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THE HEART'S COMFORT.

The brightest blessing that can befall
Upon the sorrowing low bent head
Comes from the Land of the Divine—
A message from our hallowed "dead."

Thou Spring a thousand times more sweet,
With all its promise-laden hours,
Than in their chimes your hopes repeat
Set to the music of the flowers.

From out the silence of the stars,
Sung by the voices of the sea,
Soft whispered by the river bars,
Chanted in exquisite harmony.

Down a moon-silvered path to earth
It floats to you and me with charms,
That fill us with celestial mirth,
And waits for us to a realm of calms.

Have faith, and Death's thin veil will part.
And clear before you will be spread
A glimpse of Heaven, while to your heart
Will float a message from the "dead."

Pure, child-like faith will open the gates
Of peaceful everlasting day,
Where many a gold-crowned darling waits
For you and me in white array.

The ones who bore the cross of pain
With fortitude, await us there,
Love-laden, singing Joy's full strain,
Smiling immaculately fair.

The same old love, but strengthened more,
And sanctified by long, long years,
A benediction will outpour
And make you smile amid your tears.

The voice that rang in days of old
The song of "home, sweet home" is filled
With richness now, like harp of gold
When swept by angel hands and thrilled.

And oh! no matter where you are—
Upon the mountain top, or deep
Down in the valley, or out far
Upon the trackless rolling deep—

Each prayer you send, on wings of flowers
Will bring return with blessings shed—
A harp of harp of harp of harp,
Chiming a message from the "dead."

—DEVOTION.

Sydney, 1901.

Psychic Romances.

BY OLIPH V. HATHORN.

Charlie paused for a moment before he replied. Then he said, "No, Edna, darling, I cannot deny them. I have drawn mental pictures of my ideal, and fancied that at times I saw her face. I will admit that there is a strange resemblance between yourself, dearest, and those dream-visions of mine. The likeness puzzled me when I first saw you, for I felt as if you were like some one whom I must have known, yet I realized that I had never looked upon your face until you visited me so mysteriously that night in the hotel."

Edna looked up at him with a radiant smile, then said softly, "My darling, you said a moment ago that a real soul is one in being, and dual in expression. May it not be possible for each one of the duals to go in search of the other? Indeed, I know they do, and that is why you and I have so often met. We have journeyed in our astral forms, made brief, but delightful visits, and then parted until the time was ripe for the meeting that shall never end—the one that is now at hand."

A silence fell upon them for a few moments, when Edna spoke again:—"Charlie, do you remember your brother's references to Hudson's theories the night after he captured the tramp? I longed to tell him of my—of our—astral wanderings, and to assure him that neither Hudson, nor any other specious reasoner upon preconceived ideas could ever explain away the phenomena of soul-expression. They may argue, they may protest that they know it all, but the fact that the soul is the real, the all of man, yet remains, and is the only explanation of intelligence. I repeat, the soul forever knows its own."

"If this be true, why are so many seeming mistakes made in the matrimonial world?" asked Charlie.

"Because," said Edna, "the average marriage is either for mercenary motives, or for temporary convenience, hence is not of the soul. When the soul speaks, no mistake is made, as is attested by the few happy unions that have come under your observation and mine."

"Edna, dearest, how do you know all of these things? Have you been a student of occult lore all your life? Where did you find these strange ideas?" queried Charlie.

"Some of them have been life-long convictions that have come to me from within," replied Edna, "while others have been due to what many would term intuition. No, dearest, I have never studied occult science, and all I know about it has come to me as an inner conviction, without material evidence. I have gotten my best thoughts and have arrived at my most rational conclusions since I have known you. You supplement my life, my real being, and from what you have just told me, I know I do yours."

Charlie's face beamed with joy as he listened to Edna's words, and he exclaimed earnestly: "Oh, my darling, I have never known what it is to live until since I have met you. My loftiest artistic fancies, my

highest poetical flights are indeed due to you. Yes, darling, you are the other half of myself, as I am of yourself. Happiness is ours, and we will make the most of this existence for others as well as for ourselves!"

Then followed some of those tender passages that are so precious to every newly engaged pair, but we decline to draw the curtain for curious eyes and ears to see and hear the scenes and words of love between these happy lovers.

When the bell rang for luncheon, Charlie and Edna sauntered slowly toward the hotel, little realizing or caring for the fact that they were the cynosure of all eyes as they approached the broad veranda. Edna sought her room to arrange her disheveled hair, and to hide a little of the tell-tale color in her face. At the table they tried to appear unconcerned, and to act their usual selves.

But it was of no use; something had happened—something had come into these two lives that had broadened and ennobled them both. Their ignorance of the outward change that had come to them—a change that was apparent to every one else—made them all the more interesting to the onlookers. Many a tender smile was cast in their direction by both strangers and acquaintances, who had not forgotten the "old, old story" of their lives, and were momentarily happy in reliving it through others.

Ah! The old, old story! Will it ever become too old to be attractive to the children of men? Will it ever cease to charm the ear of listening love, or fail to give solace to the aching heart? Never, so long as the heart can love, or the soul can call its own, just so long will the story of man's love for woman, and woman's love for man, continue to soothe the troubled spirits of earth, give the healing balm to the wounded form, still the restless beating of the feverish pulses of men, and fill life's cup to the overflowing with the precious effervescing waters of pure happiness! Nay, the story of true love will never grow old; it will be ever new, and will gain, by each true repetition, in power until at last the soul alone shall use it, and never fail to call its own into the sacred relation of wedlock.

About three o'clock in the afternoon, Charlie and Edna were seated side by side in a pleasant grove a short distance from the hotel. The promises of the early morning with regard to weather had not been fulfilled. The afternoon was exceedingly sultry; the skies took on a peculiar look, and seemed to frown angrily upon the earth. Everything portended a fearful storm, yet our friends in the grove were so intent upon their own affairs that they were unmindful of the gathering storm without.

Suddenly a loud peal of thunder and an angry flash of lightning startled the lovers, who at once endeavored to reach the hotel. The rain began to fall in torrents and they were forced to remain where they were. For more than an hour the fierce warring of the elements continued, when a freshening breeze from the west cleaned up the sky, drove the storm clouds away, and permitted the sun once more to smile indulgently upon the earth.

Charlie and Edna betook themselves to the hotel, where they removed their drenched garments as expeditiously as possible, and met in the parlor as unconcerned as if nothing had happened, and as if they viewed a drenching as one of the most agreeable things in the world. It was not long before the young people found themselves alone in the room. Even at a fashionable summer resort people can be considerate sometimes. Charlie's hand, accidentally, of course, closed over Edna's, and she did not renege. Suddenly, both sprang to their feet with a startled exclamation, and gazed fixedly out of the window.

"Charlie, what did you see?" asked Edna in an awed whisper.

"I saw my brother Henry in great danger, and engaged in a terrible struggle to save his life," replied Charlie in the same tones she had used, yet his voice shook with emotion, for Charlie dearly loved his twin, notwithstanding the new love that had so recently blossomed in his life.

"I saw the same thing," said Edna, in a strange whisper. "Look, Charlie, see those men whom he saved from drowning; they are trying to waylay him on his journey homeward. We must save him! Merciful heavens! There is a wild animal springing upon him! He will be killed! No, he has leaped one side, but is wounded; now he is striking with his knife. How hard he breathes! Come, Charlie, we must go to him! These men will kill him, even if he escapes from the catamount! Come, Charlie, come! We must go!"

Charlie Martin stood as one stupefied. He gazed into space, but said nothing for a moment. Then he exclaimed fiercely, "Yes, yes, I saw it all. I see it all now! I must go to save my beloved brother!"

He rushed out of the house, to the astonishment of the good people on the veranda, and ran quickly to the stables. "Hitch up a span of your swiftest horses instantly; my brother is in danger, and I must go after him!"

The men sprang willingly to do his bidding, and the horses were soon attached to a light, easy-running wagon. As Charlie was about to enter the carriage, Edna appeared with her hat, coat, and a brace of revolvers. She was also attired for a drive, and had a bundle of linen and other necessities that are used in case of wounds. She sprang into the carriage. Charlie protested, but she said, "We saw his danger together, and together we must save him!"

Charlie said no more, but sprang in beside her, saying, "Come on, boys! Some robbers are trying to waylay my brother, and he is in danger from a catamount also. Follow us and help us save him!" With these words, the horses sprang forward at a light touch of the whip, while four or five men at once prepared to follow him, wondering how Mr. Martin had heard of his brother's peril.

"Which road shall I take?" asked Charlie with set teeth, as he came to a division in the way.

"The one to the left," replied Edna, quickly. "Drive faster! It is necessary," and forward the horses rushed as if they knew they were bent upon an errand of mercy.

Five miles were passed at a furious pace, when Edna said, "Slowly, Charlie, we are near him." Charlie brought the horses to a standstill, and sprang out of the wagon. Edna followed him quickly, when suddenly a huge catamount sprang into the road only a few rods in front of them. The horses reared and plunged, and would have broken away had it not been for Charlie's muscle and Edna's presence of mind. Charlie grasped the bridles with a firm grip while Edna spoke to them soothingly, and soon had them perfectly quiet. Charlie Martin advanced slowly toward the wild beast, and deliberately prepared to fire.

