austin of The Sermon, and the writer were well cared for by both mortals and spirits. All were the recipients of marvellous slate writings through that gifted psychic, Fred P. Evans. In each case the writings came most unexpectedly, and without any solicitations for special sittings. The messages were direct, full of internal evidences of fact, and most complete in their references to matters of personal interest to the several sitters. We had the pleasure of examining the slates received by Brothers Hull and Townsend, and found them as remarkable as our own. Dr. Austin reported the results in his case as wonderful beyond words to relate. In the case of the writer, Prof. Evans did not touch the slates after they were cleansed, but sat with his hands clasped behind his head, conversing in the freest possible way. The writer held two of the slates, while the others were scattered singly about the table. The messages received were clear cut, and of a most unexpected character. There was evidence of fact in every word, and the sense will not be forgotten by the receiver. Like the wonderful tests of Mrs. Pepper, Miss Gaule, and Mr. Courlis, this manifestation is another evidence of the ability of our spirit friends to make themselves known to their loved ones on earth. The true psychic is humanity's best friend, and should be rewarded accordingly. Spiritualism will be signally blessed when genuine evidence of the glorious truth of spirit return is given to every heart hungry child of God.

Yours for Spiritualism,  
 An Onlooker.

Self-reliance, self-restraint, self-control, self-discipline, these constitute an educated will.—James Freeman Clarke.

Every noble life leaves the fibre of it interwoven forever in the works of the world.—Ruskin.

I am to see that the world is the better for me, and to find my reward in the act.—Emerson.

People do not lack strength; they lack will.—Hugo.







## SPRIT 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 Seance held April 11, 1901, S. E. 34

### MESSAGES.

#### Ben Forbes.

I see the spirit of a man who says: "Come, come, come, never mind talking about me too much, but just say that my name is Ben Forbes; I belong in Kansas City, Mo. I came to satisfy myself as well as to give evidence to my friends. I was a business man in Kansas City and always tried to take care of myself as well as to help those about me as much as I could. I am one of those people who felt that it was not time to go to the spirit when the death angel knocked at my door. He didn't knock very loudly, just walked right in and took me with him before I had a chance to say 'Come in; you are welcome.' It was a great surprise to me to find that I had friends in the spirit land with knowledge of my conditions. It was a happiness, too, because I had not believed in the reality of the spirit. I want to communicate with Bertha, Sarah, and Maud; I want them to feel that I have been trying to direct the business through their brains. Maud is sick and needs my help; tell her she can get better if she stops worrying so much over what has happened, and never until she does. Abby comes with me; she has been a great help to me, also Charles, who came over just before I did; he is just as full of fun as he ever was and says, 'Put in a word for me, Ben, while you are about it,' and so I have. I don't think I can say any more that will be of interest to anybody except my own and as it is rather a public way to give a message, to send it out through the newspaper, I guess I will keep still and if they want to hear more definitely how I feel, let them hunt up some good medium in Kansas City, and I will try to express myself. I shall make the effort to give something like a test that will convince them that I am there."

#### Margaret Anderson.

Now I see the dearest old lady about sixty-five or seventy years old. She is not very tall; her eyes are blue and her hair is gray; she wears on her head a little bit of a black lace cap with ribbons on it, not tied in any particular way. She comes up to me and looks down into my eyes as though she wanted to make sure that I am really the interpreter for her thought. She says: "Please, dear, can you take a message for Aunt Margaret. My name is Margaret Anderson and I want to go to Fall River, Mass., to reach Herbert. He needs to have some word from me because the cares in earth life are just about weighing him down. Sometimes he thinks if he could only escape it all and get over to the spirit it would be much better, but I want him to stay and fight it out and to understand that he will not fight alone, but we who love him will stand by him and make the effort to help him in all he undertakes. I don't know that it is his fault that the conditions around him are as they are, but there is nothing to be done except to keep right on working in the same old way and by and by the light will come. Tell him he has been too trusting in the past and has expected other people to do for him as he thought they ought; instead of being keen and watchful he has let things go. My advice is for him to be careful and on the watch; to do all that is possible for himself and not give others too much liberty. I think this message will be a comfort to him and that is what I desire. Good-bye."

