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"TAKE THE GOODS THE GODS PROVIDE YE."

BY MARY BAIRD FINCH.

"Take the goods the gods provide ye,"
Smile of sun tho' storms betide ye,
Wailing winds prelude the rain,
Souls are purer born of pain,
And the trials of the earth
Herald but the Heavenly birth.
Selfish hearts led with desire
Whither grow 'mid rain of fire;
Self forgot to enter in
Broader temples—peace within,
And the daily prayer should be
"Give me strength thro' harmony."

Take the blessings Nature giveth
While her flowing streams yet liveth,
Joy in spring-time's blossoming
Song of birds that build and sing,
And the harvest's golden sheen
With the toll that comes between,
Hark the music of the breeze!
Tho' the tempest roars the seas;
Mid the lightning o'er the plain
Hear the thunder's grand refrain.

Heed the beauty of the hills
And the tuncful mountain rills,
Gather sheaves of summer flowers
For the darker homes of ours;
Bear the song of pine and fir
And the neighboring juniper
To the lowly stricken vine,
With your balm of bread add wine.

Choose the sorrow and the strife
As uplifts to higher life;
Lead the footsteps gone astray—
Sad remorse has every day,
With your angel speech and deed
Raise the broken wayside weed;
Some poor soul should each defend,
Life be sweeter at the end,
And our last low couch be made
Sifter, and all unafraid.

Boone, Colo.

*This was the refrain of an old song the writer heard many years ago.

Psychic Romances.

BY OLIVER V. HATHORN.

"Henry, in heaven's name, wake up! Wake up, I tell you! I need you! Come, wake up!"

At these words, vehemently uttered, and accompanied by many a shake, Henry Martin opened his fine brown eyes in astonishment, to see his twin brother Charlie standing by his bedside, his face deathly pale, and his whole form quivering with excitement.

"What is the matter, Charlie?" asked Henry as he sprang out of bed, and seized his brother by the arm.

"Matter enough, I can tell you," uttered Charlie, in a trembling voice. "Come with me, and I will show you."

Henry encased his feet in a pair of bedroom slippers, threw on a dressing gown, and hastily followed his brother into his sleeping apartment. Here things were somewhat in confusion and gave evidence of having been thrown about in no gentle manner.

His brother stood in the centre of the room, seemingly bewildered, and was gazing about in a half expectant manner.

"Charlie, old boy, what's the trouble?" asked Henry in a kindly voice. "You look as if you expected to see a ghost."

"I have seen a ghost, and what's more I believe she is here in this room now," was Charlie's rather illogical reply.

Henry gave a prolonged whistle, at which Charlie faced about, and, noticing the look of incredulity upon his brother's face, burst out, "I know you don't believe me, but if you had seen what I have you would be worse broken up than I am," and he stamped his foot to emphasize his loudly spoken words.

The smile faded from Henry's face and he took his brother by the arm, saying as he did so, "I meant no offense, Charlie, but I must confess that I think you have had a bad dream, and are not now free from the effects of it. You are all right now; come go to bed and go to sleep."

"A dream!" exclaimed Charlie in disgust; "I was as broad awake as I am at this moment, when I saw a figure come through that door—pointing to the one that opened into the hall—and advance toward my bed. She was dressed in white, had large soulful blue eyes, with a distressed look upon her face, and a most dissatisfied air about her. I noticed that she had a glorious head of hair, tastefully dressed, and that she wore an exquisite bunch of roses at her corsage. She came up to my bed, and gazed fixedly at me for a moment, then retreated toward the window. Slightly alarmed I raised up; there she stood in the full light of the window, with her face turned toward me. 'Who are you?' I asked in a voice not my own; 'why don't you speak?' She made no reply, but a heavenly smile spread over her features and she put her fingers to her lips, and began to move swiftly about the room."

"I watched her in amazement, then acting upon impulse I threw a pillow at her, thinking it might be some one who was bent upon

annoying me. To my surprise, the pillow seemed to pass directly through her, for it struck and overturned that chair yonder. She retreated toward the sofa in the corner, and disappeared behind it. I sprang out of bed, and searched the room as thoroughly as I knew how. I turned over every chair, threw sofa on one side, but could find no one. Every door that opens into my room I tried with care, and every one was locked. I had even locked the door between your room and mine as I went to bed, leaving the key in the lock on my side. When I found no one in the room, and the doors all locked, I broke out into a cold perspiration; my hair fairly stood on end, and I rushed in to call you; you know what has happened since," and Charlie Martin sat down on the side of his bed and covered his face with his hands.

Henry smiled again, but said soothingly, "Charlie, you must have dreamed all this, and walked in your sleep as the somnambulists do. Come into my room and spend the remainder of the night with me. Your nerves are all upset by this episode, and you must calm down."

"I tell you it was no dream," uttered Charlie indignantly; "it was real, far too real for comfort, and what is more, I will prove it to you some day."

Charlie suffered his brother to lead him from the room, and did his best to overcome the shock he had received. Vainly did he try to sleep, but it was useless. Neither he nor Henry could again close their eyes in slumber, so they gave up the attempt, and conversed in low tones until the rising bell told them it was time for them to mingle once more with the guests of the hotel where they were stopping.

Charles and Henry Martin were the twin sons of Gen. Martin, a successful business man of the Central West. As they were his only children, Gen. Martin determined that they should receive every possible advantage in the way of education, and that each should choose the occupation in life for which he was naturally endowed.

Charles was the more emotional of the two, a dear lover of music, a natural artist, and a poet of no mean ability. He was sensitive to a marked degree, and held in memory his every experience in life that had affected him ever so little.

Henry was less excitable than his brother, was rather quiet in disposition, and seemingly had better control over his feelings. He was a deep thinker, and, while he was a lover of the beautiful, he was by no means as susceptible as was his brother. He had the same tender heart, a pleasant smile, and carried an atmosphere about him that inspired confidence on the part of every one who came under his influence.

These brothers were strangely alike in appearance. They were of the same height, and weight; they wore clothing of the same proportions, possessed voices whose tones were almost identical and their eyes, hair and features were exact duplicates. Dark hazel eyes that were full of soul, chestnut brown hair, and mobile features of the half-angst type, made these brothers unmistakably handsome men. In fact, no one except their mother made any pretensions at trying to tell them apart, save when they wore clothing to mark their different personalities. Gen. Martin, himself, frequently mistook one for the other, but his wife never for one moment failed to distinguish between them.

The sons were now seven and twenty, and since their graduation from Harvard four years before our story opens had been applying themselves to their father's business, hoping to remove a part of the load from his shoulders, as well as to gain some knowledge of the business world for themselves. After four years of close application to business, during which the musical abilities of Charles Martin unfolded rapidly, as well as his poetical talent, and his brother developed an aptitude for literature that marked him as a rising man in this field of labor, Gen. Martin told them they had earned a vacation. His business had prospered beyond his fondest hopes, and he told his sons that they were entitled to a summer's rest.

The opening of our story found them ensconced in a quiet hotel at one of the lake resorts in New Jersey, where they were enjoying their rest to the utmost. They had been at the hotel only five days when the episode narrated above transpired.

On the morning after Charlie Martin's strange experience, Henry suggested that they should take a long walk and indulge in a little quiet fishing at a small lake a few miles distant. Charlie readily assented, and soon after breakfast they set out on foot. They put in the entire day at their sport, and returned late at night, well tired out from their exertions. They slept late the next morning, and it was almost nine o'clock before they entered the dining-room for breakfast. It was quite deserted, save for themselves, and they were proceeding to plan excursions for the day when suddenly a noise at the door arrested their attention.

Glancing up they saw two ladies move across the room and seat themselves at a table some distance from them. As their backs were turned, they could not see the faces of the late comers, so they once more proceeded to lay out their plans for the day. Breakfast was soon over, and as they advanced toward the door they saw the ladies coming toward them. Charlie Martin uttered a strange cry, grasped his brother's arm with a vice-like grip, and gazed upon the face of the younger woman, as if rooted to the spot. Suddenly the young lady looked up and met Charlie's gaze face to face. Her countenance changed quickly; she became deathly white, uttered a loud cry and sank back in the arms of her companion in a swoon.

The brothers sprang forward to offer their assistance, but Charlie was the first to reach the side of the stricken woman. He clasped her in his arms, and swiftly bore her to a couch outside of the dining-room. Restoratives were applied, and the young lady soon opened her eyes. As she saw Charles Martin's face, she became greatly agitated, colored deeply, and covered her face with her hands. Henry stood at one side, wondering what all this could mean.

Charlie was shaking like an aspen leaf; he took his brother's arm, having first satisfied himself that the young lady was herself again, or soon would be, and passed quickly out of the hotel. The brothers seated themselves in a quiet arbor, and Henry exclaimed, "Charlie, in heaven's name what was the matter with you, and with that young woman in the hotel?"

"Henry, as I live," replied Charlie, "that young lady was the one whom I saw in my room the night before last!"

"What?" uttered Henry, rising to his feet with more excitement than Charlie ever saw him manifest before, "surely you don't mean what you say?"

"But I do," replied Charlie stoutly; "did you not notice her glorious hair and eyes? Did you not see that she wore a white dress with roses at her corsage? Did you not see that she corresponds in every respect to the woman whom I described to you over and over again?"

Henry dropped his head into his hands, and thought rapidly; yes, it was the figure his brother had so vividly described to him; this accounted for the strange resemblance to some one he could hardly recall when he first saw her face in the dining-room. He was recalled from his reverie by Charlie's voice saying, "I wonder who she is?"

"Wait here, Charlie," said Henry, "and I will soon let you know." He made his way into the hotel, where he examined the register for the day before and found the entry he sought, "Mrs. G. W. Merrivale and niece." Henry returned to his brother and told him the young lady was the niece of a Mrs. Merrivale from New England, but that the record contained no evidence to the patronymic of the young lady herself.

Throughout the day, Charles Martin was strangely quiet. Henry did not feel like talking, and soon left his brother to himself. Henry betook himself to a little wood some two miles from the hotel, where he threw himself upon the ground and tried to think out the problem of the apparition seen by Charlie and its appearance in bodily form in the beautiful girl at the hotel.

"Was it thought-transference?" Henry asked himself repeatedly. "No, for Charlie had never seen the girl in his life before," for he knew his brother's habits too well to believe otherwise. "Was it suggestion, or was it a mere coincidence?" He could not tell. Henry was a lover of the science of psychology, but here was an experience that transcended anything he had ever heard of before.

Henry pushed on further into the wood, then turned to the right and came to the side of a brook that was swiftly making its way to the lake. He leaped across the brook, then seated himself upon a mossy stone to listen to the music of the rushing water, the caroling of the birds, and the hum of the cricket.

Suddenly he heard a shrill scream, followed by some harsh words in a deep voice only a few rods away. Dashing through the thicket, Henry came upon a man and a woman engaged in a fierce struggle. He leaped at once into the fray, dealt the man a severe blow that laid him senseless at his feet then caught the fainting woman in his arms and gently laid her upon a grass mound. What magic was this? It was the young lady who had fainted at the sight of his brother in the dining-room!

He had no time to dwell upon this new feature of the case, for he had to bind the girl's assailant with a stout cord, then apply himself to the task of restoring her to consciousness. This was soon done by bringing water from the brook, dashing it in her face, and by vigorously chafing her hands.

As her eyes opened in wonderment, Henry noted that they were a most wonderful blue in color and seemed to reflect the very light of heaven in their liquid depths.

"Where am I?" she murmured feebly. "You are safe," replied Henry; "be calm for a few moments, and you will be yourself again."

The girl closed her eyes obediently for a few moments, then opened them wide, and exclaimed, "I remember everything now; I was walking through the wood when suddenly that brute there appeared before me and demanded my money. I had my purse in my hand but I refused to give it to him; he sprang at me, and I screamed, then he tried to force me to give up the purse, but I held on to it, until suddenly he was jerked backward, when I saw a man—yourself—strike him—then I must have fainted for I knew no more until I saw you bending over me."

"It was lucky I was so near," said Henry "or it might have gone hard with you. This tramp is a muscular fellow, and would have given you no mercy."

"I realize that," said the girl, shuddering, "how can I ever thank you for saving me from this wretch?"

