



TO MY SOUL.

BY MRS. N. THOMAS.

True companions, most united
Are my loyal soul and I,
And through oft repeated failures
My soul stands firmly by
To give strength for greater efforts,
Greater courage to command,
Pointing to the bright star shining
Steadfast from the summer land.

When to each new day I waken
Fears beset me lest I yield
To the many self temptations
Which the hours may reveal.
Later, in the idle twilight
We a sweet communion hold,
And like music o'er my senses
Is thy approval, oh my soul.

As the day-light succeeds darkness,
After the long, dark night is past,
As the gleams of Heaven's brightness,
Dispel shadows earth has cast.
Looking toward the glorious sunrise
Of a future life begun,
Brings a joy no thought can fathom,
When my soul and I are one.

Psychic Romances.

BY OLIPH V. HATHORN.

(Continued from May 18.)

"Miss Farleigh has told me the same story that you awakened me to hear a night or two ago," said Henry, "and it corresponds in every respect. She saw you, and saw things exactly as they were, and described them as you did. This matter is becoming a rare psychological problem."

"So I should say," replied Charlie in astonishment, "I am amazed; but there is no time now to study the question. Let us secure Miss Farleigh's assistance, then assist her to the hotel, where we can discuss the matter further."

The brothers made the tramp fast to a young sapling, then assisted Miss Farleigh to her feet, and walked slowly toward the hotel. She was so greatly agitated that Charlie suggested that they should rest for a few moments as they tried to proceed farther. The trio seated themselves upon a large flat rock by the side of the road that jutted out, shelf-like from the hillside. Miss Farleigh was too much agitated to speak, and the brothers could only look the sympathy they felt at her distress.

The sound of carriage wheels rapidly approaching was most agreeable to them, and in a few moments a span of horses drawing a large two-seated coach containing three men, came upon them. One of the gentlemen in the coach, who held the lines, glanced at the trio, and noticing the white face and quivering lips of Miss Farleigh, brought his horses to a standstill, and inquired if he or his friends could be of service.

Henry briefly related the story of the assault, whereupon the three gentlemen sprang from the carriage, and asked to be led at once to the spot where the brothers had bound the tramp to the tree.

"I am the Sheriff of this County," said the gentleman who had been the driver, "and these friends are two of my deputies. We will take the rascal into custody, and relieve the country of his presence—at least, for a time. What may I call your name, sir?" addressing his question to Henry.

"My name is Martin, and this is my twin brother. This lady is a friend of ours who is stopping at the same hotel we are," responded Henry. "Let me go with you after the tramp while my brother drives our friend to the hotel."

"That is exactly what I was about to propose," said the Sheriff. "Had you not better go with them, sir, and bring back the team?"

"By no means," exclaimed Miss Farleigh. "I am rapidly recovering from my weakness and shall soon be myself again, when I am once more with Auntie Merrivale."

"Very well," said the Sheriff, and he signaled the brothers to assist Miss Farleigh into the carriage. Charlie then seated himself by her side, grasped the ribbons, and drove rapidly toward the hotel, while Henry guided the Sheriff and his deputies to the spot where the tramp was still tied fast to the tree. He was soon handcuffed, led to the roadside, where the entire party seated themselves to await the return of Charlie Martin with the carriage.

For a few moments nothing was said by either Miss Farleigh or her companion, as they started toward the hotel. Suddenly she exclaimed, "Oh, Mr. Martin, how weak and silly you must think me! I have never had anything of this kind happen to me before in my life. Until this morning, I never had the experience of fainting away!"

"I do not consider you weak or silly in the least," said Charlie earnestly. "I think you have been very brave indeed, and that you have conducted yourself as becomes a heroine. It is no small affair to be compelled to struggle with a brute of a tramp!"

"I did not think that altogether," she responded. "I had in mind our strange encounter this morning, and our other yet

stranger meeting of two nights ago. What must you think of me?" and Edna Farleigh covered her face with her hands and groaned aloud.

Charlie longed to tell her that he thought she was the most charming woman he ever met in his life, but wisely refrained from doing so, and was casting about for some fitting remark, when he was interrupted by Miss Farleigh, who spoke in a low, earnest tone of voice.

"Mr. Martin, I know you will understand me when I tell you that I am positive that that wretched tramp has had something to do with my life history. Oh, I feel it, I feel it," she said vehemently, "and I know that he has done something to me and mine that has seriously affected our lives. I feel some one yearning for me, and I frequently reach out my arms toward some one whom I can feel, yet cannot see, but am thwarted every time by some one whom that villain who assaulted me, resembles very strongly! Who is it? I wonder, and what does, what does all of this mean?"

"No doubt it will all be made plain to you some day," said Charlie at random, "and I will do all in my power to aid you in solving the mystery."

"Thank you, I knew you would, and that is why I have spoken so freely to you," said his companion. "You must meet my Auntie, Mrs. Merrivale, this evening, with your brother, Mr. Martin, and we will talk over the strange events of the past few days. In the meantime, I know you feel as I do, that we had better keep my occult visit to you the other evening a secret among us four."

"By all means," replied Charlie quickly. "It is too sacred a subject to be handled about among the thoughtless, and I am too desirous of knowing its real meaning to make it common property."

By this time they had reached the hotel. Charlie helped Miss Farleigh to alight, escorted her to the hotel porch, and then drove to the spot where his brother and the Sheriff's party awaited his coming. The tramp was soon seated in the carriage by the side of one of the officers of the law, and was taken at once to the lock-up only a few miles away.

Charles and Henry turned their faces toward the hotel and conversed earnestly upon the strange events of the day until they reached the shade of the welcome hostelry. To their surprise, they found Miss Farleigh seated quietly by the side of her Aunt, conversing with her as if nothing unusual had happened.

The brothers gazed upon her in wonder. Edna Farleigh was herself again in every respect. Every vestige of the agitation that had beset her in the forest and on the way to the hotel had completely disappeared. She was once more the self-possessed, dignified, womanly woman she had ever been up to the morning of the day whose events we are now transcribing.

The bell rang for dinner, and as our quartet entered the dining room together, the steward obligingly seated them at a table by themselves. Henry Martin found Mrs. Merrivale a most charming conversationalist, and declared to himself that he had never enjoyed a meal so thoroughly in all his life.

Charlie had ears only for what Edna Farleigh had to say. She was grace itself, as well as the embodiment of tact. The occult happenings of the past forty-eight hours constituted a large part of her conversation, yet she occasionally drifted into the discussion of other themes, which she handled so skillfully and explained so lucidly as to lead Charlie to wonder at her versatility.

Dinner was soon over, and as the night was rainy, our four friends sought the parlor, where they passed a most pleasant evening together. Henry Martin expounded his views upon his favorite science of psychology, but was forced to admit that he could find no rational explanation of the phenomena of the past few days.

"Not even Thomson J. Hudson's theories throw one ray of light upon these events," declared Henry, "nor can I account for them upon any of the hypotheses of the most eminent writers upon this subject. This is a matter that requires careful study, and I hope other phenomena of a similar character will occur to afford us more light upon this perplexing problem."

Edna Farleigh said nothing in reply to Henry's remarks, but her eyes assumed a far-off look, and she appeared as if she were in a deep reverie. Suddenly Mrs. Merrivale recalled the party to themselves by informing them that it was eleven o'clock at night, and time for bed.

Halcion days followed for both Charlie Martin and Edna Farleigh. Time flew on with noiseless wings, yet neither of them seemed to notice his warning calls. Charles lingered near Edna at her almost every appearance, while she seemed to accept his attentions as a matter of course. They met frequently, yet without preconcerted effort, nor artful planning. They drifted together,

under the subtle law of attraction that is ever most potent in its influence, yet but little understood by men. It required neither cunningly devised schemes nor bold intrusions on either side to arrange meetings between these two. There was something within each one that told without words where the other could be found, and drew them irresistibly into one another's presence.

Henry Martin at first wondered somewhat, at his brother's complete desertion of himself, but he soon accepted the situation, and betook himself to his hunting and fishing expeditions alone. He realized that he and his idolized brother had been companions for the last time, yet he felt no pique at the radical change, and rejoiced inwardly at what he felt would be Charlie's great happiness. He liked Edna very much, and felt that the affection that had grown up between her and Charlie owed its origin to a higher power than that of man, and was due to a cause that was far deeper than material seeming.

One day Henry announced that he should depart early the next morning for an all-day's fishing excursion. He would take his rifle as well as his fishing tackle, hoping to find some game that had just happened at that season of the year to blag down.

At the peep of day Henry started out. He employed no guide, for he knew the woods and lakes thoroughly by this time from personal exploration, and felt certain that he could find his way without any trouble. He hastened along with a light heart, and was, after a few hours, intent upon the thought of inducing the "speckled beauties" of the lake to nibble at the bait he so temptingly held before them.

The day was beautiful in every respect. The atmosphere was most agreeable, for it was one of those days when the thermometer marked a degree that was deliciously cool and pleasant, and gave no one an opportunity to grumble at the excessive heat. A few fleecy clouds were seen in the blue sky above, while the cricket, the thrush, and the bobolink added their melodious notes to the pleasures of the day.

Charles and Edna set out for a morning row upon the lake. They soon returned and were strolling leisurely in the shade of the wood, when they found some rustic benches upon which they seated themselves to rest.

"Edna," said Charles, "I have something to say to you, yet I feel as if you know what it is without words from me. I have never thought much about these things until since I have met you, but I now know that a real soul is one in being and dual in expression. Edna, darling, I know that you and I are twin halves of the same soul—that we belong together—that I love you with all of the ardor of my being, and have loved you ever since I saw you in my room a few weeks ago. I knew then as surely as I do now that you and I belonged one to another, and this conviction has grown upon me during these glorious days that we have been together. Darling, tell me—is it the same with you? Do you love me as I do you? Answer me, sweet-heart, for the happiness of two lives is at stake!"