"Look out for the horses, Edna," he said in a low, constrained voice. "I am going to shoot that catamount. Edna stood at the horses' heads, and gently rubbed their noses, patted their necks, with the result that they obeyed every command she gave them. "Still, now," said she, as the revolver awoke the echoes, and the catamount gave a bound into the air with an angry snarl, that would have sent the horses homeward at a furious pace, had they not been under the hypnotic spell of Edna's voice.

Charlie's aim had been well taken, but it required a second and even a third shot to despatch the catamount. All these events transpired in less time than it takes to describe them, but there was yet work to be done.

"I wonder where Henry is," said Charlie, as he returned for a moment to Edna's side. "I am almost afraid to look for him, lest I find him dead," and the voice of the speaker shook as he uttered the last words.

"You will find him on the left hand side of the road, nearly opposite the place where the catamount leaped into the road," said Edna. "I will remain with the horses; go and find him."

Charlie needed no second bidding, but went at once in search of his brother. He made his way cautiously into the wood for a short distance, and then called, "Henry, where are you? It is I, Charlie. Where are you?" No reply came to these eager words, and Charlie Martin pushed forward, impelled by some power, he knew not what, to take the course he did.

He soon came to a bluff overlooking a deep ravine, and began at once to descend to the water's edge. About half way down he discovered a shelving rock, underneath which, on a flat stone, he saw his brother's form. With one bound he sprang upon the rock, and found to his great joy that Henry had only fainted. His clothing was badly torn, and Charlie found that the left arm was bleeding profusely from a scratch of the catamount. A light flesh wound on the shoulder had the appearance of having been caused by the thrust of a knife.

It did not take him long to clasp Henry in his arms, and retrace his steps toward the road. It was a difficult task, but Charlie felt right about with superhuman strength, and in a few moments he staggered into the road, and tenderly laid his brother's form upon the grass.

At this moment a carriage drove up containing four men from the hotel, who had followed in response to Charlie's call as he and Edna drove away.

Edna requested one of them to look after the horses, as she wished to devote herself to caring for Henry. One of the men ran for water, while the others assisted Edna in removing the clothing from Henry's arm and shoulder. An examination of the wounds proved that they were not at all serious, and with proper care, would heal speedily.

With careful hand, Edna cleansed the wounds, applied some simple remedies, and deftly bound them with the linen her thoughtfulness had provided. While she was engaged in her self-appointed task, Charlie and the others were endeavoring to restore the patient to consciousness. Their efforts were soon rewarded, and as Henry opened his eyes, he

looked about in amazement, and asked, "Where are they?"

"Whom do you mean, Henry?" asked Charlie quickly.

"Why, those men who attacked me after I got them out of the lake. Oh, I remember now. They ran away when the catamount sprang upon us. They can't be far away; they must be captured for one of them tried to stab me."

"We will look for them right away," said one of the men, and three of the rescuing party prepared to go in search of the assailants, when Henry called them back, saying that he would describe the parties and the location where they tried to rob him.

Charlie seated himself upon a stone near the road and took Henry's head upon his knee. He gave him a little brandy and water, and in a few moments Henry proceeded with his story.

It appeared that he was fishing on the west side of the lake, when a heavy thunder storm came up. He noticed a boat with three men in it out on the lake. A sudden gust of wind capsized the boat, and placed the men at the mercy of the waves. They called for help, and Henry at once swam to their rescue. He succeeded in righting the boat, and after a hard struggle brought the men in safety to the shore. He had left a portion of his clothing on the land, and when he tried to resume his outside garments, a small pocket book dropped upon the ground. He also had occasion to glance at his watch to note the time. These several movements were noted by the men he had saved, yet they said nothing at the time.

They remained with him a few moments, when they made off into the wood in the direction of the road, saying they were going to the hotel at which Henry was stopping. He then asked the way, saying that he did not care to return by the lake shore. They told him he would find a road, not far from the shore, that would take him there. He thanked them for their information, and said he would return that way.

Some fifteen minutes later he started for the hotel. He was about half way from the lake to the road, when the three men whom he had rescued from the lake, sprang upon him. He kept them at bay for a time by a few judicious blows, when one of them struck at him with a knife. It gave him a slight flesh wound in the left shoulder, and he would have been overcome by his assailants had not a strange thing happened. A shrill scream was heard above their heads, and a huge catamount dropped down upon them. His claws raked Henry's left arm, as he fell to the ground, and the men took to their heels, with the catamount after them.

Henry arose, took a few steps, and then fell; the next that he knew he found himself in the midst of his friends. He knew nothing of the shelving rock, nor of the semi-cave in which he was found.

"What time was it when you looked at your watch?" asked Edna quietly.

"It was three forty-five," replied Henry. "For I started for the hotel at just four o'clock. Why do you ask?"

"Because Charlie and I had a very strange experience at three-thirty, that impelled us to come to your rescue," answered Edna. "We saw everything as you have described it, even the capsizing of the boat, as well as the attack upon you, before they occurred. It seems. At any rate, they brought us to your rescue, also these friends who followed us. We obeyed the commands of unseen monitors, and I believe we have saved your life, for had you escaped the catamount, you would have fallen into the hands of those villains for whom you risked your own life in the lake. We shall see more of those men yet."

The party made ready to return to the hotel, and the dead catamount was taken along as a trophy. They had not proceeded far when three men were seen walking leisurely along the road.

"Those are the men who attacked me," said Henry. "They got away from the catamount and are now going home."

"I knew we should see them again," said Edna. "They must be captured, and put into prison."

The four men who had come to assist in Henry's rescue were made acquainted with the fact that his assailants were in the road ahead of them, and it was at once suggested that the entire party should be made prisoners. Preparations were duly made, and the two carriages were soon abreast of the pedestrians. They came to a full stop, and before the men on foot knew their purpose, four of the party, including Charlie Martin, had leaped to the ground, and were crying, "Throw up your hands!"

The brigands were too much surprised to resist, and instantly obeyed. They were made prisoners, and taken to the town lock-up by their captors.

Charlie, Henry and Edna returned to the hotel where a double surprise awaited them. Gen. and Mrs. Martin, and Edna's father and mother were on the porch to receive them. Mutual explanations and introductions followed, and it was a merry party that sat

down at one of the large tables in the dining room for a late dinner.

Henry eagerly questioned his father as to the cause of his unexpected visit at this particular time. "We are glad to see you, of course," concluded Henry, "but I know you must have had some powerful incentive to induce you to make this trip."

"Well, so I had," replied Gen. Martin, laughing. "I was worried about Charlie, and could not dismiss the impression that he needed me, while your mother felt as if you had been in great peril, and were in need of her."

"That's the way we felt about Edna," said her father, laughing. "We did not feel that she was in danger of her life, but we could not shake off the impression that she wanted us, so here we are."

The strange experiences of both Edna and Charlie were gone over at length, and all parties agreed that a higher power than their own wills had revealed these truths to them. Gen. and Mrs. Martin were much pleased with Edna, while her parents were at once attracted to Charlie.

The party broke up at an early hour on account of Henry's weakened condition, with the understanding that they should meet at breakfast the next morning. No one of the four parents was surprised when the engagement of Edna and Charlie was announced, nor was the least objection made to it. When Charlie pleaded for an immediate wedding, Edna alone demurred, but her objections were speedily overcome, and the wedding day fixed three weeks hence.

The intervening weeks were pleasant ones to all of our friends. Edna and her mother, with Mrs. Martin, interested themselves in the matter of the trousseau for the bride, while Gen. Martin, Edna's father, Charlie and Henry looked on in interested wonder.

The day soon came and Charlie and Edna were made husband and wife according to the law of the land. The higher law of the soul had made them one before they met in mortal form, and they only outwardly subscribed to what had long been an inner truth to them, when they took the vows of matrimony. Their happiness cannot be measured in words, nor is it our purpose or province to attempt to describe the emotions of their souls in the hallowed relations that were now theirs. Words are meaningless when they are applied to soul-interpretations, for soul only can interpret soul, and then by a language all its own.

True happiness is born of the soul, and Charlie and Edna Martin did not need written or spoken words to express their views one to the other. Through soul-perception each knew the other's life and thought, and was enabled thereby to respond in kind without ostentatious display of any kind. Souls always know their own, and draw unto themselves that which ministers only to the highest and truest within them. So it was with Edna and Charlie, and in the midst of their soul-joys we will leave them, as they journey from place to place, acquainting themselves with their native land, and growing more and more into a knowledge of the power of the soul, as it expressed itself through the finite channel of one or the other of them.

Henry Martin soon recovered from his slight wounds, and, after his brother's marriage, journeyed westward into the State of Wisconsin, to complete his vacation. Here he found excellent sport in hunting and fishing, and proceeded to enjoy himself to the utmost.

One morning he entered the dining-room of his hotel, as he supposed, to eat his breakfast in solitary state. He had a daily paper in his hand, and leisurely perused the same as he waited for his order to be filled.

He heard the head waiter as he waited some one at his table, and, glancing up, caught the eye of a lady who had been seated directly opposite to him.