"By not mentioning it again, if you please, for it is a pleasure to serve you, and I am more than thankful that I was near," replied Henry earnestly.

She gave him a quick, searching look, and said slowly, "Sir, how can you be here and at the hotel at the same time?"

Henry laughed, and said, "My brother Charlie is at the hotel, and I am here; we are twins, you know, and the likeness has confused you. You no doubt saw Charlie as you left the hotel."

"No, I did not," she replied, with a far off look in her glorious eyes; "I saw him—saw him—saw him—after—after I had fainted away!"

"After you fainted away?" repeated Henry in amazement; "what do you mean?"

"I mean that as soon as I lost consciousness here, I was at once by the side of your counterpart, your brother, you say, at the hotel—I know this, for he saw me, started up and is coming this way this very moment. I know he is," she continued excitedly, "for I feel it, and I have seen him before. I should know him anywhere. I saw him in a room a few nights ago, and he threw a pillow at me. It was at the hotel where we are now stopping, and I was not then within three hundred miles of the place. I was in my berth on the train, apparently sound asleep, when I suddenly found myself in a room I never had seen before. A bed stood opposite the door I entered, against the wall, in that bed was a figure that resembles you, but I should never mistake you for him, never! He seemed surprised and half afraid of me, so I moved about the room. I went toward the window, it was heavily draped with curtains; I moved toward the side of the room, when he threw a pillow at me. It knocked over a chair beside me, and I then ran behind the sofa in the corner. I saw him come toward me, become a little afraid, and then next thing I knew I was on the train again in my own berth! Why, what is the matter, Mr.—Mr.?" she asked as Henry sprang up with a white, surprised face, and began to walk rapidly to and fro.

"Matter!" echoed Henry. "I beg your pardon, Miss. My name is Henry Martin, my brother's name is Charles. My surprise is occasioned by the fact that he told me the same story of the visit in question exactly as you have told it, varying only in the use of the pronouns. This is a very remarkable case, and I can make but little headway in trying to explain the mystery. How do you account for it, Miss—?"

"Farleigh—Edna Farleigh, at your service," she broke in. "Indeed, Mr. Martin, I do not know. There is some occult power connected with this affair, and I hope it will be explained soon."

Just then footsteps were heard rapidly approaching them, and soon Charlie Martin stood before them. Henry was leaning against a tree, while Miss Farleigh still reclined upon the grass. The tramp had opened his eyes, and was growling because he was fettered.

Charlie glanced from one to the other in perplexity. "Henry," he gasped, "how came you here? What does all this mean? Tell me quickly!"

"It means," said Henry, slowly, "that this ruffian here assaulted Miss Farleigh, who was quietly strolling through these woods for a constitutional. She screamed for help; I was near, and rendered her a little service, and here is the result."

"Oh, Mr. Martin," she cried, speaking to Charlie, "your brother saved my life, and I never shall forget it, never. I thought my hour had come, but here I am safe and sound, thanks to your brother's courage and muscle."

Charlie took in the scene with a careful eye. Then he spoke: "Miss Farleigh, I saw you at the hotel, not twenty minutes ago and you were struggling with that brute there. You stood in front of me, and seemed to

float in this direction. I saw a third party come to you, but was too much agitated to note that it was my brother Henry. I sprang up, came this way as fast as I could, feeling certain that I should find you. I am glad that you are not harmed!"
(To be continued.)

Hells.

BY AUGUSTA ADAMS.

If I am poised where darkness falls can there be heaven? Body hides me not neither does it give shape for blessings rare when it doth part the soul. Lie it was from first to last and so it leaves me so besprinkled with its falseness.

Angels have court in every Heaven but they have traveled far to know the way.

The shapes that tell me forth to ways unthought are hell'd or heaven'd as I have taught myself.

If I go whistling through the dance of life and see nor care for other time, be sure the poise of darkness tells me round, for "Like to every like" is written through the firmament where I shall spread my wings when knowledge powers them forth.

The mimic days awake my soul are comforters like to Job's, who sat around with words that plied him forth unto his sorrow. So I am seemed with these the days of Time to catch another time than Time may play. But in the race if I go not to road of love but wind me round all paths of hate, be sure my hell is greater far than any heaven that stoops that way.

If I in body seem as fair as angel-faced, it matters not, I hang a hell in ways of all my soul, and if by chance the body drops and touches me its all farewell, where am I stood but where the darkness falls?

I have not heaved my hell and hell is still the same—unbodied.

Now, in this car that rides me to my destiny, I see a-quarry traveler that laughs a sunny face through the darkness of my soul, but if I smile not back what soul can I be near to when the journey ended shows me of the country I have journeyed to?

Hell sleeps in every soul, but we can wake or we can drowse it more till all oblivion is its doom.

I catch me quick the listed heart that stands await my coming when I in dreamland sweet my way to weary ones that long have sought to be their better selves. I know no heaven greater than to know the care-worn lips to part in blessing to my ear when I have paid them court with all my love. So why should I behold myself with hatred that goes pushing heaven afar and lifts itself with verberant demons?

The laugh and prattle of listless child is hold for hardest heart and the leaves sturn their beauty do melt down the tear-worn way of many, who in hell of all themselves do mourn their heaven.

We watch the eye of many face that show their longing, and we turn a many by-way where the bells have burned them low, and see the craving soul that heave with pride to give us of its best. The dew-drops in the heart of every rose go melting to the sun, so every soul bebed in pride of all itself will melt away beneath the love that we may give.

The darling nights o'er shadow many hearts that crave our sympathy, and play on stage of Time, is fraught with many prizes, but none that give us wealth like hearts agalad.

We may go fainting down the still eternities if we do lack the sweet companionship of those who in their hearts were never taught our heaven. Yea, we may go further still and bend the bow of Heaven's make and strike no soul with any arrow, if we are known as one who stands where hell-of-souls has never shown us of its fire.

Planting and reaping is the round of every season, and soul in all its life doth mimic Nature.

The leaves I grow may be your shadow, and the fiery ramparts of your sorrow may be my lesson to behold myself with teacher that holds your school. But the all awakening that awakes the depths of any soul is through its own eternal self, and bells and heaven stamp its progress. The fire of youth go ravaging a many forest, and the sweets of fruits forbidden are tasted oft, but far and farther still doth plague the soul.

It knows no halter.

And bridle it as yet we may
Its goal is not where bells do play.
It fashions forth its own great self, and dances afore and aches low proclaim it still.

So Peace, heed those anon, let all the evening time be shelter for the homeless who poise aforesh to find thy health, and down past every star let fall thy curtain that hides all hearts in its protecting folds.
Rockland, Me.

Every human being can see, but only the fool remains in error.—Chico.

SURELY THERE IS A POWER THAT HIDETH ITSELF.

BY HART J. WOODWARD WEATHERS.

Brothers of the world make haste to greet her.
For an olive branch she brings;
East and west the gates she swings;
Let the nations open wide
To welcome her, the sweeping tide;
Peace is in the air who will
See his destiny fulfilled;
Louder than a trumpet call
Hear yet there are rights for all.

In the mountain climb of wild ambition
They who will may see it plain;
Back of all imperial gain,
Back of all corrupt ambition;
Ignorance and vain sedition,
There's an Eternal Power that hides
Back of all earth's ebb and tide,
To restore the weak and raise
To her lips, the cup of praise.

Subliminal Sally.

BY CHARLES DAYBARN.

That a physical accident produces a mental effect upon the sufferer is a matter of every day observation. Some are, however, so constitutionally sensitive that the effect becomes disastrous. But it is only today that medical scientists are recognizing that a human personality can be cracked and splintered into fragments by such an accident or exciting cause. The cruel accident to Mollie Fancher, occurring some thirty years ago, with its resulting six such fragments, has remained uninterpreted by the profession as cause and effect until today. It is Doctor Morton Prince, a physician for nervous diseases at the Boston City Hospital, Mass., who has at last opened the eyes of his professional brethren. His most interesting report of his experience with Miss Beauchamp was read at the International Congress of Psychology in Paris, August, 1900, and entitled "The Problem of Multiple Personality." That report, as now published by the S. P. R., is not merely interesting and practical, but contains a lesson in human nature far more profound than those suggested to the learned doctor himself. As one of its lessons involves, or seems to me to evolve a clear explanation of what has been called "subconsciousness" or "the subliminal self," I propose to use the entire report as a new text for a new sermon, that will, I believe, throw light on what has been a very dark subject. As such it will, I think, commend itself to readers who studied carefully my recent articles comprising The Ego Series.

Miss Beauchamp is described by the doctor as "possessing extreme idealism, with a morbid New England conscientiousness, and a great deal of pride and reserve. She is absolutely lonely in thought and speech. She has never been known to indulge in deception. Nevertheless, every safeguard has been employed to guarantee the bona fide character of the phenomena. She is a very serious minded person, fond of books and study, and of a very religious turn of mind. . . . She has a great sense of responsibility in life, and is sad and depressed in her general aspect. Her education is good. She is acquainted with several languages, and writes short hand. She is also musical and plays the violin. . . . She has a great sense of dignity, and dislikes anything that smacks of a lack of decorum or familiarity."

Such details give us an excellent idea of Miss Beauchamp, in all save her education, as her friends and relatives knew her prior to a serious mental shock, the detail of which is not essential to our present study. The immediate effect of this shock was to cause such nervous suffering that she became a neurotic of the worst type. So to the above details of her character we must now add everything morbid and distressing which accompanies such nervous agony. When thus introduced to the physician he found, as he says, treatment was almost no use, so he at last concluded to try hypnotic suggestion.

At this point we note that his patient becomes for him just B. 1, which, of course, includes all that we have so far recorded of her personality.

B. 1 proved to be a good hypnotic subject, and easily entered the somnambulic state, exhibiting a personality registered as B. 2, who proved to be the customary fragment of a hypnotized subject.

B. 2 was continually rubbing her eyes, which the doctor thought was merely nervousness, but he presently discovered it was a new intelligence forcing her way outward by opening her eyes out into daily life. She repeatedly declared "she wished to see, and had a right to see." At last her rubbing proved successful, and as soon as she got her eyes open, she manifested a spontaneous and independent intelligence, and was forthwith registered as B. 3. There will be yet another character to be presently noted, but first Miss B. 3 demands very careful study by the student.

B. 3 had somehow acquired a fair English education, but was ignorant of the accomplishments of B. 1. She knew no other language, no shorthand, and cared nothing for music. She proved to be the very opposite of B. 1 in every respect. One day, when manifesting, she opened a book and noticed the name Sally Beauchamp, and taking the name for fun, she has been known by it ever since. On this account the name of Beauchamp has been adopted for each and all the personalities.

"Sally is full of fun, does not worry about anything; all life is one great joke to her. She hates books and study, but loves amusement, does not like serious things, and hates church. . . . She cannot read French, or any of the foreign languages B. 1 knows. She cannot write short hand, and lacks most of the accomplishments possessed by B. 1. . . . She insists that she never sleeps. . . . She is perfectly well. She is never fatigued, and never suffers pain. . . . When B. 1 is fatigued or upset from any cause Sally comes, and sometimes stays for days. . . . B. 1 knows nothing of Sally, but Sally is conscious of all B. 1's thoughts, and, consequently, can hide nothing from Sally. . . . Curiously enough, Sally hates B. 1, and torments her to a degree almost incredible. For instance, B. 1 has a perfect horror of snakes and spiders. One day Sally went into the country, and made a collection, which she put into a box, and addressed to Miss B. Of course the collection got into the room and nearly threw B. 1 into fits. . . . Sometimes, when B. 1 was very tired and unfit to walk, Sally would take a car, and go out six or seven miles in the country. She would then wake up B. 1 who had no money in her pocket and no means of getting home save by walking. This would leave B. 1 sick for a week."

Sally has the power of producing loss of memory, and is delighted when she can make B. 1 lie, and thus suffer intense mortification. B. 1, as we have said, is intensely disgusted, and Sally likes to make her sit on a chair with her feet on the mantelpiece. These are a few specimens of the laceration which Sally inflicts on her victim, who is not even allowed to post a letter till Sally has read and approved it.