Edna, who had hid her face upon Charles's breast, as he began speaking, looked up with her beautiful eyes suffused with happy tears, and with tell-tale blushes upon her cheeks, and said in a low, earnest voice:—

"Yes, Charlie, I do love you with my whole soul. I have loved you ever since—since—well, ever since I saw you that night, and I think long before that time. I, too, am assured that we are the dual halves of one soul, destined to spend Eternity together. Oh, Charlie, how glad I am that we have found one another on this side of the grave!"

Charlie drew her closely to him, as she began speaking, but held her at arm's length as she spoke the last words, and gazed long into her soulful eyes without speaking. Then he said with a voice trembling with happy emotion:

"Edna, you have spoken the very words that were in my mind just at the moment you gave that exclamation. Surely, surely we are one if you can even think my thoughts for me!"

"Ah, my precious boy, I have dreamed of you through these many years, and I am now conscious of the fact that you have drifted before my inner vision on many occasions in bygone days. The soul ever knows its own, and commands the spirit it animates to find its other child. This command we have both obeyed, you and I, and here we are! Oh, Charlie, how very, very happy I am!"

"So am I, too, my dearest," replied Charlie. "A great peace has settled over my soul, and it seems as if I had come to my own again. I have no fear, no crosses, no anxiety, only calm content, and an earnest desire to be of service to you first, and then to all of my fellow-men. But, my Edna, what do you mean by saying that I have drifted before your inner vision? I never saw you before I came here."

"Are you sure of that?" asked Edna with an arch smile. "Think, now; go back over the years of your life; do you recall no dream

in which my face appears—no event in your inner world in which I have not figured? Ah, you know, my beloved, that you have dreamed of me in your poetical flight, and have seen my face when you were under the inspiration of your art! Can you deny these subtle dreams even from your earliest childhood?"

(To be continued.)

Over the House Tops.

BY MRS. J. CLEGG WRIGHT

Article I.—The Vision.

My Dear Friends:—It has been eleven years since I wrote the last letters under this title, "Over the House Tops." Some of you have not forgotten about them, or me, for you have asked me to continue them, even at this late day.

In compliance with these repeated requests that have come from many states and homes, I take up my pen and try to catch again the early inspiration.

When I closed my last paper, I promised that at some future time I would tell you of a strange experience that had just happened to me. I will begin these articles by keeping that promise, for that experience is as vivid in my memory now as it was then, when it had just occurred. You will remember that I was Registrar at that time of a Medical College of which my father was the Dean. It was during the vacation of the season of 1888, and I was sitting in my studio, which was located in the same building as the College. I was expecting a visit from Mr. Wright and was sitting before the window when I suddenly seemed to be in another part of the room and I heard a rap on the door; I rose and opened the door; my mother stood there and seemed to be laboring under great excitement.

"Alice," cried she, "do come to Pa." Almost immediately I heard footsteps coming behind her and looking over her shoulder I saw my father in his shirt sleeves, his collar thrown back. He came swiftly to mother.

"Oh, why did you come down stairs?" said she.

"I could not stay up there alone," he said. I looked closely at him, for his voice sounded full of pain, and to my horror I saw that the side of his cheek and neck were eaten full of holes. Terrible ulcers they seemed to be.

"Oh, Ma," I cried, "how has he hurt himself like that? What is the matter with him?"

"It was burned with acids," said she. Then as she said this, everything began to swing round. She and father seemed to swing out of sight. I came to myself. I was still sitting at the window; I had not moved away. Before I could collect my thoughts a rap came on the door. I opened it expecting to see mother surely. But lo! Mr. Wright stood there, just in from the Grand Central Station. His coming put the vision out of my mind for a moment, but I soon told him about it. He offered no explanation, but advised me to carefully remember it, as it surely would be explained some time.

Next day I told mother about it, but somehow I could not bring myself to tell father.

Well, time passed and nothing happened to explain this manifestation. The session of the College opened and all went on as usual. In the fall I paid a short visit to my sister. I left my father well. I had remained one week, when one night I was visited by a very strange dream. I seemed to be in one part of the house and my sister was in another; I started to go to her, when, upon opening the door of the room, I was confronted by a lion and lioness. The lioness was crouched down upon the floor, but the lioness was walking backward and forward. They looked mildly at me, but barred my passage. I could not go to my sister. At last the lioness went over to the lion and licked his head and jaws and moaned over him. I said to myself, "That lion is sick, that's what is the matter. He is sick and he is going to die." I began to weep. This awakened me and I thought over my dream. Somehow, I connected this dream with the vision I had of my father, and before I arose in the morning I had made up my mind that I would return home immediately. I announced my determination at the breakfast table to leave for home that very day. I arrived there about twelve o'clock; the family was at dinner. As I came in, father said:

"So you got it, did you?"

"Got what?" I asked.

"My telegram."

"Why, no," I said; "it did not come."

"Well," said father, "it must have reached there after you left. I telegraphed for you to come home." (The telegram arrived there thirty minutes after I left my sister's house.)

"Did you need me, father?" I asked.

"As I leaned over to kiss him, bending over his chair—

"Yes," he said; "kiss my cheek, dear; my mouth is full of food."

I noticed then for the first time that he talked queerly. I went to my chair at the table and sat down.

Never before in his life had father refused to take or give a hearty kiss. How strange I felt. He ate so queerly and talked but little. After the meal I went to my room; mother followed me.

"Mother, what is the matter with Pa?" I asked.

She looked at me for a moment silently and then in a shaking voice she said:

"He has a strange sore in his mouth, Alice, and I am afraid that it is a cancer. He wanted you to come and help him with the College, so he could go at once and take treatment."

"Has he done anything for it so far?" I asked.

"Only burned it out with acid," she said. As she said the word "acid" the memory of my father's mutilated face as I saw it in the vision came suddenly before me. It turned me sick and faint. Mother and I talked it all over and wept. We both felt that the beginning of the end had come, and it was so. For eleven months we fought the battle against death, but at last that desperate disease, cancer, prevailed, and all that was mortal of father was laid away, mutilated just as I saw it in the vision, but at rest.

Never for a moment did I believe he could be saved, and this belief helped me to master the details of the business soon to be left without a director. It seemed as though my very soul was quickened within me. My father's strong hope that he would recover prevented him from leaving any directions as to what should be done in case he should be taken away, but when he was gone I seemed to know every detail. There was no break, no jar; the session opened just as usual and went on, a new Dean was appointed and I was relieved at last of the burden I had carried because of the faith that was in me that I was the one appointed by the spirit world to do it. It has left to me the sweet certainty of another life where my loved ones dwell.

Use Your Infinite Power.

BY FANNIE A. HINDS.

We have not the fingers of the favored skilled artisans; we cannot offer their matchless productions, but each to do his best, we find, is the secret to all true helpfulness. Would you know how to serve all to best good—use what is made to be used, as a divine gift.

The hidden power of so-called greatness, in any branch, is but the combined skill centered in individuals, waking to new life what has slept in past conditions of being. Jurisprudence is the power of augmenting what men have held to be the law for good in the past, adapted to present needs and circumstances. That is only one field. There are others as great as to fashioning results, helpful to the individual, as well as communities. In the less lofty positions men wield a power which is felt long after they leave the environments hemmed in by the earthly material existence.

Progress is brought about by using whatever gift is bestowed upon individual lives; we behold not so much what any one person has done, or wrought, but the created, or concentered action of the many. Each life has its part to play in the complex problem. As each performs his part, we witness the accomplishment of divine purpose.

Do not strive to do your neighbor's work. Do your own as it is shown to you day by day. Do not get disheartened because another's seems of greater moment or importance. Without yours it would lose its best support. A word, or thought expressed, by lip, or finger, moves the world onward. Brains and hands are twins—with only one, what could be accomplished?

Make it plain to yourself and others that the progress onward is like unto the weaver's shuttle in the pattern beautiful. There must be varied colors and shades, dark and light, grave and gay, to represent the color perfect—one tones the other. So some lives must be grave, others gay, yet each one perfect in its blending, with our Father's love and goodness. Be of good cheer. Ride the shadows, for out of them comes richer grace, to adorn the mansion the soul is building in the Father's house.

From the Fount of Being flows the river Love. Never resting, never ceasing, from its source above. Use the power it brings, with a sense of trust.

15 Congress St., Worcester, Mass.

The world is nothing; the man is all. In yourself is the law of all Nature, and you know not as yet how a globe of my essence. In yourselves shimmers the whole of reason. It is for you to know all; it is for you to dare all.— Emerson.

By thought the life of life are changed on our own.— Emerson.

WHEN THE CURTAIN DROPS.

When the curtain drops,
And the music stops,
Then the face of the footlights fades away;
And the glowing scene
And the diadems
Go back to the past that they are by day;
As if the smiling king
Is a common thing,
While the painted fool is a sober one;
And the noble queen,
With her grace serene,
Is a woman—then when the play is done:
As if the lords and earls,
And the ladies and girls,
And the pious and pious are forgotten—then—
When the curtain drops,
And the music stops,
They must all become what they are—again.
It is thus with life—
When the mimic strife
Has faded away with the mimic mirth;
When the kings have sighed,
And the slaves have died,
And the king has all gone the way of earth,
When our pride and pomp,
And our strut and tramp
Find their end—and the prompt-books close for us—
As if we've played our parts
With our hands and hearts,
Then the make-up's doffed, and the show ends thus,
So we should not grieve
For the make-believe
For the mimic life we have lived—for then,
When the curtain drops,
And the music stops,
We will all become what we are—again.
From the Baltimore American.

The Changing World.

BY GEO. H. JONES.

Ignorance, Love and Faith, they are always with us.
Come what come can!
The Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, when pastor of Plymouth church, told his congregation of the change which the last twenty-five years has made in his theology. It was the tenth anniversary of his pastorate in Brooklyn. He said:

"I once thought there was a God at the centre of the Universe, and that he dwelt on a great white throne surrounded by his angels, who were also his messengers; that from time to time He made worlds, and that in one of those times He made this world as an engineer makes an engine. As He made this world, so He made the world of man and ruled them as a King rules over men, establishing laws and penalties as a necessity."
"I respect the old faith, though I, myself, hold it no more. I think not as one dwelling apart from Nature. There is but one force and that force is God. I do not search the history of the past to find God, but I have learned to look for Him in the old nature today. A miracle is not a manifestation of extraordinary, but of ordinary power. What makes a miracle is an unusual manifestation of ordinary forces."