"Why, Edna!" he exclaimed in astonishment. "Why are you here? Where is Charlie? Did you come on to surprise me in this way?"

The lady looked up in surprise as she heard Henry's voice, and then colored deeply as he eagerly questioned her. She hesitated a moment, and then dropped her eyes, but did not speak.

"Edna, are you offended with me? What is the matter? Where is Charlie, your husband?" queried Henry.

(To be concluded.)

It would be a poor result of all our anguish and our wrestling if we won nothing but our old selves at the end of it—if we could return to the same blind loves, the same self-centered blame, the same light thoughts of human suffering, the same frivolous gossip over blighted human lives, the same feeble sense of that Unknown towards which we have not yet reached irrepressible crisis in our loneliness. Let us rather be thankful that our sorrow lives in us as an indelible force, only changing its form, as all forces do, and passing from pain into sympathy—the one poor word which includes all our past insight and our best love—George Eliot.

THE DAY OF REMOY AND FLOWERS.

Break alial enter box of joy—
All in the house of time to be—
Celestial in its love employ,
And sweet as blossom on the tree:
Our heroes fought and died of old,
For this grand cause of freedom's plan;
Their very dust shall turn to gold,
Their very names make more of man:
In bloom and beauty of the May,
Toss let us keep Memorial Day!
For memory watches of flowers,
It recollects the day with flowers,
And in the night its stars are shown—
To glorify and bless the hour:
We love the past, we love the now—
Who made our present rich and fair,
They brought God's springtide back again—
When winter long caused dark despair,
So in the bloom and bliss of May,
We keep with joy Memorial Day!
—WILLIAM BRUNTON.

The Situation.

BY HARRISON D. BARRATT

No thoughtful person can read the leading editorials in The Light of Truth of May 4, 11 and 18 without being deeply moved by their burning eloquence, and absolute sincerity of spirit. "Unite or Perish" was a slogan cry to the scattered forces of the Spiritualists of America to rally as one man to the support of the Cause that is dearer to them than life. "A Condition Precedent" was another ringing battle-cry, whose echoes will not die away until every Spiritualist is made to feel that he must do something to keep the grand old ship from being cast upon the breakers of indifference and selfishness and utterly destroyed. Signs of decay are painfully apparent in our local societies, with very few exceptions. These exceptions are object lessons that count for much to those who are desirous of having Spiritualism step to the front as the one great reform movement of the age.

As I view the situation today, after three complete and extended tours of the country during the past eight years, it is only a question of time when our local societies must pass out of existence. Many of those that were strong and vigorous eight years ago have gone out of existence, while others have degenerated until they have reached a level upon which true Spiritualism cannot afford to stand. It is true that new societies have sprung up in many localities, have flourished for a time, only to pass away as did their predecessors. With very few exceptions, the life of the average local spiritualistic society is exceedingly brief. In my experience, I have found that very few of them reach the age of ten years, and that the vast majority of them seldom go beyond the age of five years. Divisions and subdivisions are numerous, and every schism weakens Spiritualism by taking from its support those who are in search of truth, but who object to bickerings and jealousies in religious assemblies.

One of the causes of disintegration is the extreme anxiety of some mediums to get before the public. In many instances a person finds that mediumship is latent within him. A few sittings reveal clairvoyant power, and perhaps that of clairaudience. One description is given that is recognized, and then the medium hires a hall, advertises largely, and starts a meeting of his own. There are probably three hundred to four hundred of such meetings in America today. At these gatherings, only the crudest phenomena are presented, and the science, philosophy and religion of Spiritualism are but slightly emphasized, if mentioned at all. These meetings are sources of weakness to Spiritualism. They add nothing to it in the way of local influence, and certainly detract from the prestige of what should be the leading religious movement of the age. It is not a question of support for the medium who thus attempts to start a meeting. The Cause is greater than any individual, and its welfare comes first. If organization were perfected, the medium would be cared for, educated for a teacher, and placed in the position for which his talents fitted him. These individual meetings have driven thoughtful people into the liberal churches, or to Theosophy, Metaphysics, or Christian Science for the food that is denied them at their own gatherings.

Frequent changes of speakers has wrought ruin to our Cause. Wherever settled speakers have worked for a number of years, as in Boston, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Buffalo and San Francisco, results of value are apparent. The membership of the local societies has largely increased, while in some instances temples have either been erected or purchased. The Spiritualists in those cities have made themselves felt in the educational life and social reforms of the day. They have also gained the respectful attention of the secular press, and have given Spiritualism its proper dignity and standing in all society circles. With weekly or monthly engagements of speakers, no such prestige could ever have accrued to our Cause. To change speakers every Sunday or even every month is to destroy the usefulness of the local society that does it, and will surely result in its overthrow. An able speaker is succeeded by a weak one, and vice versa, so that each one is obliged to gain an especial following for himself. Frequent changes of speakers have led to the deterioration of the platform utterances. Talented men and women have left the rostrum, forced off by mediocrity evolved by the dyspeptic appetite for constant change. Scholarly men and women have gone to other denominations, or remained at home, being unwilling to listen to that which did not feed them. The speakers, in many instances, have yielded to the temptation to make one lecture last a year, and have preferred a single Sunday engagement to that of a month or year, because they would have to prepare themselves for their work if they took the longer engagement.

Phenomena also have had an influence in the production of the present condition of things. When our movement was strongest, and its organizations most successful, phenomena were sought for the purposes of study, scientific demonstration, and spiritual revelation. They were offered to the world

to make science religious, and religion scientific in character. They were not exploited from the platform to the curious, the unthinking, the unfeeling, and unsympathetic people who were only desirous of winning away a passing hour. They were studied with care, and made the foundation of the most beautiful philosophy the world has ever known. When they were placed upon the platform, they were forced into a position not naturally theirs. They belonged to the laboratory of the scientist, to the home circle, and to the sacred communion service where a medium goes to those whose souls are hungering for the bread of heaven. The offering of phenomena from the rostrum opened the door to the counterfeiters, and the counterfeiters soon had their own way. They either drove the genuine mediums out of employment, or forced many of them into retirement. There are genuine mediums before the public today, and I am far from desiring that phenomena be done away with. But they have other uses than those to which they are now devoted. They should be consecrated to spiritual unfoldment, and to scientific demonstration of life beyond the grave.

There may be other causes for the decadence of our local bodies, but I will mention only two more. One of them is the ever-present spirit of jealousy that obtains with so many speakers and mediums. It is true that the churches are not exempt from this condition of things, but Spiritualists should be above it. Few mediums are there who have one kind word to say of their fellows, and this also is too true of many speakers. The carping and back-biting of the speakers and mediums soon find their way to the people, and another weakening influence is set to work. Spirituality never flourishes where inharmonious reigns, and I have found the famous Kilkenny cats in many spiritualistic aggregations in this nation. Men and women of refinement will not go where there is quarreling, or where unsympathetic conditions prevail. The other is the contest that has been so fiercely waged by the non-religious Spiritualists against those of their brethren who found in Spiritualism their religion. This contest drove many spiritually minded people out of our movement in toto, and has served either to turn them into the church, or to one of the branches of Spiritualism above mentioned. This contest has also cost us some of our most learned speakers and earnest workers. A. B. French, Miss Doten, H. H. Brown, R. P. Ambler, Miss Susie M. Johnson, and many others are cases in point.

Thus we have some of the causes that have produced the present condition of decay in our ranks. Let me say here that I refer to the decay of our organizations—not to the decay of Spiritualism itself. Spiritualism will be cared for by those who gave it to the people of earth. But Spiritualists are the ones with whom we must deal. They are the ones who are being crushed by their own inertia, and made to serve as do the slaves in the field. Legislation is against them; their mediums are being persecuted; their sick and afflicted are denied the physicians of their choice, and in many other ways are they being made to feel the tyrant's power. What is their remedy? To whom shall we turn for help? All that is left to us, as The Light of Truth well says, is the N. S. A. and the nucleus that has been gathered around it. The N. S. A., then, is the centre of power to which all Spiritualists should look for help in the present crisis. But in order that the help may be given, the N. S. A. must be equipped to do the work. First of all, then, let us endow the N. S. A. Let us fill its treasury with the coin of the realm, and make it possible for something to be done. With cash in the treasury, missionaries could be employed to labor in all centres where a few Spiritualists reside, upon the same plan that is now followed by the Unitarians. They have church building funds, missionary funds, as well as funds for charitable purposes. By putting a devoted missionary in one city or town it would not be many months before he could have a permanent organization established, that would be self-supporting.

The N. S. A. should likewise establish postoffice missions, and employ the ablest talent on both continents to create the same. Let Andrew Jackson Davis be approached by this Association, paid well for his contributions, and made a teacher for the younger people who are to go forth as ministers of our splendid gospel. Let Minot J. Savage, Moses Hull, James H. Hyslop, R. Heber Newton, William James, A. B. French, J. M. Peebles, Hudson Tuttle, Lyman C. Howe, Charles Dawbarn and others be called into requisition as specialists to deal with certain subjects in regard to which they are well versed, and thus make our organization educational in the highest sense of the word. Let us distribute this literature freely, and see to it that some of these productions find their way into the columns of the Spiritualist press. I do not expect to work miraculous changes with the Spiritualists of middle age and over; their course is fixed, but I do hope to see conditions established for the proper education of those of the younger generations who are to take our places.

