



VOL. 89.

Banner of Light Publishing Co.,
204 Dartmouth St., Boston, Mass.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1901.

\$2.00 PER ANNUM,
Postage Free.

NO. 15

A RAY OF HOPE.

BY MARY HEVING HAYLIES.

In striving for the highest goal on earth,
However one may start at time of birth,
A guiding hand stands ready and anon
To help the weary traveler upward, on
Through struggling throes of sorrow and despair
Whate'er thy lot, remember, everywhere
Light penetrates the darkness, here, now there,
And, as the fleeting clouds pass one by one,
Behold ere long the glory of the Sun.
Let each bright ray thy beating bosom fill,
Thy aching heart to feed, and Love instill;
This Love will purer grow, and nobler
The bounteous whole of God's grand universe.
17 Spruce St., Maplewood, Mass.

Psychic Romances.

BY OLIPH V. HATHORN.

"Sir, you mistake me for some other person. I am not Edna, neither do I know anything of the Charlie of whom you speak," said the lady coldly.

Henry stared in amazement, stammered an apology, then looked at her closely for a moment. In form, feature and every other respect, she was the exact counterpart of Edna Martin, his brother's wife. He could not understand this marvelous resemblance, and determined to solve the mystery.

"I beg your pardon for again troubling you," said Henry, "but you are the exact image of my brother's wife, Edna. There isn't one feature in which you do not resemble her. Perhaps you may be related to her—a cousin, or sister or—"

"I have neither sister nor cousin, nor other relative, to my knowledge," said the lady, "and I am as much surprised at my resemblance to your sister-in-law as you are. I am alone in the world, and have no relatives save my father and mother, and here they come."

Just then a middle aged lady and gentleman were escorted to seats at their table, and were greeted most cordially by the young lady. Henry bowed respectfully, and proceeded to study the strange trio as he leisurely ate his breakfast.

The daughter resembled neither parent, so far as he could see, and there was nothing whatever to indicate the tie by which they were united. A conviction came into Henry's mind that she must be an adopted daughter, and that there was a mystery in her past life that he would like to clear up.

Just then the young lady's father addressed him. "My daughter tells me you mistook her for your brother's wife, and that you consider the likeness absolutely perfect. I would like to know more of this. My name is Charles Powell, and these ladies are my wife and daughter."

Henry acknowledged the introduction, and then said, "My name is Henry Martin, and my twin brother, Charlie, was recently married to a lady who in every respect is the counterpart of your daughter. Even their voices are alike, while their gestures are also identical. I was so greatly amazed at the resemblance that I fear I seemed rude, but I plead my astonishment as my excuse."

"I would like to meet my duplicate," said the young lady, with a light laugh. "When your sister-in-law arrives, you must introduce me, Mr. Martin. I want to see myself as others see me."

"I will present you with pleasure," said Henry, "but, unfortunately, I do not expect my brother and his wife to come here. They are on their wedding trip, you know, and go wherever their fancy leads them."

"Well, I hope to meet her sometime, anyway," replied Miss Powell, "and I feel certain that I shall do so."

Breakfast was now over, and the party separated at the dining room door for the day. Henry betook himself to his favorite haunts, and began to reflect upon the experience of the morning. Here was a mystery that must be solved, but how to do so was a problem.

Late in the afternoon, Henry Martin went to his room, dwelling upon the mysterious young lady whom he had met at breakfast. He seated himself in an easy chair, took up a book, and tried to read, but he could not fix his mind upon the subject of the work. He rested his head upon his hand, dropped his book upon the floor, and gazed out of the window. Suddenly a strange thing happened.

He saw himself in the easy chair, but the real Henry Martin was outside of the form! He could move with ease, but his counterpart in the chair did not and could not stir. He thought of his parents, and instantly he was in his old home. He could see his father and mother, and wondered why they did not speak to him. He was hurt at their total disregard of his presence. He heard them speak of Charlie and Edna, and learned that they were in Colorado Springs, at one of the fashionable hotels.

A longing to see Charlie seized him, and to his astonishment, he was in his brother's presence. Edna sat by his side, and they were planning their future life. Henry felt that an

eyesdropper, but they were totally oblivious of his presence. He tried to attract their attention, but to no purpose. Suddenly he saw Edna take Charlie's hand, and heard her say, "I wonder where Henry is today?"