Without narrating the history of the earlier events of the Christian religion, its struggles, and meetings in secret places to avoid persecutions, till a miracle was strong enough to persecute, I will refer to later events and corollaries.

The history of a good thing invariably is: First—The idea from an advanced thinker. Second—Opposition by ignorance.

Third—Adoption by education.
Ignorance sees things complex.
Knowledge sees things simple.
Where knowledge is, ignorance is not.
Where faith is, knowledge is not.
Christianity had its childhood, youth, and now old age has it; ever retaining potentials for betterment.

"He alone got the masses
Who carries them in his own warm bosom;
To a vantage they are stone."

Colonel T. W. Higginson, speaking at a gathering of Spiritualists in 1855 at Dordrecht Hall, New York, asked the question: "What must be the condition in the old nature, to drive the sheep over the wall into the new pasture so fast?"

It was not altogether the Church that was accountable. It came from a proclivity in the human mind itself. "For conceit of mortal man was part of the original plan." Feeling himself to be superior to the conditions about him, he became dissatisfied with the harmony. Doubt filled the mind, and as greed and deception seem to prevail all around, he entertains distrust and even contempt for all. The old pastures failing to afford the needful herbage, he is forced on the quest for new ones.

There is not a religious body today, whether Jew, Gentile or Christian, that impresses the mind of a thinker with respect for its teachings. They are sincere in their beliefs. Such would look upon an individual who entertained a doubt of its truth, as being a "heathen."

It was from suggestions that came to this heart of mine and its demands, that I first learned to investigate and comprehend somewhat the ways of life in and around me as not being what they seemed. I was still a child surrounded by the Puritanic element of the Cromwellian stamp, in which men would kill the cat on Monday for having caught a rat on Sunday. I, after a life, I tasted from the tree of knowledge, and forfeited paradise.

"He thought he thought great thought and thought
No other thought a thought;
If others ever thought he thought,
They thought he thought a thought."

What is the mystery in our hearts that every thought and perverted wisdom that life sport long with were made to put on masks and play the fool?

Many really do not do themselves full justice, because of a desire, in order to gauge this expression with prevailing thought of the day, the interest of fashion of the moment. But the broadening of the Agnostic's horizon—"don't know"—is charity. And knowledge adjusts and orders things, and makes the difficult appear easy. It is only ignorance that seems obtuse because of its lower plane of perception, and the real power of process, not understanding.

Hulse says:

"We do not take possession of our ideas, but are possessed by them.
They master us and force us into the arena,
Where like gladiators we must fight for them."

It was a marked event in religious sentiment when Rev. E. H. Chapin, in 1870, Universalist, was permitted to state in the New York Times, "That Universalism would not be likely to increase very rapidly in the near future on account of its principles being so largely adopted by other denominations."

Such is, also, the case now with Modern Spiritualism. Although it is in no proper sense a religion, yet religious sects all over the world are accepting its truths and adopting its principles. It is empirical knowledge, a knowing by actual experience, and in no way a simple belief to be taken on or put off at will. "Blinding the spiritual nature of man to a supernatural being on whom he is dependent."

But, rather, "a necessity." And, as Doctor Oliver Wendell Holmes said, "While some are crying out against Spiritualism as a delusion of the devil, and some are laughing at it as an hysterical folly, it is quietly undermining the traditional ideas of the future state which have been and are accepted."

We exist by its warmth, sent to us from that "bourn" whence travelers have returned. And in the hands of some people it is like the jackknife referred to by Henry Ward Beecher. Once, in 1852, he gave a notice with this explanation:

"Some of you may think it strange that I, an orthodox clergyman, should announce from this pulpit that the Rev. Dr. Ferguson, a Unitarian of Philadelphia, would occupy Dr. Chapin's pulpit, a Universalist. But I assure you, there are some people who, with an old rusty jackknife, can accomplish more good than others with a whole set of new tools."

The world is changing around us. Some have treasured up all that time has rendered worthless—the principle, feeling and mode of religious and physical (in the medical sense), which another generation has flung aside, and you remain a symbol of the past.
Spiritualism is represented by a new race of men, no longer living on faith of the past, but projecting their lives forward. Ceasing to mold themselves on ancient superstitions, their privilege is to press onward, yet reserving reverence for the stately and gorgeous prejudices of the tottering past. They put, so strangely peering over our shoulders, for all forms of religious worship claimed for base, communications from the unseen.

In the earlier days of modern spiritual phenomena each investigator demanded an opportunity to know that he knew, and mediums did not get angry at their perfunctory. They, too, were investigators of an order. They failed in confidence in the source of the intelligence that came to their cognizance so far above their own ability—every time, hardly an exception, the intelligence claimed for itself a spiritual origin, with tests of personal identity. Events crowded events into realizing the existence of the departed by the phenomenal evidence established in the minds of a culture and refinement—and many by their courage showed their conviction of Life in Death.

It is easy for ignorance to sit in judgment upon superior knowledge. I, myself, often thought I knew; but evidence which I could not deny turned the tide of my conceit.
Indeed, there is nothing more unreliable than appearances.

It is sheer folly to engage in an attempt to unravel all the truth. The fudging of the truth is by no means the reward of every effort. I fully realize that I per se am powerless; but, rather, like the atom and the molecule, possessing no power of choice. Indeed, our knowledge at best comprises but a few terms of an infinite series, the ratio guessed and the base unknown.

Words stand for things.
We are told that "Nature has allotted this earth with all its luxuriance, its richness, its verdure, its variety and charm of scenery to man as an abode."

This sentiment emanates from the minds who are not in sympathy with the new idea of Lyman Abbott—that of correlation in conservation.

Every form of "Religious Worship" necessarily clusters around its own God or gods, objective, imagined, immaculate.

Omar Khayyam well expressed this question:

"I sent my soul through the invisible,
Some letter of that after life to spell;
And by and by, my soul returned to me,
And answered—I myself am Heaven and Hell."

Heaven but the visions of fulfilled desire,
And Hell the shadow of a soul on fire."

To illustrate the common ignorance of familiar things, by repeating a conversation between a church member and an agnostic. Strange as it may appear, there are some people who, like kittens, have not yet had their eyes opened.

"What?" demanded old farmer Schalk.
"The stars, peepers, what do they know?"
Are their eyes better than mine? Don't I see that the sun gets up every morning there?" pointing his finger towards the eastern horizon.

"Yes!" says the agnostic, "but you see it this way—"

"Don't tell me about your 'this way' and 'that way'!" exclaimed the old man. "You find me a star-peeper who knows his Bible. Don't the Bible say that Joshua told the sun to stand still? Doesn't the Prophet Isaiah say that the Lord stretched the sky over the earth like a net?" "Very true," replied the agnostic, "But tell me how it is that these 'star-peepers' as you call them, are able to tell, long before the sun rises, the sun and the moon will be darkened?"
"How are they able to tell? you ask," retorted Schalk. "They find it out from the almanac, of course."

The only almanac to which the farmer appeals is one published under the sanction of the church to which he belongs. It is adorned with figures representing the signs of the zodiac and with texts selected from the Bible, and he supposed that it was made up year by year by a committee of ministers.

The Arabian proverb says:—

"He who knows not, and knows not that he knows not, is a fool; avoid him.
"He who knows not and knows that he knows not, is simple; teach him.
"He who knows and knows not that he knows, is asleep; awaken him.
"But he who knows and knows that he knows, is a wise man; follow him."

Superstition has been honestly believed because of ignorance which engendered its cruelty, its inquisitions and persecutions, because of difference in religious opinions, have not terminated. The physician and the parson each claim to have empirical knowledge, because of their faith in their respective schools; however great the diversification of each school of belief may be, either in religious matters or physics.

We are impoverished by poverty, developed by sorrow, elevated by the strong and solitary affection of our lives and thus endowed with courage, which characterizes most of the students in spirit phenomena during the first twenty-five years of its eventful history. Then, as now, spiritual phenomena gave no testimony to its origin. We have no evidence of a knowledge existing, of existence of God in the spheres, more than we have here.

No one had ever seen His face.

They knew no first cause.
We have been informed, over and over again that God "is the father" and not a personality. One stated, "When I say that in the whole of my life, of nearly three hundred years in the spheres, I have never found one spirit who could explain the God principle—how created and existing, or how he created matter—you will see at once how little is known on the subject here."

How well I remember the old Presbyterian deacon's scolding, by the mediumship of Laura Edmonds, for our holding converse with the dead. The old deacon who claimed to have been resident in the spheres over a century, was still conscious of the truth of the faith he died in.

WHAT SENATOR BOWEN SAYS.

He Has "No Hesitancy" in Publicly Endorsing Dr. Greene's Nervura Blood and Nerve Remedy, Because "It Has Proven of So Much Benefit" to Him.

The strong statements made by Senator Bowen find an echo in the words and hearts of every one who relies on Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy for troubles of the blood and nerves. These are the most obstinate ills to which men and women are subject, and the medicine which cures them is a boon to mankind.

Senator Bowen says:

"It is with pleasure that I write this letter. I have long been acquainted with the merits of DR. GREENE'S NERVURA BLOOD AND NERVE REMEDY, and have tested its merits in my own case, so that I know whereof I speak. I have used several bottles of the Nervura, and found the results most favorable to myself and flattering to Dr. Greene. Especially has it been so in a nervous difficulty for which I have used it. I have no hesitancy in thus publicly endorsing a thing which has proven of so much benefit to me. Permission is granted to publish this letter with my photograph."

S. P. BOWEN, Plattsburg, N.Y.

Every man, woman, and child in Northern New York State knows the Hon. S. P. Bowen. He has been identified with public business for forty years, and has a reputation for earnestness and fidelity to trust second to none. Senator Bowen's public endorsement of Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy makes its merit plain to those who have doubted the efficiency of this great medicine.