All prototype displays should be abolished. The present mass meetings are like the old-time orthodox revivals—good for the occasion and a few days afterwards. What is wanted is steady, devoted work. It is easy enough to organize a society, but it takes concentrated effort to keep it alive. The mass meetings have served a good purpose; they have advertised Spiritualism, and educated some Spiritualists in respect to the purposes of the N. S. A. But I feel that they have served their purpose, and that they should give way to another and more important effort. That effort is Altruism, outlined in part by my references to a full treasury for the N. S. A., and the selection of consecrated men and women to expound the higher gospel to the world. It will not be difficult to reach the hearts of the people when teachers approach them whose lives, characters and souls are expressions of truth and goodness. It is a question as to the method of raising the necessary revenue. I believe that men and women are in the form today who can, through proper solicitation, turn

HON. E. J. PICKETT'S PUBLIC STATEMENT.

"I Have Found Benefit and Help from the Use of Dr. Greene's Nervura, and Freely and Publicly Recommend Its Use to Any Others Who May Be Suffering from the Same Troubles."

As Commander of the Clinton G. A. R. Post for 10 years, and President of the Clinton Co. Veteran Association; as Representative of his district in the State Legislature, and holding other public offices in the gift of the people of his section, the Hon. Mr. Pickett has a wide acquaintance. He is trusted, respected, and looked up to by all. His word is "as good as his bond." Everyone who knows him or his reputation, will understand how thoroughly he has been convinced, before making a public statement. Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy cured him of rheumatism and insomnia. Read his letter.



Hon. E. J. Pickett, Pickett's Corners, Saranac, N.Y., says:

"It gives me pleasure to thus address you, giving some account of my opinion of DR. GREENE'S NERVURA BLOOD AND NERVE REMEDY. I have used Nervura for some time back. I have been troubled with rheumatism and insomnia for a considerable time. I am pleased to state that I have found benefit and help from the use of Dr. Greene's Nervura in a large degree, and freely and publicly recommend its use to any others who may be suffering from the same troubles. The report of the benefit conferred on my friends has come to me often, and I feel sure that Dr. Greene's Nervura stands high with them, as it justly deserves. You have my permission to publish this letter and my photograph, hoping it may do good to others also."

Rheumatism, insomnia, and all blood and nerve troubles are cured by Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. No one can doubt this who reads the testimony of the men and women printed in this newspaper nearly every day.

Why do you ignore this great medicine and experiment in ways that never cure? Stop making the mistake of forcing Nature and begin the use of the medicine that works in harmony with natural laws. Dr. Greene's Nervura always helps and always cures. Test its virtues in your own case now.

Dr. Greene's free advice is at the disposal of all who are ailing and weak. Write to him, or call at his office, 14 Temple Place, Boston, Mass. No charge in either case.

streams of revenue into the treasury of the N. S. A. How to find them, and equip them, is now the problem for the true friends of Spiritualism, and especially the N. S. A., to solve.

Changes of method should not be too abrupt, but should be continuous and always progressive. Let us make our phenomena what they should be—helps to the unfoldment of the soul powers of mankind. Let us have our psychic laboratories from which, as do the chemists, we can send forth the demonstrated facts of psychism to a waiting world. Let us make our platforms broader than they now are, by placing our phenomena only before those who are qualified to receive them. Let us have communion hours after the services are over Sunday afternoons, for the purpose of receiving messages from our spirit friends, to which only members of the society are admitted. This will put a premium upon society membership, and serve to strengthen its work. Let us abolish the ten-cent door fee, and return to the old time method of paying for our own religion. Let us do away with itinerant speaking, and settle capable men and women for one or more years. Let us consecrate ourselves anew to our work, and go forward hand in hand, determined to win the victory. We can, we must overcome jealousy by spiritualizing our own natures. Let us love ourselves last, and by so doing we will ever find the good that lies within the souls of all our fellowmen.

Let us cry a truce to the contest between the religious and non-religious elements in our ranks. Essentials count for much, while non-essentials amount to nothing. This battle is a mere quibble over words. The infinite intelligence of one Spiritualist means exactly the same thing in the last analysis, as does "Natural Law," or "The Supreme Principles of Nature," or others. Let us cease bandying words, and deal with realities only. The soul of man is the thing for which we are in search, and it can only be found by looking within ourselves to find our own. The soul can only grow in wisdom and goodness by proper exercise in those directions. If Spiritualists will but remember this truth, they will at once reconsecrate themselves to Spiritualism, and seek to exemplify its principles in their daily lives. Through co-operation only can this great work be accomplished. Object lessons as to the value of co-operation exist on all sides, in the business and religious worlds. The great Steel Trust, the Roman Catholic Church and the Christian Scientists are cases in point.

I hold that the first step now to be taken is to bend every energy to the work of endowing the N. S. A. with funds to do its work as outlined in part above. Organize our forces by building upon a permanent basis, and not by sporadic efforts. The work of Mr. and Mrs. Sprague has been excellent, but they have had to cover too much ground. The home missionary is a greater necessity than any itinerant, be he a State Missionary. What is needed is a State Missionary, an employee of the N. S. A. I say this with all respect to those now in the field, for I know that our local societies will soon be gone forever unless some new departure is made. It would be better, far better, for some of them to go out of existence than to continue as they now are. Our local bodies are less numerous by far than they were three years ago. Decay has set in. A new inspiration is needed. It is the duty of the Spiritualists to put themselves into an attitude of mind that will fit them to receive that inspiration. Its name is Altruism, and it comes to all mankind. Let us cease our bickerings, our petty jealousies, our destructiveness, our quarrellings, and begin to build anew the spiritual temple of truth in every human soul.

The stoicism of an Indian is no more marvelous than that of a proud woman falsely maligned.—Ex.

Suggestions.

Wise and O herwise.

BY RUSS H. GILBERT.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

As the camp meeting season will be upon us in a few weeks, will you allow me space for a little talk upon the quality of food, spiritual or otherwise, with which the public will be fed upon from the platforms of the various camps?

As a guarantee of good faith that I am speaking "by the book," let me say that for the twelve years in which I was a newspaper reporter I covered lectures by nearly all of the platform workers known to Massachusetts Spiritualists, and many who are also of national reputation; therefore, I feel fairly competent to form a few phrases upon the methods which I think should be at least tried by those who have, what proves to be many times, the thankless task of attempting to teach the people the art of right thinking, right acting and right living.

The first stumbling block which I tried to get lectures into papers was that there was nothing substantial in the subject matter; the next, that the speakers were not backing their statements with facts that were indisputable and the last was that too many of the platform workers were evidently working along the same line as someone who said, "Do as I say, not as I do." Every candid person knows that in many instances those objections were based on facts, and being so, the few colored the entire lot.

It seems to me that the average camp-meeting attendant, especially those from the rural districts, do not want oratorical display so much as they do plain, wholesome statements of facts, accompanied by a talk upon the same which will give to them new ideas of life and allow them to apply the lessons received from those conditions to affairs directly connected with their own humdrum existence, and which will be of use after the enthusiasm and excitement incidental to camp life has given away to the, to many, hard-scrabble fight for the necessities of life. The broad views, the insight into affairs along various lines that fall to the traveling lecturer, and the many experiences which are related to him, but which he credited to imagination. The knowledge that other people have visions and possibly heed them will cause him to have more confidence in his own powers and possibly will be the cause of many happy hours to him while he chases rough life looking for the food, clothing and fuel necessary for the existence of himself and loved ones.

The people want to be talked at. When a ball player throws a ball he does so with the intention of having it caught by another member of his team, and in doing so he throws at that member and not over his head. It would be a good idea for all lecturers to follow the ball player's example and talk at his audiences and not over their heads. Mark my words, the platform worker who can present practical ideas, practical solutions of present day problems, and who says by his life "Do as I do, as well as I say," will be the Moses that will lead the masses out of the mire of discontent and discouragement onto the broad, high ground of happiness, and, we hope also, of plenty.

to be detained out beyond the usual time; that something is that which will cause a woman to look neat and pleasant when a husband comes home tired and hungry; and it is not that which will cause either to hurry through a meal for the sake of getting away from the little details of home life.

People want that which will give them hope, courage and strength to battle with the little things in life; in doing that in time all trouble will become of minor consideration and life will be easier to carry. Again: the philosophy of Spiritualism is the philosophy of life as culled from the many experiences which have been lived by humanity. Being such, all human beings must learn their own lessons and live their own lives, always remembering that they and they alone have the key to that larger life, that broader understanding which results in a fuller and more soul-satisfying spiritual development for them. Some are better fitted than others to teach, and those people are nothing if not interpreters of the conditions and phenomena of every-day life, and in doing so they must draw from the various material as well as the spiritual environments of the people to whom they are ministering such words as to leave with those people a sense of having been ministered to, of having been instructed, of cares made lighter, of love made stronger, of their mental understanding strengthened, and of having had, for the time being, their shoulders relieved of the burden which, when again removed, will not feel as heavy or as heart-breaking as formerly.