Dr. Prince has endeavored to make a very careful study of Sally. He finds that when

Sally is present B. 1 is absolutely unconscious, or "dead" as Sally puts it. So there are great gaps in her memory. But Sally has no such gaps. She is just as much alive one time as another, and her mental life is absolutely distinct from that of B. 1. And, as a very interesting fact, Sally can use Miss B.'s hand automatically, and has written her own autobiography, beginning with her life in the cradle with Miss B. She describes herself as always disliking the things liked by Miss B., and vice versa. So the doctor has come to the conclusion that Sally is the "subconsciousness" or subliminal self of Miss B., which has become a highly organized entity and independent personality by rubbing her eyes open, and looking out upon earth life. This conclusion of the doctor we shall presently examine and analyze by aid of the facts so carefully gathered and recorded in his admirable report.

We now return to the history of Miss B. 1 in order to understand what follows in this remarkable experience. The original Miss Beauchamp sustained a shock, as we have said, which changed her character, so that she became nervously excitable, and developed "aboulia" or the loss of memory of her own past which accompanies organic change. She thus became the B. 1 of this history, and it is B. 1 who had had the college education, and became the patient of Dr. Prince. Whilst under his treatment she received a second shock, from the same cause as the first, and it resulted in the production of yet another personality. The doctor, who was hastily sent for, was endeavoring to quiet her, and calm her excitement, when an intelligence, now registered as B. 4, made her entrance into this family history.

B. 4 is described as "quiet, perfectly natural, affable and very sociable. . . . She was apparently in a perfectly healthy state of body and mind." But she did not know Dr. Prince. This was startling until the doctor discovered that her memory of the experiences of B. 1 ceased with the shock which had happened six years before. She had been dormant since the memorable night when B. 1 had taken the place of the original Miss Beauchamp. The second shock had evidently awakened her. She does not know, and never has known anything of B. 1 or of Sally. And it took her a long time to realize her position as to the lost years, and to accommodate herself to the changed condition. So there were now three distinct personalities constantly changing with one another. Both B. 1 and B. 4 are apparently dormant when not present, for they have no memory of what occurs during the appearance of another entity. Whereas Sally is never for an instant unconscious.

We now find Sally occupying a very different position towards B. 4. She cannot master her, and has a sort of scornful fear of her, for she always speaks of her as "that idiot." This is on account of B. 4's ignorance of the past, with which Sally is perfectly familiar. Yet when she is manifesting, there is a tendency to play the part of a temptress, to drive Sally back to where she is not wanted, and unlike the others, is irritable and quick tempered. Sally has transferred her hatred from B. 1 to B. 4, but can play no mischievous pranks, as B. 4 is more than a match for her. In fact Sally shows an unmitigated jealousy of B. 4.

First, the doctor thought B. 4 was the original Miss Beauchamp, but he soon discovered that she was in many respects quite different both morally and intellectually. She has what Sally calls "a nasty temper," is "devoid of idealism, is unimpressible, pictures and books do not affect her. She hates church and religion, and not only has no love of music, but has lost the power of reading it, or playing the violin." So the doctor was obliged to drop his theory.

Dr. Prince devotes much space to a careful study of the various individualities, marking their mental differences as well as acquisitions, and at last evolves the theory that Miss B. became disintegrated by the shock occurring in 1893. She was then apparently split into two fragments, one of which, B. 1, came to the surface at that time, while B. 4 remained dormant. Six years later another shock awakes B. 4. By repeated hypnotic experiments he believes that he has demonstrated that B. 1 and B. 4, when added together, comprise the whole of the original Miss Beauchamp.

For the details by which the doctor proves this conclusion I must refer the reader to the article published in the February number of The Proceedings of the S. P. R. But this assumption, which the doctor claims as reasonably proved, leaves Sally unaccounted for. Finding Sally entirely distinct from either Miss B. 1 or B. 4, he claims that she is the subliminal consciousness of Miss Beauchamp, which became developed, and thus acquired an independent existence already described, whilst B. 1 and B. 4 represent only disintegrated elements in the original and primal consciousness of Miss Beauchamp.

Such is the doctor's report, very much abbreviated, and such are his conclusions, which we will now analyze, and see if we can learn lessons therefrom of import to every student of human nature, and especially to the believer in human immortality and spirit return.

We first notice as a proved fact that the being we call Homo can be disintegrated, or fractured into several parts, by a severe shock; and that each part becomes an entity possessing certain mental qualities that formerly belonged to the original Homo, and are now lost to him. We then perceive that these entities are psychical only, for each and all are obliged to use the same mortal organism for their manifestation in earth life. Of course Homo is himself really psychical and not physical, but he seems to use the entire physical brain, whereas the fractured entities are limited expressions that exhibit but portions of Homo's complete manhood. So much the student will accept as demonstrated by the records of Mollie Fancher, Miss Beauchamp, and other similar cases which have been the result of some serious mental shock, with or without physical accident.

That Homo is thus capable of disintegration has been long asserted by the present writer, but it is now, through Doctor Prince, for the first time offered as a new and startling idea, capable of scientific verification. "Shock" is thus recognized as a contingency which must be taken into account by every student of manhood. It is naturally most marked in its effects upon those specially sensitive, and is possibly and probably limited to its production of several living entities out of one Homo. But as a positive effect upon all of us, "Shock" must now be counted as a factor in daily life.

"Shock" may be defined as any mental effect suddenly produced upon Homo. It will thus vary in its intensity. The shock may be hardly perceptible, or be so intense as to change the entire life manifestation. Hypnotic suggestion is such a shock, and usually induces another side to the character of Homo previously unknown to his friends. Sudden anger often reveals the law breaking powers of one previously a worthy citizen. Something has "slipped" from the manhood, and is for the hour in control, while the remaining mentality of Homo has become dormant. Although its duration as an entity may possibly change the entire life, we are not now discussing its duration, but only the fact that such a "fracture" may, and often does take

place. We must also note that the good breaks away just as easily, and perhaps as often as the bad. The drunkard may thus be "shocked" into a fracture which leaves a sober manhood. And the gross sensualist may, under mental excitement, be "shocked" into reform. What it is that actually takes place will become plain if the student is ready to seek his facts in a wider field than offered by such investigations and experiments as those of Dr. Prince.

If we enter the field which Modern Spiritualism has claimed for its own, and apply the "shock theory" to spirit return, we at once discover its great importance. For instance, death must itself be one of the greatest shocks to which Homo can be subjected. If the effect of a severe shock be to fracture personality, then we may be assured that no spirit can pass that ordeal unchanged, although the effect may be far greater upon one than upon another. In the extreme we perceive that B. will surely become spirit B. 1, or B. 4, or perhaps and possibly both. Personality is a very different matter from form identity, although that alone has often been counted by the unthinker as sufficient proof of spirit return and identity. If my friend were dignified and truthful, highly educated and possessing many accomplishments, thoroughly conscious and kind hearted, it is no real proof of identity if an intelligence appear possessing the appearance of the old form, but lacking mentality and the accomplishments by which I knew him. Yet, as we have seen in the case of the Misses Beauchamp, that has been the effect produced by shock. B. disappeared. B. 1 and B. 4 added together seem to represent the end of the B. Homo, but only one at a time can use the old form, and when not in actual appearance either becomes dormant.

If the tendency of shock be to disintegrate Homo, and death be itself a shock, then, as a matter of cause and effect, very many spirits will experience a marked change in personality by that shock. Some other side to their character, which was probably latent in earth life, may now have become uppermost, and thus the other side of our friend, with its memories and experiences, will be asleep, and we shall be asked to identify a returning spirit almost all of whose memories have become dormant. Such a spirit would naturally, and usually does come back ignorant of much that had taken place in its earth form, and, like B. 4, be doing everything in its power to hide its ignorance, and shroudly find out the missing details.

It was by watching such attempts to fish for facts that Sally was led to call B. 4 "idiot." And most returning spirits, whose character was marked in earth life, are apparently "fishing telepathically" to discover facts of which they bring with them no recollection.

Suppose we take the case of Spirit Moses (M. A. Oxon) returning through Mrs. Piper. The death shock has evidently fractured and segregated most of the mentality we knew. His learning and his memory of details have almost all vanished. Probably, as in the case of B. 4, it is only dormant, and quite capable of being awakened. Unfortunately it would be difficult to verify this by hypnotism as his control of Mrs. Piper is too imperfect. He has not the advantage of B. 1 or B. 4, who are each using an organism to which they have been accustomed in the past. But the fact of the "shock" being granted, the rest becomes natural and clear, even though the result be to place our ghostly visitor in something of a spirit fog.

Herein is the key to many a mystery in spirit return that has long perplexed the student. Dear friends and relatives, some even who had promised to return, are never heard from. We can understand now that in all probability the old personality had fractured under the acknowledged shock of death. The Homo we knew has, at least for the time, become dormant, and the Homo we did not know, and who did not know, is now awake. It is quite possible our old friend or loved one may be nobler and grander than we have dreamed, but the identification of such a personality has become impossible to us. And in the absence of the old memories such a Homo has little to call him back. If he return, under stress perhaps of our heartfelt appeal, he must gather all we know before he can identify himself. And it is thus possible that the new shock to him of this very spirit return may itself, more or less perfectly, awaken once more the dormant side to his character. Friends may thus come back to a sensitive, and be recognized, whose present wakeful self in spirit life is exhibiting a very different selfhood.

Such may be, and must be the effect of "shock" upon Homo, whether he be spirit or mortal. The more severe the shock the greater the resulting fracture of Homo's mentality. The student now perceives that Homo has never before been truthfully analyzed, and is really a very different being from the mortal described in our present text-books.

It is claimed that love is divine, and that, for instance, a mother's love is itself a spark of a universally divine truth. But the student notices that the loving mother in earth life can suffer injuries, and sustain shocks, just as easily as the most unloving and cruel parent. She is subject to shock here, and therefore subject to the shock of death, like everybody else. Her words, our words, our training has been directed towards the importance of Homo, when in reality Homo is but a very secondary affair after all. The only true entity is Ego—a very different entity to Homo, and some of whose experiences have been recently discussed by the writer in these columns. Ego is not subject to shock, but comes and goes at his own will. All the experiences of life, including that of love, are really for his benefit, and not at all for that of Homo. The man who cultivates the acquaintance of his own Ego will have little difficulty in recognizing Ego in spirit return, however much confusion may be manifested by the poor Homo who has so recently experienced the shock of death.

So far we have been looking at but one side of this interesting problem. The student reader will have noticed that SALLY was totally unaffected by these shocks sustained by Miss Beauchamp, save as they gave her opportunity to make her appearance. So Sally must now be our study, and that will involve a broad view of the manifestation of life through any and every material form. With such a study we will now commence our next chapter.

CHAPTER II.

If our earth life be subject to shocks, and if, further, death itself be a tremendous shock to Homo, it becomes certain that the change from fetal life called "birth" must be a broad view of the manifestation of life through any and every material form. We perceive that the shock of birth is offering Homo a material body to which his intelligence, no matter how much shocked, must immediately proceed to adapt itself. But the experience of Sally, and we may say of every subconscious self, points to the general truth that this part of Homo gets into the physical body that is entering earth life. Such must be the effect of the birth shock, the rest of him yawning out take. It is evidently this outside part which

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is the Subconsciousness or Subliminal Self of the Psychic Researchers of today. The effect of a sufficient shock, after birth, is to leave a certain portion of the intelligence dormant or asleep, except when in actual contact with the brain. But as the Subconscious Self does not sleep, and is very wide awake all the time, we find ourselves in presence of a very different problem. B. 1 and B. 4 become unconscious. Sally never does. We are told that this sprightly lass has written an intensely interesting autobiography, to be published at the future convenience of Dr. Prince. But even that story begins only with her memory of cradle experiences, and her constant differences with the outer self, known to us as Miss Beauchamp. So we must delve much deeper into the secrets of Nature if we hope to discover how this little spirit came to her life of subliminal reality.

It is necessary at this point for the student to avail himself of the known laws of polarity. He is already aware that a magnet is polarized, that is to say it has points or poles which are exactly opposite in their qualities. One attracts and the other repels. He knows that every fragment of that magnet, no matter how minute, has what we may call its mental force whereby it attracts and repels, and thus chooses its associates. But the scientist goes much further than this. Having discovered that even rays of light are polarized he declares it his belief that every atom in the universe is similarly constituted, the difference between one fragment and another being only one of degree.