If you are looking for relief from the grasp of nervousness; if your blood is thin and ill nourished; if you have rheumatism or insomnia, stomach, kidney, or liver trouble, Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy is absolutely certain help.

You can make no mistake in testing this medicine recommended by Senator Bowen and a long list of representative men and women. Begin its use to-day and you will quickly be on the road to health.

Dr. Greene will give you free counsel and advice if you call or write to his office, 34 Temple Place, Boston, U.S.A.



SENATOR BOWEN ENDORSES DR. GREENE'S NERVURA.

Independent Slate Writing.

BY EDWIN WILDER.

In the Banner of May 11th, on the fourth page, under the head of "A Pleasant Occasion," we read about mediums other than Mrs. Piper, giving "scores of convincing messages," but can the world accept of that statement, is it to be depended on—unendorsed by our infallible Physical Research Society?

Mrs. Pepper, Miss Gaule and Mr. Courtis, giving genuine "evidence of the ability of our spirit friends to make themselves known to their loved ones on earth." Well, I am glad that the great and glorious fact of spirit communion does not depend on Mrs. Piper alone. Should she be translated, where would the little select coterie of investigators, with a prefix attached to their names, find another genuine "Psychic"? Would the night of darkness rest over us once more? Would the sunlight of spirit manifestation and communion rest under a shadow for another fifteen years for some "scientists" to be made certain there was a second genuine medium still on the earth?

Let us give thanks that the common people have learned, and do know whereof they affirm! And that the exorcists, hear testimony beyond question, concerning the persistence of life beyond the grave. But it is the "slate writings through that gifted psychic, Fred P. Evans," which more particularly interest me at the present writing. I am more than glad, I rejoice, to learn there can be, in, and about the slate, independent slate writing. After listening to so much talk on the platform; after reading so much in our spiritual papers about fraudulent slate writings, and T. J. Hudson's book, telling of the tricks, the sleight-of-hand performance, in connection with the particular phase of the phenomena, I am glad to know there is something worth counterfeiting, because men never trouble themselves to counterfeit what has no value, what has no actual existence.

Now, according to this "onlooker," "the messages were direct, full of internal evidence of fact, and most complete in their reference to matters of personal history, and the several sitters." "Prof. Evans did not touch the slates after they were cleansed, but sat with his hands clasped behind his head." "The messages received were clear-cut, and of a most unexpected character."

I wonder how many thousands of slates there are extant in our land at equal quiet, equal truthfulness received under equal, open, above board conditions, conditions that would admit of no trickery or deceit?

Why, Mr. Editor, I have slates written on, eleven years ago, that the medium, P. L. O. A. Keeler did not handle at all. I cleaned them, held them in my right hand, no other visible hands touched them, and the writing on them is marvelous. The straight, fine, parallel lines are a study in themselves. The signatures quite perfect. I could hardly believe my own eyes, until comparison was made with letters written by the persons whose names were signed to the communications. These slates were written on between the hours of one and two o'clock in the afternoon January 1st, 1890. It was a bright, clear, sunny day, two large unshaded windows in the room. All was free and open to sight as to one or three chairs, one table and a trunk would allow. I have placed a glass over the several slates written on at that time, and they are open for inspection.

For me, to have those slates endorsed by the "scientific circle" as genuine, would be to stultify all of the faculties by which I have lived for more than seventy years. I am less sure, less certain who is the writer of some letters that come in my right hand, than I am of the fact that these slates were written on while under the touch of my hands, and in my own lap, and on the closed, or inside. And why not? What about the hand writing on the wall at Belshazzar's feast? What about the inscriptions on the tablets of stone? "Is there anything new under the sun?"

I have a photograph of a slate writing made at Onset several years ago, where the slate was examined and made ready by a committee on the platform, then the psychic—It was at midday—held the slate above his head in the open air with his right hand. After a little time it was taken down, and found to be written entirely over, excepting a space covered with a spray of flowers and a bird.

I was present at a public seance held in the Arcade there, where the people carried their

Churches, creeds and worship are as necessary to some as they ever were. They, too, change.

Spiritualism—Telepathy from the superior state to those left, by waves conveying the best knowledge conditions permit. The expectant heart is anxious for more. Church service offers harmony by its modes of worship, an inducement to the bleeding heart—a hypnotic process. Those Spiritualists who thus go to the churches retain their knowledge of life, which fertilizes the church, as the bee loaded with pollen the fecundating dust of the flower to another blossom.

This may be one reason why spiritual meetings are slighted.
The variation by necessity, correlate to the coming of desire, thought and action. Come what can come, is personal property which no other person has a right to, for we are only spirit with the idea we grasp. Faith of the Christian is empirical knowledge to the Spiritualist—testimony by living witnesses.

The late Colonel E. C. James informed me on his return from Japan two years ago, of the faith of the Japanese, "who believed his prayers were answered when the spit-ball he had thrown at his idol of God stuck."

The faith of the Chinese in bits of paper and crooked streets to keep away evil spirits is well known. Spirit phenomena should not be peddled, like admission fees at the test entrance of a circus. Nor given in the dark in the presence of agnostics, for the phenomena are as delicate as a blush on a maiden's face. It is by conditions—liable to be influenced by extraneous causes.

But ignorance still holds the fort and what we speak must be for the few, for they alone will understand, that we do not, any better than those who differ from us, have positive knowledge, except that our "deceased" are not dead. What verity in nature is as inexorable as change, that birth by death?

Mr. Waddell, a gentleman of wealth and character, once said to Judge Edmonds—he had been telling us of his experiences, and concluded by saying—"Judge, probably no man has received more satisfactory communications than I have."

"Why, then," said the Judge, "do you not publish them to the world over your name?"

"What! And make myself thought crazy?" Judge Edmonds had been at this time nominated for the Bench of the Supreme Court of New York, and was required by his political friends (?) and associates to decline, because of his belief in spiritual communications. How different would have been the result now!

"New occasions teach new duties,
Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still and onward,
Who would keep ahead of Truth."

Why do we adults of the civilized world look for approval from the stranger rather than for justice to be determined by our own sense of right? Oh! this spirit of servitude! The most of us are more slaves than free. Civilization enslaves us all. Fashion is our lord. No proclamation of a Lincoln can unweave a link from this servitude.

The child is honest, no hypocrisy, no timidity, not requiring an introduction; faithful, honest and true.

Spiritualism—the Intelligence that tells of Heaven by death, and how best to avoid the Hell in life—has drawn a weighty fact from truth. The act of the passing generation is the germ which correlates and must produce good from potentials—still the history of acts of cruelty in the long past serves to illustrate how much of the old material goes to make new history. Even the martyrs of that terrible delusion, witchcraft, who teach that influential classes were fully liable to all the passionate error that has ever characterized the maddest mob. Clergymen, judges, statesmen—the wisest, calmest, holiest persons of their day—stood in the inner circle around about the victims, loquacious to applaud the work of blood, latest to confess themselves miserably wrong.

Our Puritan forefathers, most unreasonable wretches, who said their prayers before daylight, to hear sermons three hours long and to proclaim bounties on the scalps of Indians. Their festivals were fast days and chief watches and Quakers for the love of God.

At all events, whatever they attempted to do, they showed the courage of their conviction and with the approval of ignorance did it in the name of the Lord.

In the depth of every heart there is a tomb, and a dungeon, although the light, the music, revelry above, may cause us to forget

their existence and the buried ones or the prisoners they hide.

Without an all-dependent trust in a comprehensive sympathy above us, we might hence be led to suspect the insult of a sneer as well as an immitigable frown on the stone countenance of fate.

Let us not argue from any evidence of inequality that the times of our forefathers were more vicious than our own, when, as we pass, we discern no badge of infamy on man or woman. It was the policy of our ancestors to search out even the most secret sins and expose them to shame in pillories, without fear or favor, in the broadest light of the noon-day sun.

With them it was an honest but ignorant fight for souls. Today with us it is a rigid and cruel fight for gold.

Few of us realize the rapid strides of correlation in the recent past, shown by change of thought. For instance: In 1772, at nightfall, the King of Prussia, Frederick William I., father of Frederick the Great, would hold one of his evening revels, in a bare hall, around a long wooden table, where ranged seats of wood. The King obliged his guests to drink excessively; it was one of the ways of making love to him—that of taking a little too much wine. The King would threaten his physicians with imprisonment of the faculty if they did not relieve him within a given time, so harassed was he by the King's questions. He breathed to God a prayer begging him to guide his tongue; but Gundling was among the guests, and he arrived drunk. He made astonishing gestures, arose from the table and went falling among the pages, returning, howled and then went off again. The pastor prayed the Lord to be merciful and prevent such like scandals.

However, the presence of the Queen and princesses imposed a certain restriction. At the table they were men among men.
The King gave free scope to his humor, telling of his mortifications, and his hopes, storming against the quadrille dancers, or perhaps taking off manners of tactics, then returning to stories of other slanders.
How changed; yet today, Necessity, the god of the ages, manifests the same sensual spirit in church and physics by ignorance, but, by secretive modes, with a feeling of success, openly pursue difference in opinion.

No two sects agree in church matters, nor in two schools of medicine, and some, if they had the power of determination of King Frederick William, would be as arbitrary.
How stands the physicians' record, as to their medical knowledge today?
To be sure, the X-ray has shown some of their ignorance; Hypnotism more of it; while success of other modes has reduced their practice and compelled them to seek relief by the enactments of oppressive laws. The wisest among them know not the ways of medicine, while the surgeon is sure of his knife.

It is not very long since the patient with a burning fever was refused a drink of cold water.
In the spring of 1817 the Princess Charlotte of England was once more expected to become a mother. The two royal physicians, Drs. Baillie and Sir Richard Craft, for some time had kept down her abundance of humors by repeated bleedings and the meagerest possible fare, unmindful that in so doing their patient was also deprived of the strength necessary for the coming hour. The unhappy Princess and the expected child died.