Again: we should be taught to respect and attend more closely to what we are pleased to term the trivial things in our every-day existence; to extend the many little courtesies and kindnesses which each should extend to the other, but which are being overlooked in the outrageous haste for existence. It is not the great things that teach, but the run of human life, but the little things which cost nothing but the exhibition of that innate kindness that is in everybody, even if it is mighty hard to find in some. And not only that, but also to appreciate and acknowledge the same when extended to us. No one is independent; all are dependent upon some one else, not for the dollars so much as for the feeling of being a recognized unit in the great whole, a cog in the wheel of existence. I hope those who are old platform workers will pardon me for presuming to attempt to dictate, but frankly, I think it time that some dictating was done, and then, you know, this isn't dictating, only "a few phrases" or suggestions as to how the many excellent speakers may, as I think, improve in their work and at the same time increase their financial value as such. Here is hoping that someone will find a good idea somewhere in these lines and will put it to successful use. If you do, let me know, now, won't you?

Clear the Way.

Yes, clear the way. See the way, know it, feel it!

There is but one line, it is between the higher and lower; between what works to lift and that which depresses; between thoughts and feelings, which are unseen in men. The higher and lower are in men; displace every obstruction by letting faith, confidence, charity, love and wisdom crowd in every thought and emotion. Try it, and love will displace hate, intolerance with tolerance; obstructive laws, customs, dogmas, sectarianism and partyism by the action of the Infinite Power, which is "as perfect in a hair as heart." Try it, and the displacing overcoming process in men, will be as perfect as are the Infinite Soul processes in every fibre of the universe! Get away from gloom and blackness! Get into the unobstructed light of the Infinite Soul Power! Get there yourself and every ill will die! Get these and life's every place will be easy!—Ex.

Receipt for "Yea."

YOU MAY NEED IT IN YOUR BUSINESS.

Take two ounces of smiles, about the same quantity of impressive nods, mix well, shake a little; then throw in a polite gurgle, and you have a tolerably good "Yea." If you follow it at once with that most recent of all aphorisms—"That's all right!"

Deliver.

The hill of adversity is easily climbed when one starts upon a foundation of determination and pluck.—Ex.

Banner of Light.

WEDNESDAY, SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1901.

Spiritualist Societies.

We desire this list to be as accurate as possible. Will contributors or conductors please notify us of any errors or omissions. Notices for this column should reach this office by 12 o'clock noon of the Saturday preceding the date of publication.

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chair. In the evening Mrs. Mattie C. Mason presided at the piano; Mrs. A. S. Waterhouse opened the meeting with some stirring remarks; Mrs. M. J. Butler spoke of the spirits who in the past have been afraid to tell about the spirits but who now felt it was right. She gave many tributes to Mrs. Mattie Hand paid a loving tribute to some of the old members that are here in the earth life. Dr. C. W. Willis spoke briefly. Mrs. Mattie C. Mason spoke of her earlier mediumship. See notice of Memorial Services in other column. Carriage Hatch, Sec'y.

At the meeting of the Maiden Progressive Spiritualists, held Sunday evening, May 19, Masonic Building, 78 Pleasant St., Mrs. Mattie J. Webster gave a very interesting lecture, followed by messages. This society will continue its meetings every Sunday evening at 7:30 and 10:30 P. M. John R. B. Sec'y.

Randolph—Minerva units: G. E. Bodreau holds free circles every Sunday, 2:30 P. M., at his home, Allen, corner Ruel St. Sunday, May 6, meeting opened by reading of a poem by Arthur Bodreau; address through Mr. Sturtevant by his guide, on Spirit Guides. Prof. Bodreau, address on "The God Within Us," and readings, C. Harwood and Mrs. Keicham, psychometric readings; treatments and communications by "Red Jacket" and "Bright Star." Sunday, May 12, meeting opened with reading a poem entitled "The Old Religion" published in the Banner of Light some years ago; Mr. Sturtevant's guide used the same subject for his address; astrological readings, G. E. Bodreau; spirit messages, Mrs. Simpson and Mrs. Agnes Lock; psychometric readings, Mrs. Ketcham; treatments and messages by "Red Jacket." Prof. Bodreau also requested us to devote a few minutes in reading healing thought to the sick. We got good reports from the sick who receive benefit. All welcome.

Fitchburg, Mass.—The First Spiritualist Society had a good attendance (considering the weather) Sunday, May 19. The speaker, Mrs. Annie M. Cogshall, was devoted to the time to spirit messages; a large number were given, fully recognized. Miss Howe, pianist, finely rendered several selections. This was Mrs. Cogshall's first engagement with us. We were much pleased with her work, and had secure her services again. Dr. C. L. Fox, President.

The Church of the Fraternity of Soul Communion (Incorporated), Aurora Grata Cathedral, Brooklyn, had splendid audiences both Sunday evenings, May 12 and 19, and our medium, Ira Moore Courlis, gave many convincing and beautiful messages from the loved ones in spirit. The success we have met with this, our second season in Brooklyn, has been very encouraging, and this is partly due to the high class musical program presented by the Verdi Quartet from Sunday to Sunday. We have engaged it for another season in conjunction with Mr. Courlis. The reception and concert given by the Young People's Progressive League at Crosby Hall was indeed a grand success; it was after midnight when the orchestra played "Home, Sweet Home." The dancing was much enjoyed. Mr. Courlis will leave for Boston the first of July, to spend a few days, and then direct to Lake Pleasant, Mass., where he can be addressed for readings, seances, etc. He will remain in Lake Pleasant until Sept. 1. The Banner of Light can be had at all meetings and the call for the Banner has been so great in the last two weeks that we have had to double our supply. W. H. Adams, Sec'y.

Christ's First Spiritual Church, Hartford, Conn., Madame Haven, conductor. Meetings held every Sunday evening, in Temple of Honor Hall, 91 Asylum St., 7:30 P. M. May 19: Half-hour song service; invocation, Madame Haven; Scripture reading, interspersed with remarks, Mr. John A. Drecker, chaplain; remarks, and original poem entitled "Go On." Mr. M. L. Norton of Bristol; address, Mr. C. E. Brainerd; messages, Madame Haven. Thought transference circle held every Wednesday evening, and public test circle held every Friday evening, at rooms of Madame Haven, 370 Asylum St., Room 47, at 8 o'clock.—Secretary.

Portland, Me.—Mrs. I. E. Ward, president. Orient Hall Spiritual Society celebrated the fifty-third anniversary May 19. Memorial services were held in the afternoon for Mrs. S. E. DeLew. Mrs. Mattie C. Mason of Chelsea, Mass., followed with many messages that were all recognized.

Newark, N. J.—Sunday afternoon, May 12, the First Church of Spiritual Progression held a meeting in the hall corner of West Park and Broad Sts. Mrs. Helen T. Wiggins gave a most instructive lecture; subjects given by the audience. Her way of explaining the truths carried conviction to many hearts; we are all anxious to hear her again. On the same evening, Mr. Dora occupied the rostrum, and a sweet influence came and gave many very satisfactory messages. Sunday afternoon, May 19, Dr. Harlow Davis gave delineations of the spirits that came and their loving messages carried comfort to many. Different ones in the audience who were present when Mr. Davis was with us some months ago, testified to the fulfillment of prophecies given by Mr. Davis.—G. A. Dorn, President.

For Over Fifty Years
Mrs. Winsor's Soothing Syrup has been used for children's teething, in the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Onset, Mass.
Campmeeting opens July 14 and closes Sept. 1, 1901. The following is the program for the season:
July 14, Dr. Geo. A. Fuller, Prof. W. F. Peck, St. Louis, Mo.; 15, Conference; 16, Prof. W. F. Peck; 17, Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn, Stoneham, Mass.; 18, Prof. W. F. Peck; 19, Miss Lizzie Harlow, Haydensville, Mass.; 20, Veterans' Union; 21, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, Mr. A. P. Blinn, Boston, Mass.; 22, Conference; 23, Miss Lizzie Harlow; 24, Mrs. Carrie E. Stiles, Boston, Mass.; 25, Mrs. Carrie E. Stiles, Westfield, N. Y.; 26, Mr. A. P. Blinn; 27, Mass. State Association; 28, Mrs. Carrie E. Stiles, Rev. B. F. Austin, B. A. D. D. Toronto, Canada; 29, Conference; 30, Mrs. Minnie M. Soule, Somerville, Mass.; 31, Rev. B. F. Austin, August 1, Miss Susan C. Clark, Cambridge, Mass.; 2, Rev. B. F. Austin; 3, 25th Anniversary Onset Bay Campmeeting, special speakers: 4, Rev. J. C. F. Grumble, Syracuse, N. Y.; 5, Dr. Lewis G. Jones, Cambridge, Mass.; 6, Conference; 7, Rev. J. C. F. Grumble; 8, Rev. A. Wiggins, Philadelphia, Mass.; 9, Miss Lucy C. McGee, Philadelphia, Mass.; 10, Mrs. Esther Boland, Boston; 11, Mrs. H. D. Medford, Boston; 12, Mr. Chapman Catt, New York City, President National Woman's Suffrage Association; 13, Rev. J. C. F. Grumble, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, Chicago, Ill.; 14, Conference; 15, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond; 16, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond; 17, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond; 18, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond; 19, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond; 20, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond; 21, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond; 22, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond; 23, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond; 24, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond; 25, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond; 26, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond; 27, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond; 28, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond; 29, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond; 30, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond; 31, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond.