We now take this profound, and apparently universal truth, and apply it to the little human molecule, combining substance, energy and intelligence, but existing as a minute, and probably at first invisible speck within the mother organism. The fact that even the tiniest molecule can be segregated or fractured by a sufficient shock is taken as sufficiently demonstrated. But although the fragment will partake of the qualities of the original complete form, it will have them unequally, for no two forms are ever exactly alike. If fractured from what we call the positive side, it will have very different qualities from those it would possess if clipped from that portion of the molecule nearer to its negative pole. Yet, as we perceive, it immediately manifests both qualities, sufficient for its need, and is itself polarized.

We here face a most interesting fact. Whatever the nature of the shock, communicated at that early stage through the mother womb, the one original entity has become two. Whether more than two is not the present object of our search. But we see that what we call the good qualities may be in one fragment, and the bad in the other. Further we have no means of determining, so far, which is most likely to become subliminal, and which shall burst into earth life to play the part of Homo. And most assuredly if there be no sufficient shock, no Subliminal Self will make its appearance. So it is quite probable that if this be the origin of subconsciousness, as claimed by the present writer, that not everybody is thus blessed or cursed with an invisible other self.

Once again, as we have said, the newly fractured entity might be from either end of the primal form, and thus the qualities we call good or bad might either of them predominate. Herein is the explanation of the otherwise remarkable fact that the subconscious self sometimes exhibits a character superior and more noble every way than that of the mortal, and again manifests qualities which we deem as the lower side of human nature. But Sally teaches us that such entities are very unlike those born by shock to the mortal manhood in earth life. They never sleep, although they are intimately associated with the mortal, and can share his every experience. They can learn as he learns, thus revealing what we call education, but at the same time they can go on to master certain studies, and leave others untouched. This is but cause and effect, as, for instance, music or mathematics or any other trait of mind, may be confined to but one of the fragments and its resulting personalities. So the tastes as well as the conduct will differ, and as the same time they can go on to master what the other loves. Sally knows English, evidently acquired from the cradle up, but she did not care to acquire languages, music and shorthand.

So we find the subconscious self, whether born of natal or antenatal shock, going through life, sharing the outward experiences of the mortal, while possessing her own interior experiences in which the mortal has no share. She is capable of coming to the front when invited, or if given opportunity as through hypnotism, or by the usual condi-

tions offered for spirit control. Being thus altogether distinct from the mortal as an entity, she has often been supposed to be a returning spirit. And when thus entering earth life she is, as we have learned, very suggestive, echoing the thoughts and wishes of surrounding mortals. Quite apart from this suggestibility are her own mental qualities. They may be, as we have seen, higher or lower than those of the mortal, according to the position of the splinter in the primal entity, out of which thus came this new birth.

Miss B. had qualities which the world values. Even if rather narrow in her prejudices, she was very conscientious. Sally counts life as a joke all through, and apparently has never had the slightest remorse for the cruelty she has inflicted on the poor mortal. She has no taste for music or literature, hates everything religious, utterly scorn her mortal associates, and feels herself their intellectual superior. Now suppose she had come, as it were, from the other pole of the original entity, it might be Sally exhibiting everything we admire, and the mortal be left to pose as a black sheep in the family history. Thus we perceive that a subconscious or subliminal self is born of shock before the entity has evolved a nervous system and a physical form, and thus retains a partnership in the original capital possessed by the primal speck.

On the other hand, the entities who are born of some severe shock experienced in our mortal life are mere fractions of the mortal whole. Only one at a time can be uppermost, and between such manifestations all but the one become dormant. Such entities possess such education and accomplishments as pertain to the fragments of which they are composed. We thus find B. 1 and B. 4 sharing between them the knowledge and character of the original Miss Beauchamp, but without any conception of the existence of Sally. They are fractions of what is itself but a portion of the primary whole. Whereas Sally, springing direct from the fountain head, has shared in all its privileges, so far as the capabilities inherited by her portion of the original and complete entity.

Human nature is thus discovered to be complex, and very different from that of the supposed being who is exhibited in Nature's museum as a self-styled lord of creation. Just as man the mortal must learn his own lessons, and gain his knowledge of the past by hunting fossils, it is only the student who will dig far below the surface who finds man of the remote present waiting his careful study. He may just touch the surface of the depths, and proclaim loudly that he has discovered the existence of a subliminal self, or he may penetrate lower and lower—more and more into the interior—until he can actually witness, as it were, the formation of a subconscious self by shocks applied to the speck entity which constitutes the genesis of Homo.

Such investigations and discoveries naturally have a profound significance for every thoughtful Spiritualist. Such a one has long demonstrated the truth of Homo's immortality, and occasional spirit return. He has blindly believed in this universal truth and possibility. No wonder, if in his ignorance of the effects of shock, he has become woefully mixed in his central idea of a returning spirit. To him it has always been some emancipated mortal, re-entering earth life for a short visit. That those who have never been registered as mortals could also appear he has sometimes believed, and called them "elementals" or "elementaries." We are not now discussing the existence of such outside entities, but we perceive that the existence and appearance of independent entities, fractured from Homo's form, has never been even a supposition of the most experienced ghost seer. We see yet further, that manhood's "other self" can actually practice automatic writing through the mortal hand when not in visible control. We therefore have the right to infer, nay, it follows as a certainty that the "other self" can perpetrate any other form of phenomena, from rap to materialized form, that has seemed to be in all cases the work of returning spirits.

The reader will here carefully note that this discovery is not attacking the fact of spirit return, or spirit power in various manifestations. The writer is only asserting, and proving, that such powers are shared by certain "shock born" entities of Homo. And such appearances may be further complicated by the spirit return of forms "shocked" into entities during earth life. Such forms, for instance, as B. 1 and B. 4, or the various personalities of Mollie Fancher, although such intelligence will be far less able to play the

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Queer Journalism.

The Atlanta Constitution, made famous by the splendid talents of that able apostle of progressive thought, the fearless champion of the New South, has taken a departure of late that is most surprising. Evidently the late Mr. Grady's successors do not possess the breadth of mind, and far-sighted statesmanship that he did. He made the Constitution an exponent of progress in mental and material things, and was an earnest advocate of higher education for the masses. The influence of the Constitution was felt throughout the nation, the North as well as the South uniting to give credit to its excellent policies. But the Constitution of today is not the paper that Grady left. A few days since a leading editorial appeared in its columns in defense of the old-fashioned Presbyterian idea of hell. Calvin in his palmist days could not have been more strenuous in the defense of this horrible doctrine than was this journal of the twentieth century, the Atlanta Constitution. "The belief in hell has come down to us from our fathers," is substance says the Constitution, "therefore we too should cherish it." Indeed! Then we should also cherish the Spanish Inquisition and the Blue Laws of Connecticut for the same reason.

A belief in hell has exerted a salutary influence upon the minds of many persons who were naturally inclined to criminal practices, and has restrained thousands from committing fiendish outrages. This is the sentiment of the Constitution although not quoted verbatim. The editor goes on to say that the gospel of hell is needed today more than ever before, and calls upon the religious leaders of this nation to let hell alone. So far removed from the sphere of a secular paper was this editorial, that the Washington Post took up the subject, and queried whether or not the Constitution had become a theological journal. The Post argued that, first of all it was out of place for a secular journal to advocate creedal or theological dogmas of any kind; second, that the doctrine of hell was so antiquated, so thoroughly repugnant to the moral consciousness of the people of today as to make it persona non grata to every enlightened man and woman on the globe; third, that such a belief is as much out of date now as would be the doctrine of the late Rev. Jasper "The Sun Do Move," or the theory that the earth is flat. The Post concludes its excellent editorial by stating that hell has no place in the twentieth century enlightenment, and has no advocates among the people who are facing the rising sun of progress. To hold to the belief in hell, is to turn the face to the past, and to try to reverse the wheels of the car of progress.

The Post editorial is good reading, and throws a little light upon the strange journalism of its Southern contemporary. If people are made better by a belief in hell, then they should cherish that belief until they grow enough in soul to evolve from that condition into the higher one of spiritual freedom. Many people do need restraining, and the class that should first receive attention consists of those people who are good only through fear. No man was ever made better by fear of torture to his physical body. He may be deterred by his fear of suffering from the actual outward commission of crime, but within his soul, where we find the real man, he constantly plans myriads of crimes, and commits them every day in thought. He is led to believe that if he abstains from committing crimes in the physical world, he will escape the tortures of hell. He little realizes the fate that is in store for him. He will find no lack of fire and brimstone awaiting him, but he will have to face an outraged conscience, and meet the consequences of his frequent violations of physical law. There is no pathway of escape for him, for there is absolutely no forgiveness for wrong doing. When this truth is brought home to the editor of the Atlanta Constitution, he will speedily change his strange policy of advocating hell, and will look more closely within his own nature to remove the errors of his own life, the first of which to go will be the one he now advocates in regard to the future life, and its terrible tortures. May enlightenment soon be given unto him, and unto all who think as he does.

The Next Step.

That a step forward should be taken in spiritualistic work is fully admitted by every Spiritualist who is at all conversant with present conditions. Local societies are everywhere struggling for existence, and interest in them is certainly on the wane. The mass meetings of the N. S. A. have added many names to the rolls of membership of several local societies, and have been the means of organizing several new societies, as well as our State Association. The permanency of this work is yet to be determined. Indeed, it is an open question in the minds of many whether the mass conventions and camp meetings do more good than harm to the Cause as a whole. It is certain that the camps are too numerous in several States, and are proving heavy drains upon the purses of those who support them. The mass meetings appeal to the many rather than to the few, hence do not cause great expense to any one or two persons. Thus far, with the solitary exception of the State of Michigan, these gatherings have paid for themselves financially.

But there is something more than the money side of this question to be considered. It is the future growth and permanency of the spiritualistic movement. Wherever Spiritualism has had a hearing for a number of years, it is next to impossible to awaken a general interest in it on the part of the people. The ground seems to have been burned over with such a scorching flame as to prevent the growth of further vegetation. This fire was produced in part by the mediocre talent that was exploited from the platform, but his chief feeder was the counterfeit medium who has scorched every community with the blight of his presence. The secular press is not, as a whole, unfriendly to Spiritualism, but it is able to distinguish black from white, and does not hesitate to draw the line between merit and demerit. The press has been able to get into the inner circle of those whose business it is to parvey so-called "tests" to those who use them illegitimately from the platform, and is telling the public just what those manifestations are worth.

If a message is given to an old time Spiritualist, or to a medium, or to a special friend of a medium, the reporters say so in plain words, and thereby enable the public to form correct judgments as to the value of the communication. Had the Spiritualists done the same thing, or if they would do the same thing now, the last step would soon be a very easy one to take. For many years past and today as well, whenever a veteran Spiritualist or a medium receives a so-called test, instead of saying "The facts are as stated, but these things have all been given me before," the party either remains silent, or else remarks, "It is all perfectly correct," thereby conveying the impression that the message had been received for the first time. With very few exceptions, it is now noticed that the majority of messages from the platform go to Spiritualists of many years' standing, or to their immediate friends. The investigators and skeptics are either ignored or else given glittering generalities that would apply to one hundred persons equally well. In saying these things, we cast no reflections upon the honest mediums, neither do we impugn their messages. We are in favor of the phenomena, but those phenomena should bear the stamp of genuineness, and be utilized for spiritual and educational purposes.

If our seances were made hours of communion with our spirit friends, instead of incentives to the curious to gratify their desire for amusement, the next step, the most needed step would be taken. Let us make our communion hours sacred, and reverently approach them with an earnest desire in our souls to receive a message of comfort from our loved ones. Let the scoffers, the curiosity hunter, the unappreciative questioner be told that admission to these seances is conditioned upon his being a member in good standing of the local society under whose auspices it is held. If we do this, and religiously hold steadfastly to our purpose, people will seek Spiritualism of their own volition for the purpose of receiving comfort from its teachings. Let us tell the world that the man or woman with malice, avarice, hatred, intolerance, sensuality, vice and sin in the heart, cannot enter the sanctuary of the spirit. When we make that salutary the abiding place of love, of kindness, of tenderness and of sweet will, our people will take the next step without questioning what it is or why they

are taking it. Our present duty is to be honest with ourselves and with the public in regard to all so-called phenomenal manifestations. Let us not deceive ourselves with the idea that no one else knows that the message given us has been received a dozen times before. Others have memories as well as ourselves, and tacitly do not part of true Spiritualism. Our next duty is to take care of and religiously protect our psychics in their genuine work. When we remove the premium from dishonesty, this will be a very easy thing to do.