George Washington had a sore throat, and the prevailing ignorance of the best faculties then known bled him to death.
The faith in ignorance is a power of no mean order, because of its honesty; while evolution—correlation in conservation—tells a different story—knowledge.

Nobody ought to have the blues, girls least of all. And yet girls do suffer from moods of depression, and are miserable because they are misunderstood, or because their lives are vague and indefinite, or because they are hedged in by circumstances, and cannot see their way out. When we are young we do not realize that we cannot force affairs as we choose; this is a lesson which we learn as we grow older. There is great peace in living for a single day as it comes.—January Ladies' Home Journal.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1901.

Spiritualist Societies.

Our desire this list to be as accurate as possible. With corrections or omissions please notify us at any address. Notices for our columns should reach this office by 10 o'clock noon of the Saturday preceding the date of publication.

BOSTON AND VICINITY.

Boston Spiritualist Society. Meetings every Sunday at 10:30 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. at the Boston Spiritualist Society, 100 Huntington Avenue, Boston.

The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society. Meetings every Friday at 8 o'clock, 100 Huntington Avenue, Boston.

Brookline Spiritualist Society. Meetings every Sunday at 10:30 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. at the Brookline Spiritualist Society, 100 Huntington Avenue, Brookline.

Cambridge Spiritualist Society. Meetings every Sunday at 10:30 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. at the Cambridge Spiritualist Society, 100 Huntington Avenue, Cambridge.

Waverley Spiritualist Society. Meetings every Sunday at 10:30 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. at the Waverley Spiritualist Society, 100 Huntington Avenue, Waverley.

Brookline Spiritualist Society. Meetings every Sunday at 10:30 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. at the Brookline Spiritualist Society, 100 Huntington Avenue, Brookline.

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Quartet, that has given so much satisfaction the present season, and added so many to its long list of friends, has been engaged for the season, commencing Oct. 6, 1901.

E. L. Allen, Treas.

Maine Invaded.

ARMY OF WORKERS LOOKING FOR GOOD TIMES.

Anticipation is the consideration of something beforehand, and for the spring sportsman it is a foretaste of the expectations and delights of the spring vacation. There is nothing more enjoyable to the sportsman than the preparation of the lines, hooks, flies, tackle, and other paraphernalia for his spring trip, for they bring to mind the many happy hours and pleasant associations of past good times. The conclusion of this overhauling is followed by a perusal of every book, pamphlet and folder obtainable for information about fishing resorts and regions, the final decision being that the old one is good enough. Next comes the tedious wait for the announcement that the "ice is out," upon which declaration away he goes.

Comfortably situated in the little Pullman the eager and expectant fisherman knows that by noon of the morning his haven will be reached, and a too short period of unequalled sport is at hand. New England, with its hundreds, yes, thousands, of well stocked lakes, ponds, brooks and streams, offers allurements of greater importance than any other section. Take Moosehead, for instance—its situation is deep in the wilds of Maine, yet half a day's ride places its overabundance of rare sport within your reach. Its every cove, inlet, bay and harbor is a fishing rendezvous. Landlocked salmon and lake trout weighing five pounds each are often taken. The several accessible points on Moosehead are Greenville, Capens, Kineo, Lily Bay, Spencer Bay and North East Carry, at each of which places the fisherman will find accommodations of surprising excellence.

If you are thinking of making a fishing trip, or if you are an old timer, the Brochure "Fishing and Hunting," published by the General Passenger Dept. of the Boston & Maine R. R., Boston, will be of use to you. It will cost you but two cents in stamps to get it.

Review of the Field.

Boston Spiritual Temple, May 12. Mr. Wiggin, in his morning's discourse, took for his text, "For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways." From this and many other Bible passages he brought before his audience the fact of universal spirit presence and influence as proven by ancient and modern phenomena. The evening audience was far beyond the seating capacity of the hall and the exercises of answering questions, giving spirit messages from ballots by Mr. Wiggin and singing by the Ladies' Schubert Quartet were up to the usual high standard.—Mary L. Porter, Secretary.

9 Appleton St., Boston, Friday, May 17.—The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society met as usual with the president, Mrs. Mattie E. A. Allen, in the chair. Mrs. Mattie C. Mason opened the evening with singing. Mrs. A. S. Waterhouse spoke briefly. Miss Marietta Willis gave an excellent reading, "Fishing." Mrs. Bonney spoke and gave many tests. Mrs. N. J. Willis congratulated the society upon the change of hall and spoke of the brotherhood of man and justice to all. Mr. J. Frank Baxter read a few sentences which were well received. Mrs. S. C. Cunningham gave excellent messages; Dr. C. W. Willis, Mrs. Mason, remarks.

We served supper every Friday night at 6:15 p.m. Carrie L. Hatch, Sec'y.

Boston, May 12. Our Lyceum opened as usual at 11:30 a.m. There was a large attendance as usual. The audience was entertained with recitations by Frances Kohler, Harry Geer and Baby and Tracy Ember, Teresa Stevens; song, Dr. Hale; piano solo, Rebecca Gooding; remarks, Dr. Willis, also Dr. Hale, on the lesson of the morning.

We witnessed the presence of a good friend, Mrs. Butler, who was unavoidably detained at home. Memorial service on the last Sunday in the month.—S. E. Jones, Sec'y.

Waltham, Mass. Mrs. Nellie Burbeck served the Spiritualist Progressive Union church, Sunday, April 22nd, in her usual pleasing manner. May 5th, Mr. J. Frank Baxter presented two pleasing and instructive programs at 3 and 7 o'clock p.m. to large and interested audiences.—Ella A. Wheeler, Sec'y, 74 School St.

At the meeting of the Maiden Progressive Spiritualist Society, held Sunday evening, May 12, in Masonic Building, 76 Pleasant St., the religious services were conducted by Mr. Milton. Mrs. Emma Whitford offered invocation. Mr. Snow read a paper entitled "A Scientific Religion," and Mrs. Annie Hanson Kibbe gave beautiful messages of consolation from spirit friends.—John R. Snow.

Waverley, Sunday May 12. A large and enthusiastic meeting was held at the Home, presided over by the newly elected second vice-president, Mrs. M. M. Nichols. The sister was cordially received by all present. A most instructive and harmonious meeting followed, assisted by such well known workers as Alice Waterhouse, Miss Susie Clark, Mrs. S. E. Hall, Mrs. Z. Mosier, Mrs. Robertson, Dr. Blagden, Mr. Chase and others.—H. P.

Fitchburg, Mass. Large audiences attended the services of the First Spiritualist Society, Sunday, May 12. Mrs. Nellie Burbeck of Brookline is a fine speaker and her addresses both afternoon and evening were listened to with close attention, and were followed with most satisfactory spirit messages. The piano selections by Miss Howe were pleasingly rendered.—Dr. C. L. Fox, President.

At the conference meeting of the New Bedford Spiritualist Society, held Sunday, May 5th, among others invited to speak was Miss Minerva Beane of Hartford. Miss Beane was very clear and distinct in pronouncing and at close of afternoon and evening services received congratulations of the society and audience, and many requests to come again.—R. A. Gooding.

Sunday, May 12, two very interesting meetings were held at the Woman's Progressive Union, Brookline, by Mrs. A. E. Dickinson. Subject for afternoon, "Scientificism," and the evening, "Love." Both drew good audiences. Many very convincing messages followed at each session. All recognized. Fine singing by Mr. Sonecheson. Mrs. Cunningham will be with us the remainder of this month.—Mrs. N. B. Reeves, Chairman, Spiritualist Church, Hartford, Conn. Madame Haven, conductor. Meetings will hereafter be held regularly in Temple of Honor Hall, No. 91 Aylmton St., every Sunday evening at 7:30; good music under leadership of Miss Gertrude C. Laddlaw. May 12, on account of removal to the new hall, dedicatory exercises were held, consisting of invocation by Madame Haven, readings, interspersed with remarks by Mr. John A. Decker, chaplain; a general conference meeting, with remarks by Mrs. present, and short address by Mr. C. E. Brainard; messages, Madame Haven.

Bradford Centre, Me. The spiritual society of Bradford has had the pleasure within the past week of listening to two lectures through the mediumship of J. S. Scarlett of Cambridgeport, Mass., and all agree that he is advancing thoughts that are bringing the people to better know themselves. He is also a fine test medium and we would recommend him to any society who is in need of a speaker and test medium.—A. C. Bailey, chairman executive committee.

The Hanger Spiritualist Society has conducted a four weeks' engagement with J. S. Scarlett of Cambridgeport, Mass., which ends the meetings of our society for the summer months. Mr. Scarlett has won the friendship of the society and in fact all others who have had the pleasure of listening to him each Sunday. Many regrets were expressed that Brother Scarlett had to leave us to fill engagements elsewhere and I believe it is the wish of every one here that he shall come to us again another season. I wish to say a word in this report in favor of the services of Mrs. Ada Longue of Hampden, the noted clairvoyant, who favored us for the last two Sundays. I wish to say also, that Brother Scarlett never misses an opportunity to say a word in favor of the good old Banner of Light.—J. H. Kane.

N. S. A.

BY DR. F. S. BIGELOW.

All too soon I see steps toward revolt and at the Convention of 1901 much bickering and strife are, I fear, imminent. Spiritualists, one and all, remember the soul and body of Spiritualism will be represented at that meeting, and will be approved or condemned by the outer world.

I beg of you all to meet as men and women, not as angels.

Angels have, we are told, made war in Heaven. Prove that the N. S. A. represents the highest standard of morality and spirituality.

Unselfishness, greed and madness must not be manifested at that gathering.

Are you striving to pattern the doings of Congress? You are supposed to imitate the good part, and set example worthy every one's attention. We plead with you all not to forget whom you represent in your Convention, and instead of striving to use the surplus of the Mayors' fund let us work in the right direction, in the spirit of progress, for the highest good of all.

I believe every true Spiritualist and Free-thinker will give one dollar toward a fund which is to maintain and unfold the grandest possibilities of the soul. The treasury of the National Association should hold the funds subject to demands, needs, and advice of the Trustees of that body. A committee should provide literature where it is thought advisable, and another committee should help those in need in case of sickness and death.