F. Loring, Braintree, Mass.; 22, Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn, Rev. F. A. Wiggins, September 1, Mrs. Kate R. Biles, Geo. A. Fuller, M. D.
For further information write to Geo. A. Fuller, M. D., Onset, Mass.

You Are Next.

A rare, beautiful and sparkling gem, surrounded by extensive and fertile forests, the Hudson River is a fishing and health resort for places equal to it. The group is made up of a chain of six lakes, and each abounds in the choicest species of salmon and trout. Fishing is a recreative sport which numbers its devotees by the tens of thousands, and why shouldn't it, for it takes one away from the turmoil and excitement of the city, and there is nothing to do but to enjoy the bright sunshine, and health giving air and the calm and quiet atmosphere that pervades the region. Everywhere about the Hangeleys are first-class camps, cabins and hotels in which one may comfortably enjoy his spring visitation. And so accessible is the region from New York that the introduction of the "Iron Horse" that the sportsman leaving Boston on the night Pullman is landed at his rendezvous by noon of the following day. An interesting guide on fishing, entitled "Fishing and Hunting," is published by the Passenger Department of the Boston & Maine Railroad, Boston, and for a tourist a fisherman, you need it, and if you are a fisherman, you need it.

Niantic, Conn.

The following is the list of speakers for the coming season commencing June 21 and continuing until Sept. 1, inclusive:
June 21, Dr. Geo. A. Fuller; 22, Miss Lizzie Harlow; 23, Mrs. Carrie E. Stiles; 24, Dr. B. F. Austin; 25, Mr. Arthur C. Smith; 26, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes; 27, Mrs. Ellen Webster.

July 1, Dr. Geo. A. Fuller; 2, Miss Lizzie Harlow; 3, Mrs. Carrie E. Stiles; 4, Dr. B. F. Austin; 5, Mr. Arthur C. Smith; 6, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes; 7, Mrs. Ellen Webster.

South Wadham, Conn.
Cassadaga Camp.

The arcanal quiet that broods over fair Cassadaga camp during the winter months with the advent of spring, been dispelled by the bustle of activity and sounds of preparation for the summer season filling the air with the rhythmic song of busy saw and ringing hammer. A pleasing feature of the camp at present, is the Moses Hall school, opened on May 14 to continue until the 12th of July. This school of Mr. Hall's is meeting with flattering success, having many local attendants and a good percentage of students from a distance, notably Texas and California.

The coming event claiming the immediate attention of July 2nd residents and visitors is the annual June picnic to be held on the 7th, 8th and 9th of June. Speakers engaged for the occasion are Rev. Moses and Mrs. Mattie Hall of Buffalo, N. Y.; Mr. Lyman C. Howe of Fredonia, N. Y.; and Mr. Thomas Grimshaw of St. Louis, Mo. Scott's band from the city of St. Louis, N. Y. will furnish music for the three day session.

All indications are prophetic of a prosperous season, already there are more people and more new arrivals on the grounds than at the same early date previous years. Calls for cottages and hotel accommodations foretell the coming of many strangers. In anticipation of the season, the association of the 60 or 700 churchmen in Chicago today are not as well met as the holiday-makers. Each is following his own bent. If instead of this crudely individualistic religious life we had a great organization how wonderfully powerful it could be. If men would co-operate as heartily for love as they do for greed what a wonderful force for good their union could wield.

Kate O. Peate, Asst. Sec'y, C. L. F. A.

For Nervous Headache
Use **Horsford's Acid Phosphate.**
Dr. F. A. Roberts, Waterville, Me., says: "It is of great benefit in nervous headache, nervous dyspepsia and neuralgia."

New York State Anti-Vivisection Society.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The annual meeting of the New York State Anti-Vivisection Society was held at Saugerties on May 23. The officers elected for the ensuing year are as follows: President, John Vedder, M. D.; first vice-president, Rensselaer Potts; second vice-president, Luigi Gallucci; Dr. J. C. F. Grumble, Sec'y.

Dr. Peabody, M. D., Secretary. Dr. Sargent Turner, Dr. Peabody is at present traveling in Europe; he has been notified of his election as treasurer, and it is earnestly hoped that he will accept the office. The increased financial prosperity of the New York State Anti-Vivisection Society during the past year was owing principally, first, to Dr. Peabody's own personal generosity; second, to the fact that he made over to this Society various sums of money placed in his hands by anti-vivisectionists, for use in anti-cruelty work; and third, to the greater interest manifested by the members of the Society, and its well-wishers with regard to the lines pursued in the fight against vivisection.

During the last year over eighty thousand leaflets have been mailed and otherwise distributed by the Society. In this way the members of twelve State Legislatures have been approached, and it is hoped to reach the other States in the same manner, as soon as possible. Five hundred and sixty-two lectures have been given under the auspices of the New York State Anti-Vivisection Society, within three years and a quarter, in New York, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut.

It is time that people should decide to allow vivisection, knowing that it means incalculable torture; or that they should totally prevent the practice. There is no middle way in this matter. The recent attempt at legislation in Massachusetts has proved this conclusively. The bill introduced into the Legislature of that State, which simply provided that in surgical operations made on living animals, a real anesthetic should be used, and the beasts destroyed before they regained consciousness. This bill, had it become a law, would not have affected the majority of experiments in any way. Inspection of vivisectional laboratories was arranged for, and the bill was, as a whole, one of which all advocates of justice should have been ashamed—as asking so little. Yet the bill was fought vigorously by the experimental researchers, and was finally voted against by a majority of the Committee on Probate and Chancery, to which it was referred.

What vivisectionists want is freedom from inspection, and liberty to torture the beasts, until relieved by death. To soothe or obviate the sufferings consequent upon vivisectional operations is contrary to the fixed laws of the experimenters. And the sooner the general

Message Department.

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

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

These Circles are not public.

To Our Readers.

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

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

Report of Stances held May 2, 1901, S. E. 54

MESSAGES.

Frank Howard.

The first spirit that comes to me this morning is a young man. He is not very delicate looking and seems to have passed out in his full strength. He says: "Don't keep me waiting long. I am so anxious to get back that I am making this effort; every minute that I stand here brings me pain. My name is Frank Howard; I lived in Hartford, Conn. I did not realize that death had come to me until some time after my spirit had left the body. I saw people running up and down; I saw where my body lay, and it may seem strange to you, but it was like a dream to me. I felt that the body that was there was unreal and as though I was seeing a picture of myself, until all at once my grandmother touched me on the shoulder and said, 'Frankie, dear, come away, come with me,' and then, oh, such a feeling of sadness came over me that I could hardly stand it, but I am getting better now; once in a while I feel that if I could only send some message I would be content. I long so much to give some word which shall make those whom I left understand that I do know what is going on. I am conscious of their grief, and I do love them just the same as before I went away. I was not careless the way they thought I was. I had tried to be sure that everything was all right before I started up, but it just came upon me so suddenly, I didn't even realize that I was in danger. Tell my father, whose name is Daniel, that I often go with him when he walks down the street and smokes his pipe just as he used to when I was alive. I feel like taking his arms and letting him know that I am right there with him and that I am as interested in what he does in the store as if he could see me. I want to get to Belle, too; he will understand who she is. Thank you for giving me this opportunity."

Arthur Kramer.

The next spirit is a young man about twenty-five years old. He has very dark hair, dark eyes, and is a little below the medium height. He is merry looking and whistles away as if he felt happy in coming back here. He says: "Well, well, what's the use of grumbling. I am over here; I have been here some time and there isn't much use of making any fuss about what can't be helped. I might just as well say what I want to say and keep at it until I have given all I can and then see if there is anything I can do over here. My name is Arthur Kramer; I came from Hadley, Ind." When he passed to the spirit life, everybody knew that he had to go. He had a lot of sickness, but it just swept on so quickly that it seemed sudden after all. He says: "I really didn't care. I grew so sick and suffered so much, I sort of lost my head and my care for life before my spirit left the body. I am glad I didn't have a family to leave. I have thought of that so many times since I have been over here. It was hard enough to leave those I did, and would have been much worse if I had been married as I anticipated. I find life over here very pleasant and sweet after all. I have freedom, and can go almost anywhere I please. There are so many beautiful things to see that when I get homesick, I just take a little trip around through some new part of the place that I have never seen and I grow better and feel better. There is another thing that makes me happy over here—we can go where we have a desire, I mean among people. There are people who are so wise and strong, and when one is in the body they feel that these people are so far above them that they can't go where they are, but over here in the spirit life when we have a desire to enter any place, we find ourselves able to go there, and I learn in that way. I am growing stronger all the time and I want Anne to know that I am helping her. She is quite musical and her musical tastes are being cultivated, for which I am glad, and sometimes when she is singing I just stand right beside her and want her to know that I am helping her and giving her strength. If she keeps on she will do what she wants to do. No matter what the rest say, I believe she has the strength for it."