#### Agnes Wiswall.

Another spirit comes here and says: "Oh, my name is Agnes Wiswall. I am so weak it seemed as if I never could get here to say what I want to. I died of consumption, that horrid, horrid disease that just fills you with hope one day and eats it all out the next. Oh, sometimes it seemed as though I died a thousand deaths each hour thinking of what it was all going to be and then sometimes I was strong and felt that I could get better. I went to Florida for my health and died there, and oh, it was dreadful to be away from home and find myself fast sinking away and then to die in a strange place. Everybody was kind to me, but that did not help me much. I wanted to be home, for I was so homesick, and just as quick as my spirit left the body I came back to my home, which was Worcester, and have been there in those surroundings ever since. It was a dreadful thing for my friends because the last word had been one of almost hope of recovery and then next came the word of my suddenly passing away. I am not unhappy, but I was very, at first. I have grown to be fond of the life here and to see all the beauty in it, for it is beautiful; it is like you people; when things are beautiful you never know it if you are homesick and unhappy and it would not

make any difference how good people were or how many beautiful things were all around you, you would just be unhappy as I am and so while some spirits enjoy the fullness of everything that is beautiful here, some get homesick and weary for the love and the consciousness of their friends. I hope you won't be discouraged from hearing this from me, but rather feel that you are doing a great thing to let me come and express my word to my friends. I want to go to Arthur and he will know that if it were possible, I would come to him."

#### Charles B. Hyde.

The spirit comes now of a man named Charles B. Hyde. He has side whiskers; his hair is dark with just a little of the gray in front, and he has a big, strong-looking face and figure. He seems very important and as he walks down here to me, he says: "Give a man from Waltham, if you please, a chance to send word to his people. I feel rather ashamed that I had not made some investigation of this thought before I came over to spirit, but I suppose it is never too late to begin a good work and I have begun by giving out my message, which I want to send to Anna. If you will please say for me that I don't care so much about talking of myself, but I do about getting into the life of those dear to me and giving them expression of how I feel; and what I can do for them. I am quite sure that I could give them definite words and definite advice that would help them out of their difficulties. They think they don't need it, but I know they do and I know that if I could just say what I feel I could straighten out affairs in no time. I don't feel altogether satisfied with the way things were carried on after I went to spirit, but it doesn't make much difference as far as the rest are concerned how I feel about it now there is no change that can come. It is only for the future that I desire to give expression and help and advice. I thank you for what you have done for me and I hope some time I can speak longer and better."

#### Abbie Stone.

There comes now an old lady. She is just as nice as she can be. Her eyes are as black as beads and her hair as white as snow, and there is a little flush on her cheeks that makes her look as pretty as a picture. She stands right up in front of me and she hasn't the least care. I don't mean that she doesn't care about coming, but I do mean that she seems to be, oh, so free from all distress. She says: "Please, dear, say that my name is Abbie Stone and that I desire so much to go to Newark, N. J.; my people know nothing of this and I felt if I could send a word to them in this manner that I might arrest their attention and they would investigate Spiritualism. My children are there and they need the word more than I can say. My daughter's name is Belle-Isabel—and I love her so much that I want her to feel that I am with her and am helping her, especially with the new baby. She needs my thought now and as she isn't very strong, I thought perhaps my influence would help her and make her a little stronger. I can't seem to say what I want to except over and over again that I love her, oh, so dearly, and want her to realize it."