"Here I am!" he exclaimed, as he thought very loudly, but they did not seem to hear him. Charlie made some reply that he hoped Henry was enjoying himself, when Edna looked up and cried out in surprise:

"Charlie, Henry is here! Do you not see him? Look!" and she pointed to the spot where Henry stood. "Yes, yes, I see him! Henry, old boy, I am glad to see you! How did you get in here?"

No reply came in words, although Henry tried to explain in full. "Are you a ghost?" demanded Charlie. "Oh, Edna! Is Henry dead?" Henry laughed outright, or tried to, but to no avail. He shook his head, and pointed to the northeast.

"No, Charlie, Henry is not dead," he heard Edna say, "but he has come to see us, and will tell us about it when we meet him again. He is your twin, and no doubt your soul called him, and he is here. I know, for something tells me so, that he is alive and well. Have you not wished to see him very much today?"

"Yes, I have, and I do see him," he heard Charlie exclaim, "and now he is going," and Henry heard no more.

To his surprise he found himself gazing upon the form in which he lived. It was there in the easy chair, rigid and motionless. He felt himself drawn away once more, and was soon gazing upon a strange scene. The landscape was unfamiliar, and he could not tell where he was.

A large house stood upon an eminence a short distance from the river, and a beautiful lawn, dotted with magnificent shade trees, sloped down to the river's bank. Tiny fountains were at play at various points, and the splashing waters chimed in rhythmic harmony with the murmuring of the river, and the rustling of the leaves upon the trees.

Two little girls clad in white, with dainty sashes about their waists, were at play upon the lawn, beneath a giant elm. They were exactly alike in every respect, and wore tiny lockets about their necks. They were not more than three or four years old, and they were evidently enjoying themselves to the utmost.

He saw one of the girls go into the house, and then, although he tried to prevent it, but could not, the other child was seized by a man who sprang from behind the tree, and stifling her cries, made off with her in his arms. He hurried down the river a short distance, and there was a boat, guarded by three men. Henry looked at the four men in surprise, and knew them instantly! One of them—the one who had stolen the child—was the very man from whose clutches he had rescued Edna not many weeks before in New Jersey, while the other three were the ones who had later attempted to assault him!

This discovery agitated Henry very much, and he determined to follow these men to see what they would do with the child. They made down the river for some distance, crossed to the other side, and parted for a time. One of them—the brute who had kidnapped her—took the child with him for some distance into the country, and at an obscure station took the train for New York City.

Henry Martin followed as if in a maze. He could only watch and listen, for he was powerless to aid the little captive. He saw the man enter the station, and then give an apprehensive start, as if he feared detection. The little girl was placed upon a seat, and bade to keep still until he returned.

The child sat for about five minutes in perfect silence. She then slid to the floor and began to wander about the depot. Henry watched her with interest, and saw her go up to a lady and gentleman, who were evidently waiting for a train, and hiss, "Mamma! papa!"

The lady clasped the child to her bosom and said, "Oh, Charlie, she is just about as old as our lost darling! I wish we could have her!"

No one came for the child, and when their train was called, they took her with them. Henry noted the fact that they left their address with the station agent, as they left the depot, in order that the child might be traced.

Once more Henry followed them, and looked at the couple curiously. It was Charles Powell and wife, with whom he had breakfasted that very morning! He could not understand it at all. "I wonder what this means," he mused. "They do not look as old as they did this morning; what has happened?" He could find no solution for the problem, so he concluded to find the parents of the child, if he could do so.

Instantly he was again at the spot where he had seen the two children playing. All was bustle and confusion; the parents had missed their child. Henry looked upon the face of the grief-stricken mother, and then at the white, set face of the father. He knew them at once! They were the father and

mother of Edna, his brother Charlie's wife! This discovery was a shock, and Henry Martin found himself once more in his own room, rubbing his eyes vigorously as he looked about him. He was greatly exhausted, but every detail of his remarkable vision was clearly fixed in his memory. He looked at his watch, and found that it was long past the dinner hour, but he was too tired to feel hungry, so he sought his bed, and was soon fast asleep.