We all should work hard so that no one need be obliged to a physician or preacher who is objectionable to him. We claim to have the aid of other worlds; now let us prove it by moving in the right direction.

One million dollars or more can be raised if true soul interest is taken. We want the money where it can be used as needed. One million dollars would place us where we could have a voice in making the laws. Let the National Association provide receipt books, with stubs, to be turned over to the secretary and treasurer each month, by the agents appointed to solicit funds. No one should pay more than one dollar per year and as much more as the giver can afford. The writer will give \$100 or more, and I feel sure that many others will do likewise. Every library should contain the works of D. M. Bennett, A. J. Davis, R. G. Ingersoll and other liberal writers. If a large endowment fund can be placed in the hands of the writer who will help us?

Centre Sidney, Maine.

If your Brain is Tired Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. T. D. Crothers, Supt. Walnut Lodge Asylum, Hartford, Conn., says: "It is a remedy of great value in building up functional energy and brain force." Invigorates the entire system.

Missionary Work and Experience.

BY GEORGE W. KATES.

There has been a great deal said about the missionary work of the churches in foreign lands, and the most eloquent features thereof have not retarded the zealots from giving their service and lives. It requires there shall be sublime faith or high human ideals to create so much self-sacrifice for the cause of religious teaching. But, backed by a powerful organization, people are always willing to give service. A break institution gives no such effect that comes from sacrifice. A blind faith in human need of a Savior causes devotees to seek for their salvation—but the primary cause of religious zeal is usually a desire to enlarge the church sphere of operation. To expand the Lord's kingdom is supposedly to increase the safety of one's soul. This selfishness is apt to cause the worker who is credited with sacrifices made.

In the field of human progress where a person goes forth with a sole desire to help his fellow beings, the labors become a greater burden because of the lack of sympathizing and helping associates.

The Spiritualist mediums and speakers have not been missionaries in the sense that creates such for the church in foreign lands—trying to convert heathen—but are such in effort to present truths and facts not accepted or understood by the multitude. The Spiritualists are not trying to convert—but are seeking the education and development of humanity in spiritual, mental and physical conditions of life. They have not sought to build a powerful organization of devotees, but hope for a strong combination of intelligent and earnest helpers of humanity who shall destroy the strife, debauchery and ignorance so prevalent. But, we have come to the time when organized effort must supplant the desultory method heretofore employed. The Spiritualists are creating local, state and national co-operation. Such societies now exist and a duty has arisen that we support them.

If human interests are conserved by co-operation, then it is right that we should combine to present truths and facts not accepted or understood by the multitude. The Spiritualists are not trying to convert—but are seeking the education and development of humanity in spiritual, mental and physical conditions of life. They have not sought to build a powerful organization of devotees, but hope for a strong combination of intelligent and earnest helpers of humanity who shall destroy the strife, debauchery and ignorance so prevalent. But, we have come to the time when organized effort must supplant the desultory method heretofore employed. The Spiritualists are creating local, state and national co-operation. Such societies now exist and a duty has arisen that we support them.

Too many ask why we should seek to present Spiritualism to the masses—thinking they should seek it. As a public laborer for years in many places where Spiritualism is an entirely new proposition, or has been supposed to be only a system of crude phenom-

ena, I have often concluded it is not wise to present the evidence until the people are impressed by the teaching of its philosophy.

I have found that the philosophy impresses the hearer, but the phenomena antagonizes his prejudice. By teaching the ethics of spiritual facts we prepare the mind to receive the evidence. In presenting the facts, to a conglomerate audience of people, the more credulous are apt to accept whilst the analytical mind will defer judgment and exact repeated manifestations.

If the latter understood the ethics of the fact he would not ignorantly repudiate it but being startled by a phenomena that he was unprepared to witness, he rejects and accuses, thus creating antagonistic conditions. The former has less analysis and is willing to accept—and he becomes at once a fanatical devotee. Thus the missionary in our home-field finds difficulties surrounding him. His efforts are supported by these more crude and fanatical followers—and they exact phenomena rather than philosophy. The local society must present the seasons more than the intellectual; and all spiritual force is sunk in the mire of material accumulation.

The visiting medium is not revered for any mental or spiritual attainments, but valued only as the machine of the spirits, and it is no matter whether the latter are ignorant or learned, so they can "tell something" or "do something," that we poor mortals may realize spirit presence and power. Usually all this is absorbed to serve their worldly conditions and desires.

This class of people develop mediumship and attract the less intelligent spirit. They rush at once into some public effort, at least invite friends and neighbors in to see the spirits work. No wonder there is obsession! It is an incessant habit with some to ask for the spirits to control the medium. The missionary is always urged to visit homes and let the spirit control and talk. A learned judge who was a phenomena fanatic, could not let a meal be partaken of without asking something of the spirits—and has said: "Let them control, for you are much better entranced than in the normal." That may be true, but the normal is very necessary—

to the medium. Sociability and fraternity are sunk into this disparity of personality—and the medium becomes callous to the calls for visits from both strangers and so-called friends.

To be a missionary in our own land, as a Spiritualist, means to sacrifice yourself to all sorts of privations. You will be entertained in parlors and halls—but usually told how much your hosts sacrifice to entertain you. You will be held in the parlor or some family room to talk Spiritualism between meals and after meetings, with a constant asking, "Do you see something for us?"

You will endeavor your life by travel on the small and unattractive boats, and dine with rich food and poor food, sometimes well cooked and often badly so, with bad magnetism added. You will warm unused beds of sometimes feathers and other times of straw, in cold rooms or hot rooms; you may get sick, but the hospital is your refuge; you will get the criticisms and distrust of the people and be charged with being grasping. And this is but the beginning of your missionary efforts. But the world needs you and we admire your courage. Perhaps the angels bless you, and humanity may write a posthumous history of you that will credit your zeal and sacrifice. Many zealous have preceded you, and the people are calling for you. But get good and ready before you start. We would not have you fall by the wayside. But we hope to see the N. S. A. get the states all organized and then these State Associations form circuits in each state, with a speaker and medium in each circuit, or located in separate localities. The public cause can then be prosecuted upon a co-operative basis that will create strength and protection. Missionary needs will pass away and an era of progress and utility will ensue wherein the ministry of the spirit will be utilized for intellectual and comforting communion. The crude use of a divine force will pass away—and the growth of the spiritual—power and growth will ensue to forever bless the children of life who are each and all heirs of immortality.

The Detroit Mass Meeting.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I take the liberty to report to your readers that under the auspices of the National Spiritualist Association, a three days' series of meetings were held in Detroit, Mich., which was well attended, many coming quite a distance to partake of the "feast of reason, and flow of soul," as given by such eloquent advocates of the Cause as H. D. Barrett, Rev. Moses Hall, Rev. R. F. Austin, Will C. Holke, Hon. Dr. P. Dewey, Mrs. M. E. Root, with H. F. Flanders and Mrs. Jackson as demonstrators of the phenomena. To single out any one specially would be too much of a task, as each one had their own way of presenting the beautiful philosophy. Of course we were all pleased to welcome Mr. Barrett, the president of the N. S. A., as I believe this was his first appearance in Detroit, and though suffering from a severe cold and otherwise, he proved himself worthy of the position he so faithfully fills, and was faithfully upheld by the rest of the speakers. An excellent musical program was rendered under the direction of Dr. J. W. Briggs. While it is said that order, or harmony is heaven's first law, music must be the second law, as it brings such harmonious conditions, and inspiration both to speakers and mediums.

I W.

Anniversary Celebration.

The Fifty-third Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism was duly commemorated by the Spiritualist Society of Galveston, Texas, Friday and Saturday, April 29 and 30. The ladies held an afternoon reception and bazaar. Each night a musical and literary program was presented. Sunday night the anniversary lecture service was held. Special choir music was a pleasing feature and an abundant outpouring of inspiration through Mr. John W. Ring on "Spiritualism Today," made it an occasion long to be remembered. The proceeds were applied to the "Temple Fund." The society is in a prosperous condition.—Corr.

To Let.

In the Banner of Light Bldg., No. 204 Dartmouth Street, a fine large front room, well adapted for a medium's, physician's or dentist's office. Terms reasonable. Apply at Banner of Light Book Store.

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A Story revealing the Spiritualistic Philosophy. By S. C. C. This is one of the strongest and most convincing books, setting forth the claims and the data of Spiritualism, ever written. The work is put in the form of a story, it portrays the soul-history of a young man and his wife, who were married in the year 1840. The title of the book is taken from the New Testament. Paine's famous question, "What is Truth?" The husband is a doctor and investigator of the occult sciences, while the wife is a Spiritualist. The story is told in a simple and direct manner, and is a most interesting and valuable work. It is a story of the life of a man and his wife, who were married in the year 1840. The title of the book is taken from the New Testament. Paine's famous question, "What is Truth?" The husband is a doctor and investigator of the occult sciences, while the wife is a Spiritualist. The story is told in a simple and direct manner, and is a most interesting and valuable work. 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ESQ series of articles from the facile pen of that well-known writer, Mrs. J. Clegha Wright, opens with this issue of the *Banner of Light*. The title will be "Over the House-tops," a theme well calculated to interest the thoughtful, and give comfort to the sorrowing. Subscribe for the *Banner* and see what this gifted writer has to say.

SPRIT Message Department.

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

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

These circles are not public.

To Our Readers.

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

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

Report of Seance held April 23, 1901, S. E. 54.

MESSAGES.

John Kendrick.