The platform, too, requires careful attention. It is an insult to a first class speaker to ask him or her to speak for one Sunday only for a society. He should have not less than one month or one year in a place, and then he can impress his thought upon the people. But it may be urged that no one speaker has one hundred lectures at his command, that he may be able to give four or six, and then his talent is exhausted. If this be true, why is such a man or woman upon the rostrum? Some of our scholarly speakers have been known to write one or two lectures for a friend, only to find that that friend had committed said lectures to memory and was advertising as a speaker in search of engagements! An honest man or woman would never do this. If six lectures be the limit of a speaker, then that speaker should retire in favor of merit. Merit tells whenever it has an opportunity to be heard. Today the man with one or six lectures is employed because he only asks two or three dollars per Sunday. An inspirational or trance speaker of high talent is put aside because he had to be paid. The next step in this respect is not hard to determine. The employment of the one lecture man has turned men and women of brains away from Spiritualism. They have sought Theosophy, Metaphysics and Christian Science, hoping to gain what the Spiritualists refused to give them. Our step is to return to first principles and employ only the best talent, and employ that talent for a term of months. Let us feed the people mentally and spiritually and they will flock around the standard of Spiritualism as they were wont to do forty years ago.

There is yet another step necessary. The managers of all of our public assemblies should deal fairly with the people and with the mediums whom they employ. No muzzles should be applied to the speakers' lips, nor should the officers of the society be people who are willing to give bogus tests to mediums for the sake of drawing a crowd through the sensation those tests would create. This leads to the most important step of all. Let us pay for our Spiritualism ourselves. The desire to have the outside public pay for it has induced the officers of societies to resort to questionable means to draw the crowd for the sake of the ten cents at the door. The church has set us a good example in this respect for many centuries. They teach their people that it is a duty, an honor, a privilege to support their own religion. When Spiritualists do the same thing, they will remove one of the main props to dishonesty, and will take a long step forward in the direction of progress and reform. Our speakers ought to prepare themselves for their work. Laziness is not conducive to mental growth. The angels have very little use for a man who is too inert to think. Our mediums deserve well at the hands of Spiritualists, and should be given a chance to do their best. By and through organization, these necessary reforms can be established, and the next right step be taken with perfect ease by all Spiritualists.

A Christian.

Once in a while a Christian preacher breaks out in a violent attack upon Spiritualism. On the fifth of May, Rev. Wm. P. Pearce, of Goshen, Ind., spoke upon the subject of Spiritualism, and showed plainly that he knew nothing whatever about it before he had spoken a dozen sentences. He says that Spiritualism claims to be Christian, but that in reality, it is rank infidelity. It will amuse Prof. J. S. Loveland, Prof. W. M. Lockwood, Hudson Tuttle, and others of the school to which they belong, to have a preacher label Spiritualism Christian. If the spiritual phenomena of the early Christian church were realities, then that church should be spiritualistic in its doctrines. That Rev. Pearce's church is not one of the successors of the early church is proved by his tirade against Spiritualism. He repeated the threadbare lie about the demoralizing effects of Spiritualism upon its followers, and waxed positively eloquent when he told his hearers that all seances were deceptions, and all mediums tricksters. By his words, Pearce denounced the seances held by Jesus and his Apostles, also those of Paul, and all of the Apostolic Fathers, and by that denunciation declared those eminent mediums of ancient times tricksters. Of course Pearce will say he meant modern mediums, but as he did not say so, his words must be applied to all mediums, ancient and modern alike. Pearce will know more than he does now a few years hence, and then cease to insult honest people by talking upon a subject of which he is utterly ignorant.

Freaks.

This word comes to mind as we recall the bitter denunciations on the part of certain Spiritualists of Editors Hull and Barrett for their utterances at the recent mass convention in New York City. The fault (?) of these two gentlemen consisted of two things, viz., they urged Spiritualists to cease berating the churches, and to unite for their own protection; next they stated, and proved their statements true by strong evidence, that local Spiritualist societies were in a state of decline. For making these statements, these apostles of Spiritualism have been taken severely to task by some parties, who, thirsting for notoriety, have tried to push themselves forward by calling these gentlemen all sorts of hard names. Such freaks of human nature as these would-be

destroyers of the truth are occasionally found in the world, and the worst of it is, they sometimes claim to be Spiritualists.

The two speakers referred to did say that Spiritualists have enough to do to attend to their own affairs, and that they have no business to denounce other denominations for being successful in their operations, but that they should go to work and profit by the examples of their opponents, and win success for themselves by well-directed effort. They did say also that our local societies were not prospering. This statement is too true, and truth will always bear its own weight. Neither one of these workers said that Spiritualism was on the decline; they declared that Spiritualism per se was in the hands of the spirit world, and would be cared for by the angels regardless of the actions of mortals. What the speakers aimed to do was to arouse the Spiritualists to action. "The angels will take care of Spiritualism," said they, "but who will take care of the Spiritualists, if they won't do it themselves?" No one need feel worried over the antics of the freaks who have made these attacks upon the gentlemen named, for committing the fearful crimes (?) of urging Spiritualists to mind their own business, and to rebuild their local societies.

New York State Convention.

The Spiritualists of the State of New York will meet in annual convention in the Spiritualist Temple in Buffalo, May 24, 25, 26. The headquarters of the State Association will be at the Fillmore Hotel, on Mich. St., with rates from one dollar fifty to two dollars per day on the American plan. Eminent speakers and mediums will occupy the platform, and a royal good time is in store for all who attend the meeting. The great Exposition is now open in Buffalo, and all Spiritualists who wish to attend the convention can purchase a ticket to Buffalo for one fare for the round trip, and can take in both the exposition and the convention on the one railroad ticket. With such unusually low rates of travel, and with the double attractions in Buffalo, there is no excuse for the Spiritualists who can make the trip to remain at home. Go to Buffalo and have a good time.

Kansas Spiritualists

will meet in convention in City Hall, Topeka, May 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, for the purpose of organizing a State Spiritualist Association. This is a step in the right direction, and the example of our Kansas brethren should be emulated by those in other States where no State Associations exist. Organization is the one thing needful to insure the success of Spiritualism everywhere. We urge our Kansas friends to be present at their meeting in Topeka in large numbers. "In union there is strength," is an old and trite saying, yet it is an absolute truth, and unless the Spiritualists of the United States unite their forces for action, defeat certainly stares them in the face. Spiritualists of Kansas, attend the Topeka convention on the dates named.

Attention, Spiritualists!

A clarion call to arms has been issued by our esteemed contemporary, The Light of Truth, in its issues of May 4 and 11. Under the caption "Unite or Perish," trenchant truths are given to the Spiritualists of America, which are amplified in a highly instructive manner in the leading editorial along the same lines in the issue of May 11. These editorials are vivid flashes of the lightning of truth from out the cloudy sky of present day spiritualistic propaganda! Something ought to be done at once to stay the decay that is now fastening itself upon our local societies. Our rights as free men are being invaded; our privileges, one after another are being taken from us, and measures are now being proposed—nay, in several instances, are actually in force—to prevent our mediums from practicing their God-given gifts for the benefit of their fellowmen. Is there no need of action? Why do you hesitate, O Spiritualists, to show your colors? Can you advance one valid reason for refusing to join some local or State Association? Is not your only reason for staying outside a purely selfish one?

Do you prize your liberty? Do you love justice? Are you in favor of the Right? Do you truly believe in Spiritualism? Are you desirous of maintaining an open door between the two spheres of existence? Do you want to see the world benefited by Spiritualism? Would you like to have Truth victorious over Error? If so, why do you hesitate one moment about joining hands with your brethren to carry out your desires with their help? There is no other recourse for you but Union, and Union will be your salvation. Delays are dangerous, and the Spiritualists of America cannot afford to lose any more time. Truly has the Light of Truth spoken when it uttered the words, "Unite or Perish." The two editorials to which we refer should be read by every Spiritualist on this continent. Action is necessary, and our valued contemporary has sounded a vigorous call to arms that should be heeded by every true follower of Spiritualism. There is work to be done, and every Spiritualist ought to be ready, willing, even anxious to do his part of that work.

Strong, local Spiritualist societies are needed in every city, town and hamlet in America. Spiritualism should exert an influence in every direction. The public schools should be made secular in character through its potency, and the difficult sociological problems should be solved by it. Politics should be purified by its spiritual enlightenment, and humanity blessed in every respect by its spirit of helpfulness. These reforms can never be instituted through the Anarchistic influences that are now at work. A higher gospel than that which teaches that each man is a law unto himself, is needed. Spiritualism possesses that gospel in the noble truths of Altruism. Individualism must give way to the higher soul-love for humanity for which the world

is hungering today. The doctrine, "All for each, and each for all," is the slogan cry of the angels. Men are now echoing these inspiring words, and a gleam of light has appeared in the East. Shall we unite our forces, give this new light a glad welcome, and then move on to success, or shall we remain in the darkness of our errors, and perish from inertia? Spiritualists, the choice is yours. What course will you take?

The Ohio State Spiritualist Convention

will assemble in Columbus, May 23, 24, for the purpose of electing officers for the year ensuing, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the convention. All Ohio Spiritualists should attend this important meeting, and take an active part in the work of the State Association. Two delegates to the National Convention that will be held in Washington, D. C., in October, 1901, are to be chosen. A full attendance at the Ohio convention is especially desired on this account, as the State Conventions do much, or should do much, to outline the work of the National Association for the coming year. We urge our Ohio readers to attend their State Convention in Columbus on the dates named.

Verified Messages.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I am pleased to inform you that I am a Spiritualist and a reader of the Banner every week for three years. I am greatly interested in the spiritual messages. Not long ago I saw a message from one named Lucy Roberts, and a little later I saw another named Nory Perry, Natick, Mass. Those two I well knew. About four weeks ago, I saw one from my husband, Charles Minard—recognized instantly. Was pleased to hear from him, and do intend watching for others hoping they will appear. I am going to be a subscriber for the Banner as soon as able. It is a lovely paper and food delicious for both body and soul.

Mrs. A. W. Gorham.
20 Corning St., Boston, Mass.

In one of the Missouri prisons, according to our esteemed contemporary, The Truth-Seeker, there are 1257 convicts with religious beliefs, and 423 without any. Our contemporary suggests that the 423 are unattached Christians, who probably stated that they had no religious preferences. We believe that The Truth-Seeker is correct in this assumption. Even admitting that the 423 are outside of the church, the 1257 who were church members certainly make a good offset. Three criminal Christians to one non-Christian convict is not a bad showing, considering the fact two-thirds of the American people are not church members.

Several backwoods preachers are telling their hearers that the Universalists and Unitarians are the dregs of society, and ought to be exterminated, while the Spiritualists and Free Thinkers were beneath notice. In the federation of the churches in Detroit, Mich., was found no place for the Universalists, the Spiritualists the Unitarians and Theosophists. The Antediluvians in control of the movement decided the four parties named were not Christians, hence must stay outside. None of the four will shed any tears over the matter, for they believe in progression, and do not care to be bound to the decaying corpse of ecclesiasticism.

Do you take the Banner of Light? If not, now is a good time to subscribe. The vacation season is at hand, and every Spiritualist in his summer home wants a paper to tell him the spiritualistic news, as well as to give him the phenomenal facts, and the philosophical truths of Spiritualism. The Banner of Light, therefore, is just the paper you want. Try it, and see if we are not correct.

Through inadvertence we failed to notice Bro. Geo. E. Macdonald's reference to the Banner of Light in the Truth-Seeker of April 12, 1901. Bro. Macdonald was born April 11, 1857, and is therefore of the same age as the Banner of Light. The Banner has grown venerable in years, while its spirit is younger than ever before. In Bro. Macdonald's case, he has held his own in the matter of years, while in spirit he seems to have grown older. In goodness and greatness, he is up to date, as all liberals have to be who really believe in freedom.

The Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo will be opened on Sundays, with exceptions of some few buildings in which entertainments are held, or that are under the control of some puritanical bodies, who are naturally opposed to anything progressive. St. Louis is handicapped by a Sunday closing provision in the appropriation made by the United States Government. We are beginning to be forced to realize that ours is a "Christian" nation in the full sense of the word.


For a complete definition of the word strenuous, call upon Dr. Harvey, Secretary of the State Board of Registration in Medicine. Vice President Roosevelt may have made the word famous, but Dr. Harvey has made it a synonym for persistency, as well as perseverance.

In our former references to Judge O. W. Streeter's book, "A Dream of Life in Other Worlds," we gave our readers to understand that Judge Streeter was on the staff of Gen. James Shields during the Civil War. This we learn is incorrect and we gladly place the Judge in his true light before our readers. The Judge was with Gen. Shields at the Battle of Winchester, and was connected with the army for some time afterwards, yet was not an official member of Gen. Shields' staff.

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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 wherever 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 18, 1901, S. E. 54

Invocation.

Oh spirit of love and tenderness through whose power and will we come, we reach out and ask that the blessing of trust and confidence may be ours at this time. Bend low and listen to our petition. May the angels who hover ever near, whose influence and presence is everywhere made manifest, draw very near to us at this time and may we grow strong and tender, and true as they. In our effort to carry the light to those who are still in darkness. To the mourning and the suffering ones, we would carry the consolation which truth alone can bring. To them we would whisper the secret of Thy love and make known the evidence of Thy power. To them we would tell the story of continued life, and love, and expression. To them we would offer this cup of sweetness and of love, and ask that they be lifted into a higher realization of the beauty of the life and its experiences. Our especial mission is to the afflicted, whether they be still in the body or in the spirit matter little as long as suffering is, as long as tears do run, so long we give and offer whatever is ours to give. Not alone for our own little circle of friends and those dear to us do we ask that this blessing be made manifest, but everywhere wherever hearts beat and suffer, wherever eyes weep, wherever the voice is hushed through pain or sorrow, there may the influence of the holy ones be, and may the breath of their Divine consolation be carried. Amen.

MESSAGES.

Frank Hadley.

The first spirit who comes to me this morning is a man about thirty-five years old. He is about the medium height and medium complexion. His eyes are blue, his hair and mustache brown, and he has a round face. He stands right up and says: "It has been about two years now that I have been seeking for some avenue to get back to my own people. My name is Frank Hadley, I came from Des Moines, and I have such a desire to get to my own people, to have them know that I am with them, that it seems to keep me all the time seeking, and I cannot find a work to do outside of it. I haven't many people over here in the spirit, although I have many friends mostly among those who are seeking as I am for some way to express themselves, and so when we came today it seemed that at this place perhaps we might be able to send what we want and then follow it up with our own definite expression. My mother's name is Nellie and I so much want her to understand that I am sorry for the trouble I caused her and I feel badly that she doesn't talk more freely about me than she used to. I have a sister alive and I want her, too, to feel that although I brought trouble when I was alive, I would do anything in my power to bring joy or even comfort to them, and if they could only know how hard I work to redeem my past, they would be content. I am in no place where they need to be afraid of what will become of my soul. I see too plainly how foolish I was and it is with the purpose of having them able to see my growth and that they may come to be proud to meet me that I try to get back to communicate. I thank you for this opportunity."

Annie Carpenter.

The next spirit that comes is a woman about fifty-five years old. She has a round, full face with dark eyes; her hair is gray and combed right straight back from her forehead. Her eyebrows are black; her skin is fair and clean looking. She has a small mouth, rather thin lips and a very set, firm expression; she doesn't look the least troubled, just determined to come. She says: "I feel that it will be better for me if I can make it clear to myself that it is true that people can return. My name is Annie Carpenter, I came from Wheeling, W. Va. There is quite a little stir among the people over this thought and it awakened my interest. I found that I was more closely connected with my old life than I knew and when they began to discuss this question, the vibrations reached me and I immediately felt a strong desire to speak and to test the law for myself. I want this message to go to Arthur and to Lucy; I want them to know that I have Daisy with me and that anything I can do for her in the way of care or counsel, I shall do. Perhaps it would be well for me to say that I have seen the beauty of this place, that it is very like the world I left. I really can see very little difference only that it is clearer and somehow seems freer to me. I haven't traveled much, being held by my interest in those left, and it is with the hope of getting a greater freedom for myself and so greater knowledge to give to them, that I speak at this time. Thank you."

George Pratt.

Now comes a man about sixty years old. He is just as funny as he can be. He is

short and awfully long waisted; looks as if more than half of him is in his vest. He has a funny little beard all round his face and the merriest twinkling eyes and his hair is as brown as a nut, but right on the top there is not a spear, just like a little snow-topped mountain on the top of his head, and he laughs and laughs. He says: "It isn't because it is such a joke, but it is because I feel so happy. I know about this thing a long time ago and I have many a time been back to my people, but never in this way. I have rapped out messages and made lights and in many a way made my presence known, but this week I just decided that perhaps a good clear word from me might bring a little comfort. I want to go to Kennebunk, Me., to a man named Thomas Albee, to tell him that I am George Pratt. I want him to know that I know what he has been doing and where he has been going, and what his effort is now. There are some habits that he has that I just feel like saying, it would be better for him if he waited a little. I want, too, to speak to that lady of whom he is so fond. He may say he has two, so I will say the one with the dark eyes and the dark hair; I want to thank her because it is through her mediumistic power that I have been able to return sometimes. I don't care much about telling them what's over here, because they know. I would, rather tell them of some of the things I have seen every day and then they will be sure that I know what I am talking about. I don't like the horse he has now and I wish he would dispose of him just as quickly as he can. It would be better for him and everybody concerned."

Louise Davis.

I see a lady. She doesn't look over thirty years old; she is tall, slight and willowy. Her face is covered with her hands; she just rocks back and forth here as if she was too full of grief to even speak a word as she wants to. Suddenly she takes her hands down and walks over to me with such an air of suppressed agony that I just feel like taking her in my arms and soothing her before she speaks. She says: "Oh, it is the most cruel thing to try, try, try, so many times, and yet to find no response. I know that I can see and hear, but to get the perfect response is almost an impossibility. My name is Louise Davis; I came from Eastport, Me. I have so many that I want to send the message to, but please send it to Charlie and then it can be delivered. I want to say although they are all afraid that they didn't do all they might, I know they did. It is a comfort to feel that nothing could have been done, because I might be filled with a regret that I wasn't able to have it done so that I might remain and fulfill my duties. Oh, it is my baby I want to get to! It seems sometimes that if I could only snatch her and take her to myself and have her grow up with me that I would be content. My mother's heart aches. She is with me and she tells me that she suffered just as I do when she left me and that now she is content to have it as it is, so perhaps in time I shall learn to be happy without my little one. I have such a feeling of hesitancy about speaking of the things that trouble me most when I remember that they must be given to the public, but if any people would only try to find out some way to have me come to them privately, I would be the happiest spirit I know. Thank you, because this may awaken their interest."

Susan Armstrong.

Now I see a woman about the medium height with snowy white hair and oh such a beautiful face. Her eyes are dark as they can be and her face is round and fair and the skin looks just as soft and smooth as a baby's. She has gold spectacles on. She just comes up and takes hold of my hands as though she were right at home in coming. She says: "Here I am. I said if I ever had a chance to come that I wouldn't spend much time in small expressions, but would just get right to the point and tell what I meant to say. I belonged in Nashua, N. H., and my name was Susan Armstrong; my husband's name was William, and we are both in the spirit. I have a son whose name is Fred and I want him to come to his mother for advice exactly as he would if she were living in the old home where he used to come so frequently. It is no use trying to dodge a truth. I have found that out and I haven't any excuse to make for God; if he made it possible for us to return and it is a law that we can communicate, why in the name of all that is holy and right don't we live in the comfort of it instead of covering our eyes and beating our hands against our breasts and saying how hard it is because it is so dark? and so I ask my boy to come out here boldly and find his mother as his mother is trying to find him; to take her hand and walk the rest of his life with the consciousness of her presence and her love; to do it fearlessly and with the happiness which I believe our Heavenly Father meant for us. I am not much of a sermonizer, but there are a few things that stand out definitely and clearly to me, and this is one of them. I was a woman, when I was alive, who, if anything came in the way of a new knowledge in my work, my house, in the method of dress, or anything that was helpful to me, I accepted it as being of some service and so I expect everybody who believed me when I was here to believe me now when I say to them that this is an improvement in their old methods of thinking and in their old forms of religion, and I want them to come and try it and then give evidence as I am of its efficacy. Thank you, miss."

Lucius Cole.

I see a beautiful spirit of a man. He is tall and rather stockily built, with soft blue eyes and gray hair that is just wavy round his head, and he has such a clean looking face, perfectly smooth. He walks right up to me and says: "Well, well, I am more anxious to give my word for the Cause than I am to speak for any particular spirit. My name is Lucius Cole and I came from Mont-

pelier, Vt. I was interested in this Cause before I came away. I want to say to many of the old Spiritualists who wonder why the veterans who pass on don't come back and give messages oftener that it is because their influence is sent out to help the unfortunate ones who don't know. Many times I have stood by this little circle and have felt that I would send a message back to my friends, but when I saw the crowding in of the spirits who were so anxious to get a word and to give some sign to their loved ones, I stopped back, and said that their messages were more important than mine, and it is so with many another who has had the privilege of understanding this truth who stands back and says it is more important that the unenlightened shall give their word than we who can go to those who can receive. It is quite a burden to you people who are carrying on this work, to send week after week your messages out to the great numbers of people who are still unwilling to receive, and while I would not say that no reward is yours, I do say that you are amply blessed in the response that comes from the spirits who are anxious for more opportunity rather than less. Don't be discouraged, my dear friends, but go forward bravely and feel that you are carrying on the work of the spirit. You are carrying out the message to those who need it, and may the enlightened ones who hover about to bless all good work, hover over this established circle, and I hope to see its influence always a guide to the world. Amen."

Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY FOUR.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

"We that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak."

This thought was proclaimed to their hearers by the early apostles, and is one result of the teachings of the loving Nazarene. When strength belongs to one who hates, it becomes a demon let loose upon the world. Like a raging fire, it is merciless, and as the tongues of flame lick up every object in their way, so does such a being bring ruin and devastation on all around. The beholders would fain sap his strength and set bounds to his sway, lest he be like a swelling river, reinforced by a thousand smaller streams, that destroys a province or a continent.

When strength belongs to one who loves, it is exerted to bring rest and joy upon those within the sphere of him who possesses it. Those who behold him rejoice in his power, and instead of laying obstructions in his path, they aid him in his efforts, bringing within his reach those who may be benefited by the overflows of his beneficence.

Strength is somewhat different from force. Force is the power belonging to a being, in process of exertion, while strength is his power in reserve. Force is active and aggressive, while strength is an inward characteristic, that affects the outside world more by what it is than by what it does.

The massive bridge, resting on piers of masonry, and constructed of solid timber or of iron itself, is strong. Armies may pass over it, and it remains as solid as it was before. The thundering locomotive with its train of loaded cars swiftly moves over it, and the good bridge stands just as it did before.

The engine that draws the long train over the bridge is force personified, while the bridge itself is an exemplification of strength.

In the earlier stages of man's development, the strong man was aggressive, and it was his physical prowess that beat down his enemies. Like a whirlwind he led his men into battle, and the contagion of his force inspired them with the same, and by the exertion of brute will, they slew their opponents, branded their children, ravished their women, and burned the towns in an entire province. Such was Attila, called "The Scourge of God," and the same exertion of brute force by a so-called Christian nation has of late been wreaked on some of the inhabitants of China.

But where a true civilization has begun to manifest its fruits, we find a people becoming stronger, while their strength is held in reserve. It does not wreak itself in malignant acts. It has learned to "labor and to wait," and secure in its power it can afford to be quiet until its own power and its own beneficence have acted as a leaven upon the lesser peoples with whom it comes in contact, and the stronger will in time absorb the weaker. This will take place, not by a process of wholesale swallowing, as the anaconda first crushes and then swallows his victim. It will rather take place by assimilation and by the force of example. The less advanced people will gradually see that there are better ways than their own, and they will begin to copy the methods and absorb the thinking of the strong nation which was strong enough to be generous as well as just.