The next morning he sought Mr. Powell and delicately turned the conversation upon the wonderful likeness of Miss Powell to his brother's wife. Mr. Powell hesitated a moment, and then said, "Mr. Martin, there is a great mystery here. Eva is not our own child, but one whom we adopted, and have had with us for many years."

"Did you not find her in the depot in New York City, clad in white, with a blue sash about her waist, and a dainty locket at her throat?" asked Henry, who was now certain that his vision was given him for the purpose of unraveling the mystery.

"Yes, but—how did you know of it?" exclaimed Mr. Powell in great excitement. "I left my address with the agent, and would have given the little girl to her parents if I could have done so, but no one ever came for her. We kept the dress and the locket, on which was engraved the one word 'Eva,' and that has been her name to us ever since."

Henry Martin then described his vision in detail to the astonished Mr. Powell, who at once saw that the young man had obtained some very valuable information. Both gentlemen decided that Edna and Eva must be twin sisters, and concluded to investigate.

A telegram was sent to Edna's parents, asking them to come to M—, Wisconsin, by next train. In two days they arrived, wondering greatly at Henry Martin's premonitory summons. Dinner over, they repaired to a private parlor, where they were soon joined by Mr. and Mrs. Powell and Eva.

As the latter entered the room, Mrs. Farleigh uttered a loud cry, "It is Eva! Thank God, she is not dead!" Great excitement followed, and explanations were given and received. Eva Powell was none other than the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Farleigh who had been stolen in childhood by a band of kidnappers hoping for a large reward. She had, fortunately for her, fallen into the hands of Mr. and Mrs. Powell, who had treated her as if she were their own child, and given her every possible advantage. The lost was found, and found through the strange vision of Henry Martin.

"The man who stole Eva is the one who tried to injure Edna, you say," said Mr. Farleigh. "Do you suppose he mistook her for the child he stole, and was trying once more to obtain money?"

"Without doubt such was the case, and by some means he told his pals of me, and they determined to put me out of the way for capturing their rascally leader," answered Henry. "It is some satisfaction to know that the four are now serving their time in the New Jersey penitentiary, and I hope they will have to stay out their full sentences."

Days passed in quick succession, and the parents of Eva made the most of their newly discovered daughter. They had tried every means to find her, and had spent a fortune in the search, only to be baffled in the end. Eva was given up as dead by the authorities, and her father shared their belief, but the mother declared that the child was not dead, and stated that she would be found sometime.

Eva and Henry found that they had much in common. Every one smiled to see them stroll off together, and no one was surprised when their engagement was announced. "It was to be," said Mr. and Mrs. Powell; "it was to be," said Eva's parents.

"Yes, it was to be," said Eva, "for Henry's soul went out in search of its own, and found its mate. Surely, surely, the angels of God have had a hand in this work, and oh, my two mammas! I am so very, very happy!"

"Surely it was to be," said Henry in a reverent tone, "otherwise God's messengers would not have awakened in me what was already known to Edna and Charlie—the soul-life. Now, we can—we will—live the life of the soul."

Gen. and Mrs. Martin were summoned, and after hearing the strange story, most heartily approved of the match. There was no need of delay, so Henry and Eva became husband and wife a few days after the arrival of Gen. Martin and wife. Edna and Charlie were not present, as they could not be reached either by letter or telegram in time for the wedding.

Two weeks later, Henry and Eva, Mr. and Mrs. Powell, Mr. and Mrs. Farleigh, were all guests at the home of Gen. Martin. One day, without notice, Charlie and Edna appeared. Their surprise must be left to the imagination when they found that Henry was married, and greatly did they marvel when they beheld his bride.

Edna looked at Eva one moment, and then cried out, "Eva, my long-lost sister Eva! Don't you know me? I am your own sister Edna!"

"Yes, dear, I know you, for it has all come back to me, and we are together now for all time, thanks to the world of souls," and Eva folded her arms about Edna, and the two wept for joy.

"Didn't we see you in our room one day at Colorado Springs?" asked Edna of Henry one day.

"Yes, I saw you both and heard you, but could not make myself heard by you. I longed to see you, and was with you in an instant," replied Henry.

"It was soul calling soul," said Edna, softly, "and you responded to the call. It is as beautiful as it is wonderful."