Hattie French.

I see the spirit of a tall, slender, rather dark complexioned lady. Her eyes are brown and beautiful, her skin is fair and pale, and she comes with a quiet air as though she were afraid of making somebody trouble by her effort to return. All at once tears come into her eyes, and she covers her face with her hands and sobs as though her heart would break. She says: "Oh, when I get here I feel that I have used up all the strength that I had and that I won't be able

to say all that I desire to. I want to tell you that my name is Hattie French and that I lived in Portland, Ore. I have come all the way here because I heard of this circle in that place. This part of the country is not the least bit familiar to me. I have become assured by some spirits who lived in my old home that it is possible for me to return and I am making this experiment to see if I can get to my own. If you will, send this message to Charlie; tell him that whatever he does, he must make some opportunity for me to get to him; it is better for him; not only can I help him, but it is better for me. Oh, tell him that he mustn't push me away by his lack of interest in the subject. I shall never feel content until I am able to express to him some things that are important to me. I have Aunt Emma with me and she is trying hard all she can to help me, but it is pretty hard when one doesn't know and is striving to get into a condition where the truth of our existence is utterly disbelieved. There are some circles held in that place and I am sure it would be easy for him if he would but try to get the message from me. I can't say any more. Perhaps some time I will be able to express myself better."

Gardner Chase.

Now I see the spirit of a man about fifty-five years old. He has dark hair with a little of the gray mixed in it; it is parted almost in the middle. He has a gray beard and a round, full face, and he wears gold spectacles. He is a nice looking man and seems so particular about his expression. Every word comes out as clearly and distinctly as though he were speaking for some special purpose in a public place. He says: "My name is Gardner Chase and I lived in Pawtucket, R. I. I was interested in church work there; when I came over here I expected that I would be able to go right on with the kind of life and with the same interests that I had had before I died. I haven't yet discovered just why it is that so many people are going on in their pride and ignorance when the fact is so evident the instant we are released from the body, though the things that are being talked and preached and believed are so very far from true. I don't suppose you people who are living in the life of the liberal thought have any idea of how many people are going into the next world with the actual belief that they will be ushered immediately into the presence of God and his angels. It is so absurd when the evidence is given by those who have been in this land that that thing does not obtain. It is so absurd, I say, for the people to go on believing this sort of fairy story that I decided I would go back and say something for myself and at least feel that I had done my part. How the thing ever started I have no idea, but it has gained a hold on the people and you folks have a great deal of work to do to release the people of earth from the chains of this belief that is theirs. Why, when I came over here, the first one who came to me was Susan, and Susan had been gone so many years that I believed she was well nigh a saint, and yet she walked to me as naturally as if she had only stepped out of the room an hour or so before. I was so shocked and so surprised that I did not find the same pleasure in her company that I would have felt had I understood about it before I came. Then she brought our boy Chester, and when he was put into my arms, the tears began to come to my eyes and I realized that I was in the presence of my friends. It isn't for me to say whether the truth is better than this fable that has been built up around the other life, but it is for me to tell what I know of the truth, and I will say this: That a certain sense of peace and happiness came to me, I felt it must be right and I have rested in that ever since. You see I am kind of a long-winded talker. It takes me a long time to say what I want to say, but when one is so interested in a subject they are apt to step over their time if opportunity is given them. I hope these words will help someone. That is all I can ask for, but if you can send this message to Charles and tell him that if I can get to him I believe I can convince him, why perhaps the good work will go on faster. Thank you."

Milly Carr.

The next spirit that comes to me is that of a lady about thirty-five years old. She is short and plump and has a sunny little way. She clasps her hands together and comes up two or three steps at a time and then stops to see if it is all right for her to go on. She comes right up close to me, takes my hand and says, "Oh, oh, I am so glad to come that I don't know how to express it. I believed this before I came over to spirit land and so I haven't much to say in the way of surprises that came to me, but I do want to send messages and I want them to go where they belong. My name is Milly Carr; I used to live in Everett, Mass. I knew that I had the power of receiving from the spirit and I knew that spirits could come if they wanted to. I wasn't interested in public work much, but only felt a desire to know more about my own. I want to send this word to John, David and Sarah. I want them to sit for me in a circle and I am in hopes if they do to be able to make some manifestation. They used to sit when I first came over here, but they seemed to grow tired of it. I want the circles resumed, because it will be better for us all. My mother is with me and she says, 'Tell the boys that every effort they make to understand what we say will help them as much as us.' I have baby, too, and she is as sweet and precious to me as she was when I was here and had her."

Mary Sherman.

I see an old, old lady about seventy-five years old. She stops me and says, "Seventy-seven, dear; you guessed pretty well." She is small; that is, short rather than plump, and her hair is quite white. The forehead is full of wrinkles, and the face, too, which shows to me that she had an expressive face and the wrinkles came in it. She says: "My name is Mary Sherman and I was well known by all old Spiritualists. I had a great deal of work to do. I fought along this line because I believed it was right and when I

came over here I and my guides and friends just as real, just as much interested in what I had done as you could wish. My husband died a long while before I did, but I never felt that he was dead. I felt his presence; his spirit was ever near me, and it was a comfort through those days of struggle and trial, and now as he stands with me and we give our word again from the spirit life, it is our greatest comfort and pleasure. I want to send this word to Helen; that there is no need of her fretting and worrying so. I am doing all that can be done and instead of sitting in the house and wondering what is to be done, she had better get up and go out and change conditions. Baby is all right. There is nothing for her to fear for the future and she must not mind what slanderous tongues have said about her, but just take things as they come and make the best of them, and that is the advice of one who knows. I want to tell her that I have been at the home through the sickness and saw how near to the other life the little one was, but the spirits—not I alone, but those with me,—helped to save the little one. Thank you."

Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY SIX.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

One of the first Spiritualist lecturers I ever heard was that stanch old pioneer in the cause, Mrs. Sophronia Warner Bishop. It was in Minneapolis, and I had secretly stolen down to Mrs. Pruden's little hall, for 'this was before I dared risk the position of the Seminary by being known as an investigator. Her triumphant enthusiasm was contagious, and the rapidity with which thoughts, words and impromptu poems were poured forth was surprising to one who had never seen the like. Further acquaintance showed me her noble nature and her generous heart, and though not prepared then to go as far as she did, I felt that she was on the right road. Later, we met at Clinton Camp, and after that our earthly paths diverged.

But when the gifted H. H. Warner was having those severe trials in Brooklyn last year, and came to my door, he was gladly received as the son of Sophronia Warner and also for his own valued self. Later, when he was aided to leave Brooklyn and go to Ohio, where he met great success, and ultimately purchased a homestead in Michigan, the old friendship between his mother and me was re-commenced.

So when I read of late that she had passed to the higher life in Aiden, Michigan, all her children being present, and that her son Henry officiated at the funeral according to her expressed wish a few days before, it seemed to me that this transition was an almost ideal one. Loving and filled with wisdom to the last of earth life, surrounded by her dearest here, and joyfully received by the loved ones beyond, it was meet that her favorite hymns be sung, for "the mist was indeed rolled away," as she met the departed "beyond the river," in the "sweet bye and bye."

She was interested in the progress of the human race in every respect, she was truly spiritual and humane, her aim was to alleviate sorrow, and she denied herself for the good of others. What she was on the earth plane she is today in the spirit world and her children will gratefully cherish her memory in their heart of hearts.

Some persons speak of dying as passing to the inner life. There is a deep meaning in the thought conveyed. While here, we live much in the outer life, and many cover thereby the interior life of the soul. Our fleshly bodies hide to some degree the real self, but when we shuffle off this mortal, and the soul is clothed only in its evanescent, transparent psychic form, the real nature of the true ego will be more apparent than it can be here.

Those who are loving like God will shed pearl-like rays of light in spirit life, while those who have not yet learned to be love, will be wrapped in clouds of less or greater blackness. Loving souls will delightedly accompany the former, but will shrink appalled from the latter class.

But here we sometimes meet those who disguise their hate under polite and smooth words, and are not known to be as they really are by the multitude; though sensitive ones shrink unconsciously from them. Hatred is so shocking to those who dwell in another atmosphere, that those who feel it try to hide it. But like the deadly malaria it envelops them, and the deepest pity of kindly hearts is awakened in behalf of those who yield themselves to a feeling of hate.

Those who yield to such a feeling have no conception of the wrong they are doing to their inner selves. They are so absorbed in the passion that they roll it as a sweet morsel under their tongue, or hold it closely within their embrace. By so doing, they intensify it, and assimilate their whole inner nature with it.

Still an instinct of self-preservation leads them to indulge their wicked feelings only in secret, and to prevent their manifestation towards those who have it in their power to injure their reputation or their business interests, though they will in unguarded moments display their malevolence towards those whom they deem unprotected.