#### Nancy Bigelow.

I see a woman now about eighty years old. She seems to grow smaller all the time because she is a little bit of a thing and she says as she looks up at me with a funny little smile: "Well, after one lives to be so old, they get shrunken together. Their ideas, their interests, somehow get narrowed down to a very small space and they grow little as you can see. I am a maiden woman and I came from Damariscotta, Me. My name is Nancy Bigelow and I knew more or less about this. I sat in circles when the Rochester rappings were first talked about and I stood the test of being laughed at and called out of my head and most everything else that those pioneers in the work used to stand. I somehow got so much satisfaction from hearing from my own people that I did not care much what the rest of the world said, and I have often said since I came over here, it was like a man in love; there doesn't seem to be anything else in the world but the object of his affections. So it is with those who believe in Spiritualism. Instantly the fact is let down into their lives, they haven't much use for the opinion of those who haven't the light. I have most of my people over here with me, but there is now and then one whom I look at from my plane of better living and wish I could send a little word to. I would like very much to have this understanding of the life that is mine go to Bertha—Bertha Wardwell. I think I must have been a medium myself and I am sure Bertha is and if she would let me come near her, I think I could bring some of the people who are interested in her and her welfare, close enough to her to give her some satisfaction. I thank you very much for listening to the story of an old woman, but one who is vigorous in the spirit and desires nothing better than to help you people spread the truth."

#### Arthur Gallagher.

Now I see the spirit of a young man about eighteen years old. He is fair as a girl. His eyes are blue, his hair is light, and his cheeks are just as white and fair as can be. He comes to me, oh, so weak, as if he hadn't a particle of strength left and as though he was always a quiet, unassuming person. He says: "Oh, it seems to me as if I never could stay here another year without sending some word to my mother. Every day that I have been here has been like years because I am so anxious to let my mother know that I am well. Oh, you people who are getting messages all the time don't know what it is to a spirit to stand here looking out into the world and to know your own and yet be unable to express yourself. My name is Arthur Gallagher; I used to live in South Boston and no one believes that I have any consciousness of what is going on and I do want to go to Mary and I do want to tell her that I see her when she prays for me and I am near her when she speaks of me, but oh, I want to be nearer yet

and have her speak directly to me. I don't want her to feel every time that she looks at something of mine that she must school herself to be brave. I want her rather to feel that I am there with her and that there has been no putting away, only the body, which of course could not be helped. Sometimes when I see her telling people over and over again how I went away, I get oh, so nervous and wish that she would stop talking about it and try to find out where I am. The other day I was able to make some noise when she was out in the kitchen around the stove and I saw her start and wonder what it was, and then she went right on as if I hadn't done it and I couldn't get my strength to do it again, but I want to do something until she believes. Oh, tell her that I never shall be quite easy until I can send her the message direct as I would like to."

#### Alice Decatur.

Next I see the spirit of a girl about twenty-five years old. She is slight, of medium height, and has very dark eyes and hair that is combed stylishly. She is graceful and gives her head a little toss as though she always knew just what to do, never had any question about it, and as she tosses back her head now, she says: "My name is Alice—Alice Decatur, Alice Decatur is my name,—with a little sing-song, and I see by that she was very fond of music and had a habit of singing things out. She comes from Fargo, Dakota. She says: 'My people were from the East, but I went out a little girl and grew up there. It is a breezy place and the people who knew me well know what I mean by that. I had such a good time in life that it just seemed a pity for me to leave it, because there are so many people who don't enjoy life at all, and I used to say, 'Seemed when people didn't care for life, things couldn't be right,' but I notice that those who don't care to live, don't care to die. I loved life, I loved young people, and I loved everything that spoke of happiness and joy. I am happy now and I am still wearing the ring which was given me a little while before I came over here. If I had been able to fulfill my promise, I should have been able to fulfill more than I did, not only for myself but for others. Oh, if Dick could only come to me and know how happy I am, because I am sure the time is coming when he will come, I know he would have the same pleasure I do. If he would go to some medium where I could tell him of the happiness that is mine, that the time will come when there will be no separation, the thought would be his happiness and his strength, too. I don't like everything he has done, but at the same time I know he would not have done it if he knew I saw, but he thought I was gone and could not see, and so he just went on. Tell him I give him my love and strength and have a claim on him and shall hold him when he comes over."

#### Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-THREE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The world will say that he was a bright genius to whom it first occurred that it is the mosquito that brings yellow fever and malaria to the homes of men. And now that experiments have been made, and it has actually been proved that persons can be constantly exposed to malarial air without harm, provided that no mosquito touch them, we begin to wonder why this was not discovered before.