The perfect resemblance between Henry and Charlie was equally noticeable in their wives. The sisters retired for a few moments, and made some alterations in their costumes that made them look exactly alike. Upon returning to the reception room, their husbands, rendered at once, and declared they could not tell one from the other. Edna laughingly suggested that the brothers try the same test. They did so, and although no one else could discern the slightest difference between them, save Mrs. Martin, neither Eva nor Edna hesitated one moment in going to the side of their husbands.

"I knew you by the light of the soul, my darling," whispered Eva to Henry, "and by that light let us ever be guided!"

"Amen," responded Henry fervently, and his brother and sister echoed the thought when they were told what Eva had said.

Soul marriages are those that endure forever, and God smiles in tenderest love upon those who seek union with their own. Unto such He gives the revelations of power, vouchsafed to the four whose romances we have followed in these pages.

(The End.)

Plain Talk About Questions of Vital Importance.

BY PAUL F. DE GOURNAY.

It is a matter of no little surprise—not to say of discouragement—that, in the face of events too ominous to be disregarded, there should be Spiritualists who still oppose organization. To rely complacently on the power of the spirits to "pull the Cause through," is evincing a degree of faith more irrational even than the devout Catholic's reliance on his saint's power to supply his earthly wants. It shows, besides, the lack of a right understanding of the mission of Spiritualism.

From the remotest times spirits have appeared or spoken to mortals and through mortals: the prophets of Judea, the Sibyls of ancient Greece and Rome, were mediums controlled by the spirits of men deified by popular superstition; later on, in the various countries of Europe and even in this land of religious tolerance, thousands of unfortunate men and women (principally women) were tortured, hanged or burnt at the stake as witches or wizards who were nothing worse than more or less developed mediums controlled by spirits—wicked, erratic, or wise.

The advent of Modern Spiritualism was something different from these tentative manifestations: it showed a set purpose, it was a concerted spirit movement. Verily, mistakes are they who think every manifesting spirit is acting "on his own hook," "going it alone," as it were: there is in the Spirit-world such a thing as organization, else it would be the realm of confusion, spiritual chaos. What was the purpose of that movement? Having, as a prelude, given undeniable proofs of the continuity of life beyond the grave and the persistency of the unbroken chains of affection, the spirits revealed that purpose.

It was the enlightening and uplifting the human race by exposing superstition and error, denouncing wrong and teaching the way to do right, and, as a basic principle, underlying all other teaching, the solidarity of the race arising from the law of love by which the universe is governed. A band—an army—of wise spirits were delegated to accomplish this great undertaking; intelligent co-operation governed their movements; in every part of the civilized world the voice of spirit resounded with the same utterances, proclaimed the same truths. All honor to the mediums of those momentous days! Their mission was apostolic and not a few earned the martyr's crown, for there is a social martyrdom which demands of the victim as much courageous faith as martyrdom of the flesh requires for the defense of the truth. Wonders, never since surpassed, if equaled, marked the preaching of the new gospel, the wise spirit-managers deeming it advantageous to awake curiosity and, by startling phenomena, to shake the unbelief of modern society.

In all this, the co-operation of mortal with spirit was indispensable; unconscious at first, this co-operation must be intelligent, active and devoted, as the movement takes shape and spreads, the visible originators of it being anxious to see its progress unimpeded by the vagaries of inspired error—as inevitable as the barometrical fluctuations of the

bottom of ships in certain waters, impeding their swiftness and endangering their usefulness. For, while the wise intelligences pursued their preconcerted plan, spirits of all degrees rushed through the gates ajar, seeking for mortals in magnetic rapport through whom they might voice their peculiar ideas and present their special systems.

Here we have two distinct phases of the spirit manifestation: one for the spread of a well-considered and accepted philosophy resting on demonstrated truth; the other voicing the thoughts of individual spirits, some well-meaning, but lacking wisdom; some infatuated with a semblance of knowledge they deemed infallible; others still, unscrupulous, bent on mischief, seeking instruments through which they might gratify their unforgotten vicious or criminal tendencies. Shall we omit those spirits who, mirabile dictu, denounced Spiritualism and defended the very errors it has come to expose? Whoever will admit that so-called death does not immediately transform character, but spirit "is a man for a' that," must acknowledge the truth of these remarks. Of course we do not include in these various categories the harmless visitors whose sole motive is to commune with the loved ones they left on this earth.