The first spirit who comes here this morning is a man about forty-five years old. He is very thin and extends a strength and kindly feeling toward me. He has broad shoulders, gray hair, gray blue eyes and gray sideburns. He steps up to me with a military air; as he does so he says, "Please say that my name is John Kendrick; I came from Chatham, Mass. I have been in spirit life over twenty-five years, and this is the first time I have ever attempted to return. I desire more than I can tell you to get a message back to my friends. I am not so interested to give any particular thing or word about business conditions or about special interests, but to let the people know I am alive and have an interest in affairs in general. When I came to this land, it was such a surprise to me, for I had no idea that I should step from one condition to another so like the one I had left, and yet it was a pleasure. I find in talking with many spirits that the same experience is theirs as mine, and many of them do not wait as long as I have, but instantly strive to return to their own. I have with me Eliza; she is more anxious to give a definite word than I am; she says, "Please tell Nellie that I am so desirous of giving her a word of cheer and of comfort; that I am just as fussy as I used to be to have everything in its place as it ought to be, and yet I find that I am growing and growing and growing to understand other people better than I ever did here. I would so much like to get to Martha, to say to her that the hours are long indeed since I have come away, but with the happiness that will be hers to know that I am with her, I hope to shorten them for her."

Addie Gallagher.

Now I see the spirit of a very thin and quite tall woman. She has black eyes and dark, dark hair; it is combed very plainly; she has a nervous, quick way and walks up to me and says, "Oh, please don't keep me waiting any longer than you can help. My name is Addie Gallagher, and I lived in San Antonio, Tex. I have come from there this morning with the express desire to get to my father whose name is George. I want him to understand that I am working to help Joe. I know if he thinks I am that he will be more patient. Joe has caused me much trouble and has caused me much turmoil, but I do not see as there is a thing gained by turning him out or telling him over and over again of what he has done. Let us take hold of hands, papa, and see if I can't save him through our influence. I have my little sister over here; she has grown to be like me, only I think she is better, for she understands spirit-life so much better and is so much more patient than I am, but I do want to go back to the home. I would like you to feel that I am there and if you will only try and open the doors for me, I will be sure somehow to make myself known."

Ella Hersey.

I see a girl about eighteen years old. She is short and plump and has blue eyes and brown hair, just as pretty and wavy as it can be. She comes in a bright little way and brings a cheery atmosphere with her. She seems perfectly happy, although when she begins to speak to me her lip trembles and her eyes fill with tears. I think she is very sensitive and that she was when she was here. All at once she puts her hands out and takes hold of mine, and says, "Oh, if I could only speak as well as you can and could come into the home as well as you can, I would be the happiest spirit that you can imagine. My name is Ella Hersey; I used to live in Toronto, Canada, and I have wondered, sometimes, if it might not be possible for me to get word back to my people through this paper. Many of my friends have heard about Spiritualism, but they haven't understood it to make a study of it as I would like to have them. I did not want to die. Life was so sweet to me, I had so many things to do, so many friends to love that it seemed to me I could not tear my spirit from the body and come over here, but after all I was obliged to succumb to the disease, and here I am, just as conscious as any moment of my earthly existence and so utterly unable to express myself. Oh you people who know about spirits, who receive them, have no idea of the reachings and strivings of the spirits who cannot get to their own, and how they would use any opportunity or any avenue to get back and express their love. I want to go to Jim and I want to tell him that I have seen how he has missed me. It seemed to him at first

that he could not live without me, and now there are times when he just walks up and down and seems like one lost. Oh, if he could only realize that in those moments when he passes up and down that shop and looks about and wonders where he will go or what he will do, that I am there, I am sure his nervousness would go away and he would be happier. Oh, Jim! sometimes when I look at you it seems as if I must speak loudly enough for you to hear my voice and it seems that when I touch your face, your hands and your hair that you must feel me, and when you don't, I turn away and wait and wait for you to open the door for me."

Albert Seymour.

I see now the spirit of a man about twenty-four years old. He has dark blue eyes, dark hair, a dark mustache and he is tall, slim and has the proudest kind of a way, just walks in here as though he were going to make the best of things anyway. He says, "My name is Albert Seymour and I used to live in Lynn, Mass. I lived there nearly all my life, in fact I don't know much about any other place. I was one of those people who tried to make the best of things as they came, and I have tried to do the same over here. I didn't have much time to make preparation when I came to the spirit. It was as though the blow fell and I did not know what the matter was and woke up to find myself in the spirit. My mother is over here with me and that is of course a comfort to me. I was not unhappy in earth life, but I never settled down and now I am glad I didn't. It would have been harder to have left a family and a home and an unsettled condition, than it was to just drop out of life as I did. I have a sister; I want to go to her; I want her to know that while it was her wish that I should be more settled, that I should have a home, she must see now that it is better as it is, and that I am happier to have it so. Emma is the name. I want Emma to know that she is quite mediumistic. I am glad she is practicing. The music is good for her and I like to hear it now just as well as I ever did, but I play tunes with my feet more than with my hands, and she will know what I mean by that."

Eliza Brown.

The next is a woman about fifty-five years old. She is short, stout and has dark eyes and gray hair. She walks over to me and says, "Without any fuss or adieu, I just want to say that my name is Eliza Brown. I used to live in Plainfield, N. J. I have many friends there now and I am more anxious than I can tell you to read a message to some of them. To Edith who is studying so hard, I want to send this word,—that if she will take it a little easier, I am sure I shall be able to help her but as she is going now it seems as if she outruns me and I can't keep up even with the magnetic influence, to give her strength. She must remember that she can't crowd all of an education into four years of life, there must be some time given for experience and she will have much to learn. One can't learn lessons and have that finish it, but must all through life be ever-learning and that is what I want her to understand. Tell her too that I have seen Mabel. Mabel sends her love to her and says to tell her that she is so glad to see her going on with her studies after the intermission that she was obliged to take. Oh, I am so happy in sending this message. It gives me more joy than I can express just to be able to see and know that I am in touch with the loved ones here. It is beautiful over here but somehow we cling to the old conditions because of their nearness to us. I thank you for giving me this opportunity to speak and if I can, I'd like to come again at some time."

Jerome Converse.

I see now a woman with a baby. She is about thirty years old and is tall, rather slender, and has fair hair and a light skin, with blue eyes and really looks delicate. In her arms she holds this little child as though it didn't have a very long experience in life but belonged to her. The first thing she says when she walks over to me is this: "Can I send a message to Jerome Converse who lives in Salt Lake City, Utah, and can I tell him that I, his wife, am here and that I have made this effort to get word to him that he might understand that when he put me away it was not forever as he believed? He has been very brave and philosophical over it but his heart has been near to breaking and I so long to have him understand that my influence is about him and that I can see him. Only the other day when he came across the letter I had written him, about the only one he has, it seemed as if his heart would break and I stood there by him longing so much to tell him that I was there. I am quite satisfied with the picture. It was better than I could have hoped for and I know that his whole thought is in fixing up the place where my body was put away. That matters little to me. If the same effort and thought were put in to finding out where I am instead of decorating where my body was put, I am sure that I could make it plain to him that I am still a part of his life. It is almost a vain hope I have in coming here and yet one in desperate need uses desperate means and I at the risk of his tossing back my message as though it could not be, come and use my effort and my influence to send it to him. I am not unhappy but I am persistent and I cannot bear to think of the years that will intervene between our meeting unless he makes it possible for me to speak to him now. Oh, I thank you more than I can tell you for this chance and I hope to follow with another message and to give him expression personally."

Charles Gordon.

I see a fat man. He is a little below the medium height—just as round and plump—looks like a barrel. He is rather sandy complexioned and has a sort of a light reddish mustache. He laughs all the time and I guess that is what made him fat. He

kept his mouth open laughing so much that he just filled right up. He says, "Well, well, I never knew what it was that made me fat. Then the remedy would be to keep my mouth shut. I never could do that," and he laughs again. He puts his hands together, then gives another little laugh and says, "I can't quite make up my mind to do anything but make the best of conditions as they are brought to me. I was always like that in earth life, if I came to a hard place, I did what I could and let the rest go. Now I have got here, I can't say much of anything else. I know I want to get to Ruth, and if you will just accept this as meaning that I want to get there and will when I can, I will have to leave it." His name is Charles Gordon and he comes from Montpelier, Vt.

Verification.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Please let me acknowledge, at this late date, that the message from Hiram Preston in the Banner of May 21, 1898, is genuine. Hiram Preston was and is my grandfather; his home was in Otsele, N. Y., and he was known as "Uncle Hiram." The message is very characteristic of him.

Mrs. C. N. Pitts.

Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY FIVE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Whittier said the saddest words ever written were, "It might have been." This expression might fit into circumstances that would indeed make them seem the accents of an acme of woe. But seeing as the world in general sees, and as we Spiritualists once felt before the consolations of Spiritualism had sunk into our hearts, it seems as if there could be no sadder words than the following:

"And musing now in silent dust
The heart that loved me dearly."

It is so beautiful to be loved, be it by friend, child, lover, those of one's family circle, or by husband or wife, that when the one who loved us so truly is forever removed from our mortal gaze, and the form we loved is being resolved into the clouds of the valley, the iron enters the soul, and we feel an aching pain that tears cannot relieve.

And each mourner feels that his own loss is more painful than any other could have been. Those who have been betrothed, but were never married, feel that this very circumstance makes it the harder to bear. They think that if they could have had the satisfaction of having lived together, their suffering would be less.

On the other hand, those who have walked together many years in the unwavering love of happy wedlock know well that they suffer far more than those who loved without having married, though they admit that in the latter case the disappointment may be keener.

When two who loved from the beginning have joined their earthly paths into one, have joyed and sorrowed together, have labored and rested in union, have perhaps had the old love freshly cemented by the advent of little ones, and joined their hearts more closely together as they saw their own child laid in the dust, then when one of them is removed by death, the survivor feels a loneliness that the society of no one else can mitigate.

I have such a case in mind in the person of a valued friend. After forty years of happiness with the wife of his youth, she was taken away from him by death, leaving him at the age of more than seventy to walk life's pathway forever alone, though the devotion of faithful sons and daughters is still his.

He is a man of a deeply religious nature, and for many years was an earnest member of the church. His heart is sympathetic to a degree that is seldom equaled, and though advanced in years, he possesses a youthful ardency and buoyancy of nature that make it very difficult for him to sit down and bear his loss in the quiet spirit that often comes in old age.