The two things had always gone together. The marshes that are covered with poisonous air are also the breeding-places of countless throngs of mosquitoes, and we were right in thinking that the stagnant pools were the cause of both. And when the wind came from that direction, it brought the malaria and the mosquito on its wings. But we did not know that the mosquito was laden with the germs of malaria and yellow fever, and when he bored into human flesh he was actually inoculating us with these fell diseases.

We inadvertently used the pronoun he, as applied to these midnight pests, though we have been informed on good authority that it is the female mosquito that haunts our bed-rooms, while her male compeer, less traveled, continues to hover over his native marsh-lands. Like venturesome Eve, who is fabled to have been the first to taste of the forbidden fruit, the female mosquito ventures far from home, penetrates the bars, and feasts, not on apples, but on the blood of her shuddering victims.

We once read a description of the apparatus which Nature has provided for this darksome marauder, and at the risk of making some errors, we will endeavor to reproduce it.

The apparatus consists of four distinct parts.

First, there is the borer, which she drives in deep, and this part of the operation is what we call the sting. A hasty impulse leads the sufferer to raise a quick hand, make a wild dash, which in one case out of ten slays the insect, leaving the broken borer deep in the flesh, to cause intolerable itching by the tiny fester that follows. Could one hold still, and allow the creature to continue until she is gorged with blood, she would gradually withdraw the apparatus intact, and die from surfeit. We will now proceed to the second step.

Having made the first incision, she next produces a small saw, and enlarges the puncture already made, so that she may at her leisure have room to bring her tiny pump into play.

But as the particles of our blood are too thick to be pumped by her delicate appliances, the third step in the process is to insert into the orifice a minute quantity of a fluid which has the property of thinning the blood. It is generally thought that it is the insertion of this fluid that causes mosquitoes to bite so many.

The blood of the victim having been properly thinned, she proceeds to let her pump drop into the wound, and having adjusted it, this fell vampire of the marsh fills herself with the blood of her desperate victim.

Before leaving this part of the subject, we should speak of the music with which she precedes her banquet. As the cannibal beats the tom-tom in anticipation of his ghastly feast, so does the wicked mosquito sing long and loud into the ear of the doomed one.

I have often thought I would not greatly mind being bitten by this tiny foe, while unconscious in slumber. But to be awakened by this menacing note, to listen as it comes nearer and nearer, to think that it is now going to light where your hand may feel him, and then to hear the jubilant song retreating to the other side is wearing to one's patience. Sometimes one fancies that the blow did destroy the creature, and slinks into a partial doze, to be soon aroused by the approaching, resonant song.

"Arm! arm! it is, it is the cannon's opening roar."

This waiting for the song of the mosquito recalls an incident that poor Jane Welsh Carlyle tells us in her diary.

A near neighbor of the Carlyles kept hens, and they were much annoyed by the crowing of the cock during the night. At last Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle dressed for a call, and taking up their courage in both hands went to expostulate with the owner of the poultry. Listening to the story of their grievances, she offered the plea that her cock crowed only three or four times during the night.

"But ah! my dear madam," cried Mr. Carlyle, "if you only knew how I suffer waiting for him to crow!"

Well, having endured all this at the hands, or rather at the bills of the mosquitoes, we are now brought by modern science and experiment to the fact that it was not only bites and nocturnal torments that were due to the pests, but they have actually been inoculating human sufferers with the germs of malaria and poisonous fevers as well. This being the case, we quote slang and say:

"Well, the mosquito must go."

To this we all agree, but the question then arises how to make him go.

When I first came to Arlington to live, I noted the wide, marshy land which the train skirted between here and Jersey City, and soon learned that that was where the mosquitoes came from. The neighbors said that when the wind blew straight from the marsh, there was no device of netting or bar that could keep them out of the house. The large ones were so strong, determined and hungry that they pushed their bodies between the meshes of the net. And if wire netting were used, there were sometimes clouds of very small insects that the wind carried right through the screens.