That spirit-organization is a fact, is made manifest by the uniformity of their best teaching in all parts of the world. Everywhere they declare the same sound principles, not the least of which is that we must co-operate with our spirit-leaders in the efforts they are making for our betterment as a race. In what manner can we co-operate? The share of our guides in this work is purely spiritual, purely mental; they teach, suggest, inspire and influence the willing; we, who live in a material world, amidst a defective social organization, which it is a question of improving by spiritualizing it, we must use the means of action this social organization offers. Will any candid man say he can, singly, aided only by spirit, reform a social evil, right a public wrong? Will he say the spirits, of whom he is only the mouthpiece can do it? The spirits cannot remove an obnoxious law from the statute book, nor prevent the passing of one. The citizens (under spirit influence we will say) may do so by a judicious use of the ballot, but even though a thousand men be so influenced separately, they must combine (organize) as voters if they hope for success, for they have to contend against an organized opposition to reform of every kind; they must, moreover, shake off the yoke of political tyranny; their fealty to Truth and Justice must rise superior to party allegiance. This has not been done yet. Why?

In some states an exorbitant tax is levied upon our mediums; in many they are persecuted and fined as fortune-tellers and swindlers. One wolf in sheep's clothing found out is an excellent pretext for condemning the whole flock. The churches hostile to Spiritualism combine into a formidable organization whose pressure is felt by legislative and municipal bodies alike; their repeated attempts to "crush out the great delusion" have failed so far, the spirit-world having found a few brave champions to "hold the fort" against terrible odds, but had the enemy met with well organized resistance, the victory had been more decisive, there should be peace instead of a truce.

Spiritualism has spread, we are told, without organization of any kind. That may be, but Spiritualism, so splendidly inaugurated, is not the power in the land it should be; if its truths are filtering through the hard shell of creeds, it is anonymously, its name is still tabooed. Its present anomalous position is a poor result after the noble efforts of its devoted early workers; and the logic of events shows that its seeming decadence is due to the very fact of which the opponents of organization boast when speaking of its past glory, viz: the absence of organized action during that early period when enthusiasm was at its height.

Jesus, himself, believed in co-operation, in organization. He selected twelve sensitive followers to whom he inculcated the principles of his purely humanitarian religion, twelve men who, with one accord, would help in and continue his work. He banded temples of stone, promulgated no blaspheming dogmas; he taught a religion of love descending from the Father in Heaven, binding all men into a brotherhood and re-ascending with the outpourings of human hearts uplifted by grateful love and hope. But he sustained precept with example; surrounded by his disciples, he went about doing good, pouring out from his great loving heart a flood of tender sympathy that reached out to every suffering or spiritually hungry mortal, drawing them together into one fold, one family.

After his martyrdom, his apostles co-operated in spreading the new gospel of love wherever they went; they organized the converts into "churches" or communities. The Church of the Catacombs was a perfect altruistic organization. It was by co-operation the small bodies of Christians in different places gained strength and influence, and it

(Continued on page five.)

MODERN THOUGHTS OF ANCIENT THINGS.

BY RAY B. STILES.

All books are sacred books.
Whose pages bear the impress of our truth.
The time that man should rise above the fleshly worship of the past,
With its imperfect rendering of God's Law.
A fuller inspiration, a diviner truth,
Than that which fired the souls of men in bygone years.
Is knocking at the door of human consciousness to-day.
Supplanted are the stale crumb of the past,
By manna freshly strewn, from table of the Infinite.
Happy the man, who, standing on the heights,
Discovers the glory of the new-born day.
While yet the shadows rest upon the vale below.
Such precious souls have lived in every age.
Such are the world's redeemers—heralds of light.
Alone they tread the Gardens of Gethsemane—
Wearing undimmedly, their crown of thorns.
The world hath named them—*Martyrs!*
Nay! not so! but that they live for principle,
Knows naught of martyrdom.
And, though he die, that Truth may live,
Yet not as martyr dies
But as victor great.

Which is the Most Alive, the Living or the Dead?

BY M. J. W. WAATHEBREE.