Though he had always been devout as a churchman, yet when death claimed his loved one, he could not rest quiet in the belief that she was happy with the angels in heaven at the feet of Jesus, unless he could be in some way made sure that she was still her own old self, enough to continue to love him.

At last, having become aware of me through these letters, he wrote to me, and I recommended several mediums in different states, to whom he wrote, without receiving any satisfaction.

One day I read in your columns the report of a short address given by a Boston medium in a neighboring town. What she said went straight to my heart, and I was impressed that her sympathy and her truth were such that this man's wife would be able to communicate with him through her agency. I at once wrote him her name and address.

The outcome was most satisfactory. He was at that time entirely unknown to Spiritualists, and yet she wrote to him in his Pennsylvania home, names and circumstances that proved to him beyond a doubt that his dear wife was in intelligent communication with him.

Not long after, a ring at the door ushered him into my sitting-room, and he told me that he was on his way to Boston to have some personal interviews with this medium.

On arriving in Boston, he learned that she had been taken by a severe and prolonged illness, which interrupted for several months her work for humanity and for spirituality. I think he saw her but once while in Boston, but at your office he was informed of three others, to whom he went, receiving large satisfaction, and taking copious notes of all that was said and done.

On returning to Pennsylvania he gathered all his surviving children, with their husbands and wives, read them the account from beginning to end, and showed why he was now

sure that he had word from their beloved mother. As in the case of the mountain interview of Jesus with his disciples after his crucifixion, some believed, "but others doubted."

Later, his pastor came to see him, and left so stone unturned to induce him to discard these views which seem to him so dangerous. But having received evidence just as clear and convincing as what came to the apostles of old, he stood firm, and is well known today as an outspoken and an out-and-out Spiritualist.

A sweetness has come into the life of this bereaved man that could have come to him in no other way. He has become a reader of Spiritualistic newspapers and books, and often feels, while reading, the presence of his wife. He knows that like him she is only waiting until the silver cord be loosened that binds him to the earthly tabernacle, so that she can add to guide him to their new home in the Spirit-land.

On the door close at my side is a simple wood engraving that he cut out of some publication and sent to me. The picture is by Lillian Snow of Belchertown, Mass., and is entitled "Almost Home."

An old man is advancing up a country road shaded on the left by fine trees. His frame is large and strong, his shoulders are bent, he leans on his cane. His head is turned from us, his gaze is fixed on the rustic gate before him and on the dear home beyond. The old man is "Almost Home."

The sorrows of such a mourner are deep and enduring, but it may be that they are not quite so exquisitely poignant as those of the mother who lays her precious baby out of her bosom, and sees the little form laid in its tiny grave. And alas! her pangs are not mitigated by the fact that millions and millions of the mothers of earth have suffered and are suffering the same.

A friend and I were at the cemetery here not long since. We had been looking at the grave of her husband and my friend, in which his form was laid in February of last year.

A carriage came along the driveway, and a small party alighted. There were the young husband and the wife, the little boy, the Episcopal clergyman, and the lay coffin. The service was uttered feelingly, but was simple and brief. In that communion, the same brief and simple service is uttered over the grave of a mitered prelate or of a little child.

When the first pieces of soil were dropped upon the small coffin, the mother shivered and broke into a low, wailing sob, which was quickly checked when her husband placed his hand on her arm. A moment or two, and all was done. They entered the carriage and it quietly drove away.

Poor, sorrowing mother, my heart ached for you that day, and has ached for you many times since. Who they were we did not know. The clergyman we had never seen. They came from an adjoining town. But that night I thought of the empty arms, and oh! how I did wish for the power to whisper into that young mother's ear the consolations of Spiritualism!

Yes; the loss of an infant must pierce the heart, especially if the child has been ailing for a long time. The fact that the little creature cannot tell the nature of its pains, the doubt that the most skillful physician often feels as to what really ails it, and the tender clinging of the little arms to her whose touch brings some solace to the sufferer, are enough to thrill the tenderest fibres of the heart.

All through babyhood, the mother watches for the little sounds and actions that indicate her infant's growing love for her. Every one of these becomes inexpressibly dear.

During the dreary hours that precede the death of the child, when hope is gradually yielding to the pressure of despair, she thinks of each mute caress by which the baby has shown its love for her, and which always awakened the very sweetest pleasure she has ever known. And while she fears that never again will she feel that precious caress of the little hand and arm, she is filled with unspeakable grief. How can she live out her life, she thinks to herself, without her baby?

And when the child is gone, when she knows that the precious form that she loves more than life itself is lying deep in the ground, that she can nurse it and bathe it, and feed it, and caress it no more, it is no wonder that she raises a wailing cry, and like Rachel cannot be comforted, because her child is not.

Ah! mothers of earth, bitterly do ye have to suffer now. But, please Heaven, the time will come when the little babes of earth will die no more. It will not come in our time. The world is not yet advanced enough for that. In the good time coming by and by, each little babe who is born into the life of earth, will grow to be a child, a youth, a man or a woman, will mature into the usefulness of middle life, will ripen into the experience of elderly age, and into the softly waning power of old age. Then like a shock of corn fully ripe, he will lay down the earthly body, and burst into the perennial bloom of life in the Spirit World.

When that happy stage of man's development has been reached, the sufferings of those who survive will be far less than now. The elderly sons and daughters of the departing aged pair will realize as the world does not realize now, that that departure from physical conditions is merely an event in the continuous life of the soul. They will know that they, too, will soon reach that event, and so the generations that follow one another will live in joyous expectancy of a freer, broader life beyond, when they have gained the experience that comes with living the whole of the time allotted to us here.

I have not read Lillian Whiting's "Spiritual Significance of Death," but I can picture its scope and its heavenly teachings. What a grand work she is doing! Doors are opened to her that cannot be opened to many, and she leads the blessed truth and knowledge and experiences of Spiritualism into many hearts who could not receive it in any other way.

But it is not only those outside of the pale of Spiritualism that can be instructed by Miss Whiting. I think we may all learn of her, and I love to sit with the simplicity of a little child, and learn what she has to tell me of "life, death, and that vast forever." She has been chosen by the angel world to be the mouth-piece of angels here, and it is sweet to me to see now, bright gems sparkle in her crown.

In fact, we are grateful to all our workers. For me, I cannot read the books of all our writers, though many of them send me their works. My left eye aches so much with the effort of reading that I really cannot read but a very little in any of them. But an inner sense tells me of the good they are doing, and promises me that by and by, when life's labors are over, their deepest thoughts and their loftiest aspirations will be poured into my enraptured soul.

Yours for humanity and for spirituality,
Abby A. Judson.
Arlington, N. J., May 13, 1901.

A Twentieth Century Catechism.

Lesson Fourth—The Will and Understanding.

BY W. J. COLVILLE.

Q. What do we mean by will?
A. Will is an evidence of love; the stronger our love the greater our will. Will is the creative, architectural or organizing energy within us.

Q. Is will always righteous?
A. Will is always essentially good, but until our understanding is sufficiently unfolded to enable us to see how to carry our root-desires into effect, we often ignorantly wish to do things which will prove detrimental.

Q. What do we understand by benevolence?
A. Good-will, from the Latin bene volens, which signifies well-wishing; benevolent people are those who actively engage in helping others to carry good intentions into practice.

Q. To what can we attribute our desires, ideals and aspirations?

A. To some capacity within us which is seeking expression. We desire what we desire because of what we contain and by reason of what we are capable of accomplishing.

Q. How should we act toward those who are victims of unreasonable desires which lead to injurious conduct?

A. We should attribute all their erroneous wishes or mistaken desires to some defect of understanding, but never permit ourselves to believe that the essential will of anyone is evil.

Q. Can we overcome vices of all descriptions by education?

A. We certainly can and in no other way, but a successful plan of education must be founded upon an intelligent appreciation of the essential goodness of all human desires.

Q. Can we always fulfill our desires and realize our expectations?

A. There is no reason in the nature of things why we should not fulfill them all completely, but as desires can only be fulfilled with the aid of knowledge, we cannot do with will alone a work which requires the co-operation of understanding also.

Q. What is always necessary to success in any undertaking?

A. Concentration of desire and fixity of purpose. We must steadily resolve to carry a purpose into effect and quietly but actively engage in study of the means whereby the end can be attained which we are pursuing.

Q. What do you understand by Destiny?

A. It is the destiny of every seed to bring forth according to its own kind, therefore it is unreasonable to expect an effect which does not agree with its producing cause.

Q. What do you mean by Fate?

A. Fate attaches to every conceivable mental attitude; we as individuals are not fated to joy or sorrow, health or sickness, prosperity or adversity, but a result follows upon entertaining a certain mental attitude, therefore it is more correct to say that our mental states are fated than that we are fated.

Q. What is luck or chance?

A. There can be no chance, because the universe is ruled by order, and what we call luck is simply the operation of the immutable relation between cause and effect in a region where we have not perceived its action.

Q. Can we change our luck for worse or better?

A. We can change our luck only by learning how to relate ourselves differently to our surroundings. If our present condition causes us to attract misfortune, we can rise into a state where we shall attract good fortune.

Q. How much power have any of us over circumstances?

A. Just as much as we have gained through knowledge of order; it can therefore be truly stated that our power to govern circumstances is always commensurate with our knowledge of how to make the plastic substance of the universe obedient to our will.

Q. What do you think of Miracles?

A. A miracle is anything which excites surprise or wonder, and as a few people can do more than the majority there may at any time appear among us some worker whose achievements are beyond our power to explain until we are much wiser than at present.

Q. Do you believe the law of Nature is ever altered?

A. We see no reason why it should be, but though we know only a little of its scope and action, we believe that every event is due to its unalterable motions.

"George," said Mrs. Ferguson, "for heaven's sake straighten up! You're worse hump-shouldered than ever."

"Laura," retorted Mr. Ferguson, "be satisfied with having married me to reform me. When you try to reshape me, you are undertaking too much."—Chicago Tribune.

She didn't "have the last word," but her silence gave assent, and she was willing, after meditation on the "depravity of man," to let both jobs out.