We are pleased to note that our own great nation has carried out a policy like this in regard to China. Though it is not likely to be adopted by certain other nations, who have a strong and anaconda-like desire to swallow what is not their own, yet our more pacific and generous policy is noted even by those who misconstrued our motives, and every righteous act, whether of individual or of nation will sometime bear its fruit.

"How far that little candle throws its light! So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

Having thus praised the dear America of which we are so proud, in her relations with China—so ancient, so strong, and yet so helpless—we must yet admit that we have not done quite so well in regard to the Philippines. Yet we may even here take heart of grace, in view of its being our first experience of the kind in Asiatic waters, and of our being dazzled by the brilliant achievement of Admiral Dewey. Also, many little occurrences make it evident that the Philippines are beginning to recognize the fact that the big dog was not vicious, that he did not intend to eat them up, that he has generous points about him, that they can learn a good deal from him, and that he will give them the freedom of the yard, as soon as they lie

on their backs with uplifted paws, as is the habit of the small dogs towards the big one, is taken that they are going to be very good, and even loving towards their mighty opponent.

Of course these views will not coincide with those of all our readers. As to Cuba, we have nothing to say, for somehow we have no opinion to express. And in this letter, we will say nothing about the Boers—in the first place, because it is not America that is fighting the Boers; and in the second place, we want to make our Fenian, and Irish, and Anglo-phobic friends happy for once.

There is something wondrously beautiful in the union of tenderness with strength. A woman's hands are tenderness itself when she caresses her little suffering child. Though those hands may be insured to hard labor and roughened by toil, they are like velvet to the frame of the small sufferer, and he imbibes comfort with their touch.

And even more beautiful, in its unexpectedness, is the tender touch of massive, manly hands, especially those trained by long practice, and skilled by knowledge of the seats of pain. Such hands dealt with my eye, when it became necessary to remove the diseased part. One feels inexpressibly grateful to the surgeon whose skill brought restoration, and whose trained and gentle touch minimized the pain.

When we see strength harnessed by the cords of love, and used to bless instead of to curse, we feel that the old world is nearing its millennium.

Nothing awakens such horror as cruel blows inflicted on a helpless little child. The strength which ought to be devoted to loving care and to support is used in the vilest way, and if anything can make one rejoice to see the little one borne away to the spirit world, it is the knowledge that it is thus removed from the cuffs and the neglect of an unkind parent.

Alas! in this feeling is what we experience when an animal, whether large or small is subjected to blows and chains, to cages and cruel bits and harnesses, and, worst of all, to the knife of the vivisector and the cage of the bacteriologist. That human strength, and human mind, and trained skill should be thus prostituted to fell cruelty, for human entertainment, or in the name of science, makes one wish that the cruel arm should be paralyzed, that the wicked fingers be numbed and the ill-devising brain be forever stilled, of those who engage in such hellish arts.

Not long ago my brother (who lives with me) and I were informed that four tickets for reserved seats in a famous Circus in New York had been bought, so that we and our friends could go together and see the show. They thought to give us pleasure, and sorry indeed was I when I realized how impossible it was for me to take a place in such a "pleasure" party as this.

I told my brother why I could not go, and added that if I saw those caged creatures, and the exercises that they go through under fear of the whip, it would take me a long time to get over it, if ever. He said that he had precisely similar feelings, and that on account of them he had never been to a circus in his life. For me, I went once or twice when young, but did not enjoy it, and what was unpleasant to me in my inexperience would be simply intolerable to me now that I know more of the methods of most of those who train animals for the entertainment of human beings.

Only a little while ago, I heard of a noted circus where a little dog was performing tricks under the guidance of the clown, who carried a long whip. Each feat performed by the dog was more wonderful than the one that preceded it, and the plaudits of the crowd rose higher and higher. At last he came to the last and the most difficult feat of all, when the nerve of this highly organized little animal failed him, and though he did his best the feat was imperfectly performed.

At once the clown gave the dog a terrible cut with his long whip, and the circus resounded with the shrieks of the little creature. The audience rose to their feet, wild with excitement and pity, and protested against the infliction of punishment on the little creature who had done his best. The clown sulkily submitted, but one could see from his angry face and the malevolent look he cast upon the dog, how brutally he would beat him when he got him away from the crowd.

Some of your readers may have read last winter of the horrid tortures inflicted with red-hot irons by his woman-trainer, on a jaguar after the performance, because he had not done as well as usual. The recital made me shiver.

Persons who look only on the outside may think it fun to see animals perform, but those who look below the surface, and have knowledge of their sufferings, cannot possibly enjoy the sight of their feats.

I do not go and I would not go to a circus, a menagerie, an animal show, nor a horse-race. At a race last year, one of the horses got his hoof torn off, and his sufferings were so exquisite that he was shot on the spot. Menageries are intolerable to me. Look at the wretched lions and tigers ever pacing back and forth in their cages. An expert said that the constant confinement makes many of them actually insane.

If I can see animals in unrestricted freedom, as I once saw a "wilderness of monkeys," while taking a boat-journey in the jungles of Burmah, it would be enjoyable. The agile creatures ran out on the long boughs that extended over the water, and skillfully caught the pieces of banana that were thrown to them, while the woods resounded with their shrill chatter and their screams of delight. But monkeys in cages I do not wish to see.

"I can't get out," said the starling. "I can't get out."

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

Arlington, N. J., May 4, 1901.

Within us lives a god, we gleam by his emotion.—Ovid.

A Twentieth Century Catechism.

Lesson Third—The Law of Kindness.

BY W. J. COLVILLE.

- Q. What do we mean by Kindness?
A. Due regard for the feelings of others in appreciation of the fact that we share a common nature and have similar susceptibilities to pain and pleasure.
- Q. What is the best way to develop kindness?
A. To resolve to credit our neighbors with the same feelings as ourselves and treat them with as much consideration as we like to receive from them.
- Q. Can we justly punish children and grown people when they are disorderly without unkindness?
A. We can seek to correct them in love, therefore we can administer reproof when necessary, but not in a spirit of anger or resentment.
- Q. What is chastisement?
A. To chastise or chasten means to cleanse or purify; all chastisement should be prompted by love and carried out in wisdom.
- Q. What is discipline?
A. The process whereby we learn to discriminate between right and wrong; a discipline is a learner.
- Q. What is meant by right and wrong?
A. Right is whatever accords with the order of the universe, wrong is anything that opposes universal order.
- Q. How do we learn to discriminate between right and wrong?
A. By means of experience.
- Q. Are all our sufferings results of wrong doing?
A. They all prove that we have something yet to learn and that we have not yet mastered the conditions which surround us.
- Q. Is it ever kind to inflict pain or induce suffering?
A. It is never kind, just or reasonable to do anything for the purpose of causing suffering, but it is often very kind indeed to administer needed correction which causes temporary suffering, but leads to mental and moral growth.
- Q. How can we correct ourselves and others?
A. When we have made some mistakes and are afflicted with unpleasant results we can quietly review our conduct and set to work to discover how to act more wisely in future; then when we have made a useful discovery we can share the benefit of it with our neighbors.
- Q. Are prisons ever necessary?
A. When people persist in such disorderly conduct that they seriously disturb the public peace they must be restrained; but the object of imprisonment should always be to elevate the prisoners as well as to protect a community.
- Q. How ought we to behave to little children and to all weaker than ourselves?
A. We are in honor bound to respect all natural weakness and seek by all means in our power to strengthen as well as shelter those who need our protecting guidance and care. We may insist upon obedience, but we must secure it by firmness untainted with anger.
- Q. What course must be pursued with very naughty or rebellious children?
A. Such cases need to be very firmly handled, but it always depraves a boy or girl to be labelled naughty. Many children are stubborn because they do not easily understand what is told to them and though they tax the patience of their elders they often prove highly useful members of society when they have been kindly dealt with.
- Q. Must we show kindness to animals?
A. Animals have feeling and can appreciate all the kindness we feel towards them. Not only do we injure our own characters by treating them cruelly, but we endanger our own safety by arousing their hostility, and we also prevent them from doing their best in our service.
- Q. Is it unkind to kill animals?
A. If there is any good reason for killing an animal and we end its existence instantly without inflicting torture, we are not cruel, but we must be extremely careful to avoid inflicting pain unnecessarily.
- Q. Have we the right to eat the flesh of animals?
A. So long as people believe that animal food is necessary to sustain human life in certain conditions, a mixed diet is permissible, but in a higher state of social evolution than the present we shall certainly abstain from all such eating.
- Q. Have we a right to wear animal products?
A. All animal products which can be obtained without cruelty we may wear without doing violence to the law of Kindness, but when birds and seals are slaughtered barbarously and their young left to starve, that we may appear in savage decorations, we have sinned against all moral order.
- Q. How can we secure Kindness in word and action?
A. By encouraging and permitting only kind thoughts concerning the universe and all contained within it. Our words and actions proceed often quite spontaneously from our thoughts, therefore when we succeed in regulating thought we regulate the source from which words and actions are continuously proceeding.
- Q. Have kind thoughts a good effect upon our health?
A. They affect our entire bodily condition for good. When we live in an atmosphere of kindness every bodily function is harmoniously discharged and we live in a state of undisturbed serenity.
- Q. How should we act in the presence of unkindness?
A. We should always endeavor to protect the defenceless against their persecutors, but the surest way to conquer cruelty is to exhibit kindness even to those who are acting unkindly.
- Q. What is meant by overcoming evil with good?
A. We destroy error by demonstrating truth, and in no other way can error be ex-

terminated. It is useless to fight against error in the dark, for we can only enlighten humanity by increasing the sum of human knowledge.

Of Interest to Invalids.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

As a student of life and its laws, the writer of this article seeks neither profit nor publicity in requesting a column of your widely circulated paper on behalf of afflicted humanity with which I have had much to do in a practical as well as instructive way along the lines of health and cure.

Fifty years of observation and close experience with invalids furnish the foundation of my statements, which I am ready to have criticised in a fair contest with any or all so-called eminent physicians.

Actuated by a desire born of sympathy for the sick, and success resulting many from the great, capricious, or ignorant of wily, unwise or otherwise practitioners, and manufacturers of worthless nostrums called patent medicines. I do not denounce all doctors, nor all drugs for all purposes, but in a general way I declare nine-tenths of both to be unfit for sick people to employ. As a teacher and a teacher, both public and private, throughout the United States for half a century, proving by logic and common sense, that the drug system is for the most part wrong. I shall now enlarge my operations by such use as I can make of that instrumentality, the Press, and I undertake the task of first attracting public notice through the Banner of Light, the best advertised city of America at this time.

At the outset, I will say that I am not setting a trap to catch readers by leading them unwarily into the notice of some nostrum on the market; but I shall direct their attention to a rational reform in treating human ailments, by showing people who have made themselves sick, that they must make themselves well, or else remain on the invalids' list along with those who have been made sick by mal-treatment, from great and small among "regular" physicians, as well as among the so-called "reformers."

The writer is an advocate of equal duties and rights as they apply to the sexes, and he believes that the superb elements of sympathy and fortitude pre-eminent in woman should be utilized in the healing art, especially among women in cases calling for these qualities, and moreover her sex influence on men is quite as important as that of men on invalid women. The magnetic nature of the two are potent agents for good when applied with mental concentration which has of late become recognized as most efficacious in expelling disease.

This allusion is not in behalf of "Christian Science," "Mental Science," or any ism, but in reference to all forces that heal, and especially through the various qualities combined with superior intelligence constituting such sufficiency, as is designated by the word "genius."

While such combinations are seldom found in one person, when they do exist such person should be utilized by the human family to the full extent of their power, not only in practicing curative, but also in giving instructions and thereby laying under contribution the best elements in others for human good, for these faculties may be developed where they are not strong by nature. Thereby the world may be speedily reformed from the drug taking, drug drinking, and other habit forming practices, and the race rescued from the most threatening scourge which now afflicts the existing, and oncoming generation.

Such a teacher and practitioner is now giving instructions, and performing remarkable cures in Chicago, and other parts of the country where she is called among people who can afford the expense. Yet she is not extravagant in her charges. Even to the writer's knowledge she often gives of her vitality in a charitable way.