It seems not strange to put this question, when I consider the changes in my surroundings within the narrow compass of a few days. Two friends of mine were here in the flesh. We walked and talked together, and knowing the future, we made no mention of the great change that within one short week was about to remove them from all their relations to earth and life and leave me alone. The stillness and the change that has sealed their lips and removed their forms, while I am still the same breathing, active self, brings home to me the question, what of great significance: "Which is the most alive, the living, or the so-called dead?"

Books and books are written; words and words are multiplied to try to make clear to our comprehension what is the mystery of life; and what this mystery of death; and yet we come no nearer to a knowledge of these all-absorbing truths. One buries his dead and says:

"This is the end of all things, dust to dust; soul existence. I know not if there be an undying soul."

Another buries his dead and says: "Dust to dust, but the spirit, the undying element, returns to God who gave it; becomes reabsorbed in the great spiritual fountain head; the God or the Good One."

I see it somewhere stated, "that life is the correspondence with our environment and death is the want of such a correspondence." Which, then, is the more alive, the living or the dead?

The little flower seed I drop in the ground seems dead in its shell, but given a few days of sunshine and air and moisture and a correspondence with its environment and behold, a little green, growing, living thing. There was its environment and there was a complete correspondence to it, and the result was life.

But my friend, the friend I loved and walked and talked with, is he living, or is he dead?

There are so many breaking hearts; so many yearning for the beloved that have vanished out of their sight. Shall ever an answer come to such an one that will satisfy? Let us see: "There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body." So long as everything in nature adapts itself to, or corresponds with its environment, it is alive; the worm to its environment, the earth mole, the cat to their environment upon the hillside and the lowlands, birds, to their airy habitations; and the fish to their watery beds; these all adapting themselves to their environment are alive; but, ceasing to feed upon air, earth and water, they are dead. And we, to our environment must feed on air, earth and water; but, this is not all; there is a natural environment and a spiritual. The mind, the soul would starve in this natural element.

But, for this part of man's nature, there is a spiritual environment; whatever pertains to spirit or God or good, which, summed up, means love, joy, peace, for these are the fruits of spirit. Whoever then, in his environment, is good, loves God, becomes God-like and is alive forevermore. The spiritual is not that which can be seen and handled as the pierced hands. None the less, the living spiritual self is conscious that it lives forevermore; since love never dies, nor joy nor peace that is born of love. That the soul does not love God, or good, is not so much as conceivable. It is natural to love the good whatever be the absence to which the man may fall; natural to love the fruits of the spirit, which are love, joy, peace. And so, as spirit is true, and must by its very nature as spirit be true to its spiritual environment, that we call dead are even more alive than the so-called living. There is no death, then, but simply a transition, a going up higher in the scale of life; a progression toward the perfect.

Are we Spiritualists? Of course we are. We could not be other if we would. So is every thinking man, by whatever name he may misnomer his philosophy. He can be no other than a Spiritualist.

6 Crown St., Worcester, Mass.

Law of Planetary Motion.

BY VICTOR ILLUMINER.

The laws governing planetary motion are the laws of magnetism or vibratory rate, manifesting the double action of all chemical activities, absorption and repulsion. That we may arrive at any clear and distinct knowledge of the infinite, invariable laws which govern all lives, we must reduce all lives, great and small, to their primary source, which is chemical.

Looking at all lives as chemical combinations, the problems of life become much simplified. It is easily proven that every chemical, however crude or refined, possesses the double power of absorption and repulsion; absorbing that which is congenial and at the same time repelling that which is uncongenial. So strongly are these factors operative in even minute particles that all the ingenuity of man cannot compel assimilation or united action in two chemicals of dissimilar character.

Every planet, like every man, is a vast combination of chemicals, and upon the size, number and quality of the chemicals depends the degree of magnetism generated or, in other words, the vibratory rate. Every individualized life, and certainly a planet is an individualized type, generates, owing to the friction between chemicals that it holds in forcible subjection, a certain specified, and peculiar vibratory rate, which endows it with the power to preserve itself as a separate life, all others being attracted strongly to those three similar in chemical structure but higher unfolded than themselves, while they repulse positively all those bodies whose magnetism is uncongenial.