Reading in the papers that permanganate of potash was very good to put onto the marshes, as a small quantity spread over a large area of water killed the mosquitoes, I thought of appealing to the Legislature of New Jersey to make an appropriation for the necessary quantity of this drug, and to send men in boats, or on stilts, to apply it to the waters.

But learning some strange things of the New Jersey Legislature, to wit, that they had passed a bill decreeing that there was a God, anyway, I thought they might think it wrong to interfere with the decrees of an all-wise Providence by the wholesale destruction of mosquitoes, and it seemed best to abandon this plan.

But I made one deep and determined resolution that mosquitoes should not come into this house, and when persons said I could not keep them out, at least not in New Jersey, I said with some degree of scorn that I should call a woman a rather poor housekeeper who did not keep these insects out of her house.

Finding that the adjustable wire-screens cost a good deal, and did not keep them out after all, a plan came to me that I put into execution. It has the two merits of costing almost nothing, and of actually keeping the house free from these tiny and voracious plagues.

You first get a generous amount of cloth netting. You tighten the upper half of the sash with nails, so that it cannot be stirred. Then wash the outside of the lower sash, as you cannot clean it again till the netting is removed late in the fall. Then take double the netting to cover the lower half of the window, leaving three inches longer at the bottom. Next set your ladder firmly on the ground, and take your box of small tacks, hammer and screw-driver up with you. Then tack the double netting closely and carefully along the lower edge of the upper sash, and along both sides of the window, to a few inches from the bottom. Then come very carefully down the ladder.

Next, you go into the house, and take a thin bit of wood, like the stick of a flag, for instance, a little shorter than the width of the sash, and roll your surplus netting evenly upon it. A few tacks will hold down the bit of wood, and make the netting tight. And when you have done this to all your windows, you may bid defiance to mosquitoes, and their attendant malaria and typhoid fever.

The advantages of this method are cheapness, and imperviousness to mosquitoes. The disadvantages are that you have to have the blinds fastened open, and cannot close them, and that you cannot wash the outside of the lower sash. But these do not outweigh an army of Jersey mosquitoes.

It should have been premised to the above that it is much better for the woman who does this to be an old maid. If she has a husband, he would a great deal rather pay for adjustable screens (which do not keep these fellows out) than take the trouble to tack them up this way. And if he did take the trouble, he would not have the patience to tack it on so securely. And if he let you do it, he might impede your movements, by saying that you would be sure to fall, that he knew you would forget to take up the tacks, and if you did fall, he would probably say, "I told you so."

And if you have ever been married, though now without a husband, you would be so accustomed to deferring to another's judgment, and to believing that a woman ought not to do such things, that you could not go on with

the business in the independent, free-hearted, unhampered style that you can if you are an old maid. It is quite enough to have the neighbors say that they are afraid you will fall, and that they do not think it will keep out the mosquitoes.

If any of your readers be inclined to think I have written too severely regarding the men, and too jubilantly about the single state, I will add that exceptions prove the rule, and that the exceptions, in this case, are sure to be Spiritualists.

How reasonable and manly it is for human beings to seek out the true causes of things! Once, men stood helpless before typhoid fever, for they thought that its direct cause was the will of God. One after another of a family, subjected to the same condition of things, or having similar constitutions, died from this fell disease, and the survivors were taught to be resigned to the will of an all-wise Providence. But nowadays the cess-pools are investigated, the drinking-water is analyzed, and the cows from which the family milk is obtained are examined.

Once when a person had pneumonia, or coughed much, it was noted that those who tended him closely were soon afflicted in the same way. But it was all supposed to be a part of the divine plan. Some went so far as to say that God loved them all so much that he took them all away to adorn his heavenly kingdom.

Now, though we love our suffering friend or relative most dearly, we are yet careful not to take his breath, and to burn assiduously everything onto which the germs of disease may have been conveyed.

The logos of Plato and of John was a mystical, unpractical thing. The logos in our time is manifested in modern science. It makes us live purely and temperately here, it prolongs our earthly life, and we thus enter spirit life better equipped for its realities, and on better vantage-ground for its endless progression.