We see the workings of this evil passion in the world about us, and we do not think that there exists a sadder spectacle. But it is easy for spiritual persons to slip all such feelings in themselves in the bud, for they well know their blighting influence on the inner nature. No person who holds anger, jealousy, hatred, envy, or revenge, has any claim to the name Spiritualist. He may indeed believe in spirit return and in the manifestations, and in so far as he is of course a Spiritualist. But as Spiritualism proper has to do with the true development of the inner or soul nature, one who desires this development will carefully guard against the faintest sign of any of these malevolent passions, and earnestly out-root them.

Of all these feelings, which one may aptly call hellish, perhaps jealousy and envy are the most insidious. We may think we have conquered them in one direction, and behold

like the plantain weed, they spring up somewhere else. But by watchfulness and determination, we think they can in time be conquered, and especially by the following expedient.

It is not enough to uproot them. It is necessary to substitute for them, after they have been rooted out, the opposite feelings of love and delight in another's good.

When we are tending our grass-plot year by year, it is not enough to pull up all the plantain and pursley as fast as they appear, leaving the ground bare in spots. We must plant the sweet-smelling and persistent white clover, or set in sods of unmixed grass, and water them carefully. Then as they grow, there will be no room at all for the weeds.

In like manner, if we find ourselves inclined to be jealous of any one in particular, it will be a good way to think of the good traits of that person, and of the good that he has perhaps accomplished. By persistently looking at this brighter side we shall in time, if we be good Spiritualists, find that our jealous feeling has disappeared, and that true and sympathetic love has taken its place. So when that lion has been beaten down, we may, like Bunyan's pilgrim, go on our heavenlyward path rejoicing.

When my father was in earth life, if he heard any one speak unkindly of another, he would remind the speaker that if the person discussed was a Christian he ought to love him too much to feel unkindly to him; and if he were not a Christian, he ought to pity him too much.

This was noble doctrine, standing in the position in which he then stood as a churchman. Now his outlook is larger and he would advise all to conquer unloving feelings on the broad ground that all creatures came from God, and whatever their religion or their race, and that God is love.

I had written so far, Mr. Editor, when I was interrupted in my work by a call from two Spiritualist ladies, who wanted to see how I look, hear me talk a little, and tell their own spiritual experiences. Their visit took up the remainder of the afternoon, but I hoped to write on Sunday. Sunday found me in painful illness, and I have been prostrated ever since, and now try to finish this letter two days late. My mother bade me make this explanation, and also tell you about the dear suffering lady whom I went to New York to see, in a rain-storm, last Saturday.

She had written me a few days before, saying that she was slowly recovering from an accident, and had exhausted all her resources. Her relative, all dead, she was at the age of fifty-three left to fight life's battles alone. She thought if she had help this summer, she would recover enough to take a position in the autumn.

We all receive such letters from time to time. There was a sincerity and a simplicity that went to my heart. The writer was evidently a lady, of both education and cultivation. I determined to go to see her, and judge for myself, thinking that I could return directly and not be long in the storm. We make purposes, but circumstances often alter them.

The house was difficult to reach, being in a part of New York that is nearly as intricate as the old part of queer but always dear old Boston. The neighborhood and house were good, and every room utilized by tenants by a landlady, who seemed severe, but no doubt has her own troubles to meet her own rent. I was taken up two flights, to a small room with a half window, which rents at three dollars a week, strictly in advance.

We now come to the real difficulty, which is to describe the lady, for we may be thought to exaggerate. I have seldom in all my life seen so grand and so winning a personality. She has been a leader in her time, but her once powerful physique is but a wreck since her accident of two years ago.

A bicycle was run onto her, striking her leg, whirling her round, striking the back of her head on something, perhaps a curbstone, and leaving her unconscious. Before this happened she never knew what it was to feel ill. She has never felt right since the fall, but thinks she is gaining, though very slowly. She is weak, she trembles with any slight exertion, her head shakes a little. Of course, she has not worked at all in two years, and all her money has dwindled away.

Before that she had a fine position in an institution in Boston, which she gained for a month's trial, over more than fifty competitors. She held that position six and a half years.

She has psychic gifts of rare and exquisite quality, and has convinced numbers in private life of spirit return, though she has never worked for money as a professional. Her principal spirit guide is Dr. Edmunds, nephew of the Judge.

I asked her many direct questions, and her statements are corroborated by evidence. She refers to the best and most reliable persons.

What had she eaten that day? Half a bottle of milk and some crackers. She had a few left in the bureau drawer. How much money had she left? Only two cents. Did she owe anything for rent? She had paid up till the next Wednesday. Could she stay a week longer without paying? She was not allowed.

I had run low myself, and had but two dollars, but I said she should have half. We went to a restaurant close by, and she had some nice mutton broth and bread. When we came out, I gave her the dollar. Then I went to brother's, and he lent me money, so that I could carry her half a pound of butter, a little cooked meat, and four dollars more. She could now pay her rent and food for another week.

I went home exquisitely happy, though I got ill by being wet.

She has written me since that these lines are ever with her:

"Abide with me: fast falls the eventide,
The shadows deepen. Lord, with me abide.
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Lord of the helpless, oh! abide with me."

She had asked for a message for me, and she heard these words:

"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

I am hoping that the friends in southern New Jersey who invited me will receive her for a few weeks. Meanwhile, if any of your readers feel inclined to send me aid, it will go straight to supply her daily needs while she is recovering her bodily health. The lady is Back Bay, Boston, who mailed me \$2.00 Sunday, anonymously, to be used as I thought best, is hereby assured that it is already in the hands of my sweet and suffering friend Elizabeth.

Yours for humanity and for spirituality,
Abby A. Judson.
Arlington, N. J., May 17, 1901.

A Twentieth Century Catechism.

Lesson Fifth—Are We Immortal?

BY W. J. COLVILLE.

- Q. What is meant by Immortality?
A. Superiority to the influence of death.
- Q. What is death?
A. Death is change, disintegration or disorganization of some compound.
- Q. Does man ever die?
A. There is absolutely no evidence of the death of a human being, because there are no valid reasons for believing that the body which falls into decay, is the human entity.
- Q. What attitude should we take towards our bodies?
A. We should take good care of them, cherishing them as valuable instruments, but we should not be anxious with regard to what becomes of them.
- Q. Are there any proofs of human immortality?
A. There are many proofs, among which may be mentioned a very widespread consciousness of immortality within the human race and a vast amount of evidence continually accumulating to show that we have a much wider sphere of influence than that limited by the physical organism.
- Q. Is it necessary to die?
A. It is necessary to go on changing our bodies, and if we no longer need a certain kind of body we shall assuredly either succeed in transforming it or lay it aside.
- Q. What do you suppose is the condition of those who have laid aside their fleshly bodies?
A. As individual entities they are as much alive as ever and they are sure to find means of expressing themselves in such bodies as their requirements may demand, but a body is not necessarily a flesh and blood structure.
- Q. What do you think is our condition in the other state?
A. By getting rid of our external shapes we do not change our characters, therefore our first experiences in the next world must be in exact accordance with our dominant affections at the time of our departure from this world.
- Q. Do our beliefs in this world influence our condition in the hereafter?
A. Beliefs are important everywhere and always to the extent that they influence our character. Such beliefs as have a tendency to ennoble us are of real-service, but character is the all-important question.
- Q. Can we know anything definitely concerning the unseen universe?
A. Many people declare that they receive satisfactory evidence that they are holding communion with friends who have "gone on before," and as similar testimonies have been furnished in all ages there is at least a reasonable foundation for Spiritualism as opposed to Materialism.
- Q. Do you consider that telepathy or thought-transference throws light on immortality?
A. Undoubtedly, all evidence of our ability to commune with each other psychically tends to prove that we are all spiritual entities endowed with capacities to live and act apart from physical organisms, and as we develop our psychic faculties more perfectly, we shall receive increasing evidences of our immortal nature.
- Q. Do you think our personal appearance will identify us in the hereafter?
A. Personal appearance is always changeable, therefore if we depend upon it in our present state, we find it very unsatisfactory. Beyond personality is individuality, and this it is which enables us to recognize each other spiritually, no matter how frequently or radically the materials composing our bodies have shifted their positions or how completely new material has taken the place of old.
- Q. What is meant by Clairvoyance?
A. Clearer vision than ordinary; a clairvoyant is one who sees further than most people see and can therefore obtain more than average information concerning the constitution of the universe.
- Q. What is Clairaudience?
A. Unusually extended hearing; a clairaudient is one who can hear more than most people hear, and is therefore able to reveal many facts of which people in general are ignorant.
- Q. What is Psychometry?
A. A perception of the inner principle of outward things including some ability to trace the history of a person, place or article by coming in contact therewith.
- Q. How can we best develop our spiritual faculties?
A. By living simple, wholesome, natural lives, keeping our appetites well under control of reason, devoting some time to quiet contemplation of the nature which surrounds us, and by keeping resolutely free from worrying over details, and above all from allowing our temper to be disturbed by trifles.
- This is not such an everlastingly old country yet. Deer still sometimes swim across Long Island Sound. Two of them crossed it not long ago where it was thirteen miles wide.
- A person is higher and better than anything said or written. He who is below words, oral or written, must be weak indeed.—Ex.