Self-preservation is a common and universal instinct, as powerful in planetary movements

as in plant, animal, and man. Every life is bound to yield full obedience to that which is vibrating in chemical structure yet superior in vibratory rate; consequently, the sun becomes an irresistible centre of attraction or magnet to the planets of this particular system, causing the same to rotate or move in a certain specified direction, but whoever has given serious thought to the contemplation of planetary motion has discovered that, while the sun produces the circular revolution, there is still a stronger factor which holds them in a perpendicular attitude.

No man can properly explain or define planetary motion in one writing, but any close student of planetary laws knows that the underlying principle of all action must necessarily be magnetic energy, consequently chemical activity. If desired, I shall be glad to give some results of personal observation.

The Peerless Reformer.

In discussing the religious question a writer says: "Humanity follow in the footsteps of the Christ as ardently as it has already subdued and overrun the earth." The important consideration is to raise the standard of morals—to make humanity wiser and better.

The following blindly in the footsteps of the Christ is in accord with his teachings—said his followers would do still greater works. The turning of water into wine, as was reported to have been done at Cana, was not a wise and commendable act, and those who insist that the Nazarene was the highest type of all the ages are grossly ignorant or blinded by prejudice. The present nation expends \$1,000,000,000 annually in intoxicating beverages, and the wreckage and ruin resulting from its use is appalling.

As a great religious reformer prohibited intoxicating beverages several hundred years before the birth of Christ and his creed embracing the Jewish commandments, which the Son of Man declared would save, it is evident that there is a greater, grander teacher than the Judean carpenter, and his name is Buddha. As indicating the character of that faith, which greatly exceeds in number of adherents any other religion, the story of the Buddha after menaces of striving and self-purification, Buddha had gained the right to enter Nirvana, but with compassion filling his heart, he put his merited reward aside and resolved to remain without to teach and to help until every child of earth should have become his disciple, and until every disciple should enter Nirvana before him.

Paul did not appear to care for the "children of earth" as did Buddha. The latter was a reformer without a peer—the grandest prophet of all the ages. Christ, who characterized himself as a prophet, was far inferior. If it is quoted "by their fruits ye shall know them" it will be remembered that the so-called Christians have, in "holy" wars, inquisitions, burnings, hangings, destroyed about 25,000,000 of people, and that Buddhism has never persecuted. Quaker.

Spiritism.

THE EXPERIENCES OF MRS. CLAY-CLOFTON OF HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA.

Mrs. Clement Clay-Clopton of Huntsville, Ala., has often-discussed with her husband the possibilities of spiritism, and always the conclusion was, "There is nothing in it." Still they promised each other if such a thing were possible that the one who died first should return and communicate with the other. The senator was first to die.

Mrs. Clay-Clopton's masculine intellect places her far above the charge of being superstitious, and even now she affirms that she does not believe in spiritism, but cannot account for the following:

About three months after her husband's death Mrs. Clay-Clopton was sitting in her room across from his library, when a faint sound distracted her from the book she was reading. Looking up she beheld the senator standing in the doorway. He did not speak, but she felt within herself that he had much to say, and also received the strong impression that he wished her to accompany him. As she arose to go to him, he vanished.

Shortly after this Mrs. Clay-Clopton awakened at midnight and lay wondering as to the cause, when the footsteps of her lame brother-in-law, now dead, were distinctly heard coming up the stairway. With an uneasy shiver she exclaimed, "Great God, Lawson Clay's footsteps!" Nearer came the sound of his peculiar halting footfall, until her chamber door was reached, when the step ceased, and his gentle voice called "Sister!"

Again the feeling overcame her that he, too, longed to converse, but feared to frighten her. Just here it will bear repetition to say Mrs. Clay-Clopton does not believe in spiritism.—Atlanta Sunny South.

Jottings.

BY ALEXANDER WILDER.

Little Ike lives in a town in western New York. His father is the son of a Hebrew merchant in Baltimore, and married a lady of an American family. Their son is observant of all curious facts around him. One day his nurse was reading to him from a story book and came to the name of Jesus Christ. "Oh, yes," cried the child, "I know who he is. He is the man my grandpa in Baltimore don't like."

A child was taught by a maiden sister of his mother to recite the "Lord's Prayer." When coming to the sentence, "Give us our daily bread," the little pupil cried, "O aunt, do say cake."