Yours for humanity and for spirituality,  
Abby A. Judson.  
Arlington, N. J., April 23, 1901.

### A Twentieth Century Catechism.

#### Lesson Second—Cause and Effect.

BY W. J. COLVILLE.

Q. What do we mean by cause and effect?  
A. The unchanging order displayed in the universe.

Q. What natural phenomena most clearly illustrate this order?

A. The facts of sowing and reaping; we can never reap any harvest except that which is necessitated by the nature of the seed we have sown.

Q. To what can we attribute the presence of misery in a world where everybody wishes to be happy?

A. Ignorance of natural order is the cause of our manifold mistakes and the sufferings which result from them. We cannot change universal order, but we can become so much better acquainted with it than we have been, that where we formerly set in motion a cause which brought us misery, we can set a new cause in motion which will bring us joy.

Q. What is predestination?

A. By predestination we mean that every cause must necessarily bring forth its own effect, therefore we cannot possibly evade the consequences of our own thoughts, words, or actions.

Q. What is human free-agency?

A. All the ability we possess as intelligent human beings to discover the relation between cause and effect and to make use of the knowledge we acquire.

Q. Is our freedom limited in quantity?

A. At any particular period in our career it is limited by the knowledge pertaining to that period; but it is quite unreasonable to attempt to assign limits to the knowledge we are capable of acquiring and employing.

Q. What is the wisest attitude to take if things go amiss with us, or we are feeling unwell and unhappy?

A. As we are taking the necessary consequences of our own thoughts, words and deeds, it is useless to struggle against our present condition, but it is both wise and useful to seek earnestly for light, that we may improve our condition.

Q. Can one individual help another to become healthy, happy and prosperous?

A. Decidedly we can help each other in two very important ways, by exerting a silent influence which makes the onward way easier for our companions and by giving direct instruction based on our own experience.

Q. How far can we help each other silently?

A. To the extent that we can influence others and improve their mental surroundings without resorting to outward speech or physical activities.

Q. Is silent influence educational?

A. It undoubtedly is. We are all influenced largely by what we feel, as well as by what we observe externally; but nothing will influence us as we become increasingly intelligent, unless we are willing that it should.

Q. What is meant by sympathy?

A. Fellow feeling, interest in the welfare of our brethren, coupled with active desire to be of use to those who are in need.

Q. Ought we to sympathize with people in distress?

A. We do well to sympathize with afflicted brothers and sisters who are endeavoring to rise superior to distress; but we must keenly discriminate between sympathy which weakens and sympathy which invigorates its object.

Q. Is it necessary that any people should be poor, ill or wretched?

A. It is inevitable that illness, poverty and unhappiness should prevail, provided people sow those kinds of seeds in their mental gardens, which produce such miserable harvests, but there is no law in nature which compels any of us to go on sowing the seeds of such results.

Q. Are there no conditions so bad that they are incurable?







## BY DOROTHY DIX

### A CURIOUSLY RECEPTIVE AUDIENCE

### TESTS OF SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.

"He was taken ill in Europe," replied the young man, "and died three days after he got home."

### Philadelphia Spiritualists Open Their New Church.

anniversary exercises, which were held with enthusiasm. The reason therefor, was that we desired to be sure that we would be able to secure the church, before making any

M. E. Cadwallader.

## Children's Spiritualism

MR. SOMEBODY

AS TOLD BY SPIRIT NANNIE.

I am Nannie Gibson from the Spirit World, but I think I will soon drop the Gibson part

### The Story of Staff.

AS TOLD BY SPIRIT NANNIE.

But about Staff. Yes, he and I went to the lake side, and this is what he said, though we had to go more than once before his story was told.

**Peterboro Department**

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BY ARTHUR C. SMITH

plain, readable type, attractive binding; but of the artist I would question this, have you studied the text carefully to prepare you for

Price 35 cents.

### Apponcement.

To the Spiritualists of Kansas

✓ An excellent photo of "The Poughkeepsie Seer" (A. J. Davis) for sale at this office. Price 25 cents.