Possessing a strong physique and great power in magnetic influence, as well as mental force combined with a gift for Psychometric Diagnosis, also a quick knowledge of temperaments, and having a strong belief in and understanding of Mental Therapeutics, she is well equipped for every branch of her profession, including the cure of drunkenness, and the education of mothers during periods of gestation.

Not least among the gifts of this woman is a love for her profession combined with a knowledge of the various therapeutics, and practiced in systems of drug medicines. Her frequent absence from the City of Chicago is much regretted by her home patients. Recently returning from a trip to the Hot Springs, in Arkansas, she is now preparing for a summer sojourn in Buffalo, and other parts of Western New York, during the summer of 1901 and the Pan-American Exposition. A portion of the time will be spent at the LeRoy House, Lily Dale. Her office and headquarters is Dr. Mary E. Sellen, 1214 Masonic Temple, Chicago, Ill.

More Light Has Come.

BY WILLIAM PHILLIPS.

To the Editor and Co-workers of the Banner of Light:

After a little delay you will permit me to congratulate you on the superb appearance and extra worth of the Forty-fourth Anniversary number of the Banner of Light. I expected something nice in that way, but was more than pleased with your effort. So many noble expressions, and from so many worthy fellow-mortals, but tend to give us courage to toll on that the light of life on earth may grow brighter still.

Yet on reading that number I could not but reflect on the long ago, when, on a warm summer day (in '94 I believe), I met Brother Frank Holland in his store in Oregon City, and was telling him of what curious things were then happening at our house. My wife was a medium, but we had never heard at that time of such things. She would see and describe accurately, with her eyes closed, scenes at a distance, her wounds and burns with the warmth of her hands. Strange noises would be heard about the house, etc. Brother Holland seemingly spoke, in all confidence:

"Why, you should read the Spiritual Telegraph."

"Spiritual Telegraph? What is that?"

"It is a paper printed in New York by Partridge & Brittan, and tells all about such things, and is only three dollars a year."

He kindly loaned me a copy to read. But I subscribed at once, and continued to borrow, each week, of Brother Frank, until the mails could bring it to me.

What a revelation these papers contained! Wife and I had by this time about lost faith in the old creeds, nor had found anything new upon which to lean. But the columns of the Telegraph gave us light, more light, and we soon learned of the spirit world and how to communicate therewith, my wife proving to be a good medium for that purpose.

Life with us seemed to begin anew. There was light ahead of us, and a life of everlasting joys within our reach. But after a while the telegraph changed hands, and Andrew Jackson Davis became editor and proprietor, and named his paper "The Herald of Progress." The Herald of Progress,

though ably conducted, was also doomed to change, and in a short time became the Banner of Light. But the games of the editors and proprietors I have forgotten, nor can I turn to them at this time.

I will remember, in the autumn of '97, one day, after the evening chores were finished, of taking the wrapper off what I supposed to be The Herald of Progress, and finding the Banner of Light instead. I scanned its pages carefully, and was well pleased with its new arrangement. Now the last number printed—April 27—is before me. What a vast store of knowledge of Light and Life has appeared in its columns during these forty-four years! And the promise is, "There is more and something new to come."

But we must never forget the usefulness of the two preceding papers. They filled the full measure as teachers of their day. In getting up an anniversary number today, we have more to build from than those Pioneer Editors. They built well, but more light has come.

Death of Mrs. Bishop.

Mrs. Sophronia E. Warner Bishop died at the residence of her son, F. Warner, on the old Drake homestead, southeast of Alden, on Monday, April 29, at 10:20 a. m. aged 73 years, 7 months, 3 days. Mrs. Bishop was born in the state of Pennsylvania in 1827 and removed with her parents to Ohio at an early age. She is survived by a brother and sister older and by two brothers younger. She leaves a daughter, Mrs. Angus Mackay of Chicago, and two sons, Fred C. Bishop, teacher, and Henry H. Warner, of the Wayside. All her children were with her in her last moments, as was her niece, Mrs. Abby C. Leighton of Old Mission. Mrs. Bishop, for over forty years, beginning in 1852, was a public speaker, traveling thousands of miles, in the interests of the Cause of Spiritualism, to which she was devoted, and giving lectures on temperance and taking a prominent part in the woman suffrage movement and anti-slavery agitation in the early days, being a co-worker with Fred Douglass, Sojourner Truth, Parker Pillsbury, Stephen Foster, S. J. Hooy, Abby Kelly Foster, Dr. Scamler, and other stalwart agitators of those stirring times. She was a loving, tender mother and sacrificed much for the sake of her children, and her sons' wives were loved by her as her own blood. Her neighbors in whatever community she lived could bear testimony to the deep charity and benevolence of her heart. She visited the sick and afflicted, cared for the widow and orphan, fed the hungry and clothed the naked. Into many a home of sickness and sorrow she brought healing and joy and of her it can be truly said that her good deeds will live after her.

The funeral took place from the residence at 11 o'clock, May 2, her youngest son, Henry H. Warner, officiating in accordance with the expressed wish of his mother on the Saturday before her demise. The ceremonies at the house and grave were simple and beautiful. The interment was in the Helena Cemetery. Mrs. Bishop's favorite hymns, "Nearer My God to Thee," "Sweet By and Bye," "One Sweetly Solenn Thought," "When the Mists Have Rolled Away," and "Shall We Meet Beyond the River?" were sung by Messrs. Charles Coy and D. B. Oviatt, Misses Alice Armstrong and Essie Rossiter.

The family wish to extend their heartfelt thanks to the many friends who, at trust moments and on the following days so kindly aided them in their hours of sorrow.

Passed to Spirit Life.

Mrs. Julia Houghton, widow of Dr. Eli D. Houghton of Somerville, Conn., from the home of her daughter, Mrs. J. A. Chapman, 21 Fairmount St., Norwich, Ct., March 20, 1901, at the advanced age of eighty-three years.

She had been a Spiritualist for fifty years—in fact, was a subscriber to the first spiritual paper published. She was one of the first subscribers to the Banner of Light, and a constant reader of it. She was a brave, fearless woman, self-sacrificing, and loyal to her home, friends, and humanity. Her ideals were for the progressive side of life in all its varied phases.

While we miss the sunshine and cheer that shone in her genial nature, counsel and home life, yet we will bid her good-night, knowing that life to her now is broader and better, and that from her home in spirit life she will greet us as of old with "good-morning."

Minnie A. Tarbell.

Death of Mrs. Hannah Marriott.

Miss Hannah Marriott, who on Saturday celebrated her 81st birthday anniversary, died suddenly Monday forenoon, April 27, at her home, No. 21 East Pakeney St., Cornwall, N. Y. She had not been in good health for a number of weeks, but on Saturday felt well enough to entertain a few relatives from Cornwall and Elmira in honor of her birthday. Deceased is survived by one brother, Benjamin F. Marriott, Justice of the Peace, and a sister-in-law, Mrs. S. M. Marriott, both of this city; and by the following nephews and nieces: Louise, George and William Marriott, of New York City; Mrs. Charles Kneal, of Horseheads; and Zeno C. and George H. Marriott, of Cornwall.

Miss Marriott was a woman of superior intelligence and was much interested in current topics. She was a Spiritualist and a subscriber to the Banner of Light. She was an agreeable companion, and ever sympathized with those in affliction. She was a good woman, and is greatly lamented by many outside of the immediate relatives.

CULTIVATION OF

Personal Magnetism.

A Treatise on Human Culture.

BY LEROY BERRIER.

SUBJECTS TREATED.

Personal Magnetism; Pleasure and Pain; Magnetic Control; Cultivation; Life-Sustaining System; Temperament; Antismell Temperament; Chemical Temperament; Waste of Force; Mental Magnetism; Magnetic Power; Magnetic Force; Magnetic Energy; Magnetic Influence; Magnetic Action; Magnetic Reaction; Magnetic Attraction; Magnetic Repulsion; Magnetic Induction; Magnetic Conduction; Magnetic Isolation; Magnetic Separation; Magnetic Union; Magnetic Harmony; Magnetic Discord; Magnetic Balance; Magnetic Imbalance; Magnetic Health; Magnetic Disease; Magnetic Cure; Magnetic Prevention; Magnetic Protection; Magnetic Defense; Magnetic Offense; Magnetic Victory; Magnetic Defeat; Magnetic Success; Magnetic Failure; Magnetic Honor; Magnetic Dishonor; Magnetic Fame; Magnetic Obscurity; Magnetic Wealth; Magnetic Poverty; Magnetic Power; Magnetic Weakness; Magnetic Strength; Magnetic Weakness; Magnetic Health; Magnetic Disease; Magnetic Cure; Magnetic Prevention; Magnetic Protection; Magnetic Defense; Magnetic Offense; 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When I began to know something again, I was in a funny place; it was all gray and misty like a foggy day on earth, but not so foggy that I didn't know what was going on. I didn't know whether I had a body or not, but if I did, it must have been made out of the gray mist; I just knew I was a dog and one that had had a tough time, but that was all. I now know—for we learn that things here— I was still a dog, but I felt very much as if my body was part of the dog. The form was wrapped in the gray mist, and the real me, and the all of me, Nannie—the same tiny light that had glowed in the primal cell, and which could never be killed. So it went on for awhile, and I was never hungry, I just felt on the soft, warm, something like warm, soft, calm, quiet, and I suppose I was happy, though I hadn't thought enough to know happiness then. I have no idea how long I was in that state, but I think it may have been some time, though by and by, I felt myself going, possibly, but I didn't know. I felt myself going along, and then I forgot everything, and then I awoke. I knew, I was a little gray puppy, and I was nestling with three others like me, at the breast of a little gray animal, that I found was my mother. She was small, and I grew up. I was just like her, and I had a round, round face, a fuzzy tail, and I was a "mongrel,"—whatever that is,—and that I had "soft, human-looking brown eyes." Well, I got along somehow in the new body, and after a while, I was taken to the country by a little chap who used to be a doctor, and I never saw him again. I had no home and we would sleep out of doors under the trees, and have the best kind of a time. This little fellow was called "Tim," and I liked him first-rate, but he was not so kind and gentle as the lame boy had been. I grew up with him, and I did not receive anything of that them. Well, I picked up my living in one way and another till I was a day I—who was called "Smuf" then—was run over by a team, and my leg was broken. Tim tried to bind it up with an old rag, but he didn't do very well as a surgeon, and

BY ARTHUR C. SMITH.

\$1.25. A book of unusual form, in that it is much narrower than the common book of

be fairly heard and from the decision on which there is appeal and release.

ordinary force of reasoning. So it is with the subject of this review, the form gave n

Some idea of the nature and scope of the work can be had from the table of contents.

Thought; VII, The Destructive Influence of Fear and Worry; VIII, The Influence of

recommends to others, an unusual though most commendable practice: so while I do not

other. In things essential, unity; in things doubtful, liberty; in all things, charity."

regards their creed poorly based on know facts, he says. "There can always be

of the Orient are touched with the lance of thought and valued according as they be-

Our readers are familiar with Mr. Col-

Here follows some quotations, not related since they are chosen from different chapters.

Case	Case	Case	Case	Case
1	2	3	4	5

Among our needs are unity of sentiment, concord of action in all constructive work

all. Instead of sinking non-essentials, such as reincarnation and other theories, and clubs,

hang separately."

the experiences of its lawyer author and two friends in establishing communication be-

tells of war in the spirit realms, of spiritual ambushes and surprises, of spiritual head-

Of the means Mr. Wilson devised for the

or "unconscious cerebration" on the part of the medium.

The book contains chapters on the Awakening from the Sleep Called Death. My Spirit

It is a pretty volume in white and gold, ivory paper, good press work and two half-

From the chapter on Modes of Instruction in Spiritual Schools, I choose the following

"Cause is the one grand lesson in Spiritual Schools. A child is instructed from this

pression of its nature—true to its birth in form as are the leaves of the flower.”

Blackboard and exercise, problem and ques-

Fill them withometrics—all they can better

What do they care for it—what do they know

Rush them and push them through high schools and colleges:

—Will Carleton's Magazine, "Everywhere."

faster than if you were engaged in hard labor for half a day? Do you know that you

(and all Life is vibration in some degree) and if strong enough and continuous has been

price 15 cents.

mind. The moods of will may be illustrated, if not enumerated, in the following list: the

understanding; the mood of reason; the mood of righteousness. These moods need no special definition, as they would seem to ex-