"I am always doing one and the same thing," says Salate-Beneve. "I am reading one and the same book. It is an infinite, a perpetually continuous book of the world, of life, that no one finishes, of which the wisest can decipher but a few pages. I read it at any page that presents itself, by fits and starts, upside, down, no matter how; I never stop. The greater the melody, the more frequent the interruptions, the more persistently I keep on upon this book on which we are always at the middle; but the profit of it all is that I have read it open in all sorts of different places."

On an ocean steamer one Sunday night two American passengers were sitting together singing hymns. Finally a third voice joined in one of the songs which one of the two recognized as having a familiar sound. At the conclusion he turned and asked the person whether he had not been engaged in the Civil War. He replied that he was then a Confederate soldier. He added that he had been posted as a sentinel one night near a wood. He felt lonely and was very cold. The Union forces were near by and he was in a state of intense apprehension. It was near midnight and finally to relieve the strain of his feelings, he began to sing this very hymn and he no longer felt afraid.

The other then said, "Listen now to my story. I was a Union soldier and had been sent out that night into that wood with a party of scouts. I saw you standing there but had no view of your face. My men had

their guns on you focused and waited my order to fire. Just then you sang:

"Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing."

Hearing this I said, 'Boys, lower your rifles; we will go home.'"

All the luminaries of medicine have urged the instructing of the people in the principles of the art. It was a complaint against the famous Paracelsus that he profaned the Mysteries of Medicine by teaching them in the German instead of the sacred Latin language. There is often necessity for new words when some new invention is made; nevertheless, all men of sense follow the maxim of Aristotle, "Think like the learned, but speak in the words of the many."—A. W.

Sir Thomas Watson said that the physician had to begin practice by unlearning what he had learned in the laboratory.

Only great and worthy things have any permanent and absolute existence.

We often talk as though the laws of nature had been made and then had the wide awake accordingly. There is not such a thing as an enacted law of nature on the footstool of God. The law of nature is the law of life, which is soul, and the law back of everything. God Almighty never enacted a law. He is himself the law itself; and the life of the universe, the spirit of the Almighty, is the law of the universe.—A. W.

MOVEMENT OF THE MEN TOWARD MODERNISM.

When such men as August Strindberg, the great skeptic, break with their own past and find their way into the Roman Catholic church, the greatest mistake would be to imagine that this is caused by an awakened conscience. In not a few of these cases have any religious motives been made a prominent factor or force in this singular step. A psychological analysis of their change leads to entirely different agencies. Their original materialistic and radical ideas and ideals cannot otherwise than in a perfect wreck of their physical and mental natures. At bottom they were men devoted to sensualism, and their end is bankruptcy. What they want is an opportunity to rest, to recuperate, to have the opportunity to be restored to health of body and mind. To obtain this they throw themselves into the arms of Roman Catholicism, and they seek in this communion, not religious but esthetic help.

The magnificence of the Roman Catholic cult, the incense of the service, the lack of all appeal to their own activity of thought, the perfect guardianship assumed by the church over its adherents, give them the opportunity they desire, the rest, the repose, the desire to sleep and to dream; and for this purpose they prefer the Roman Catholic cult.—Hans Fischer.

The Rev. Lemuel Haynes was a minister of Congregationalism in the State of Vermont. Having been the son of a colored father and a white mother, he could not go to college, yet secured a fair common education and made his way into the orthodox pulpit. He had a keen if not caustic wit. One day he was asked how he would vote at the coming election. He replied, "I would vote for the candidate who is Satan and the other is the Old Boy, I don't see much to choose."

Two brothers had been indicted for crime and had confessed the crime. Mr. Haynes visited them while awaiting execution and was very well satisfied with their spiritual condition. The day that they were to be executed and had been brought out for the purpose, Colvin, the man supposed to have been murdered, appeared on the ground. One man had never believed in the guilt of the condemned man. Colvin was a man of immaculate mind. He had a serene and happy brotherly smile. The day that he disappeared he was found in the town of Summit, N. J., and brought back by this man.

Two facts are noteworthy in this case. The confession of a crime may not always be true, despite the penalty. Again, a person may be in such an abnormal condition as to believe himself guilty of a crime, while in reality he is innocent. This sounds paradoxical, but it is true.—A. W.

One day I rallied a witty lady at the table with the quotation from a composition purporting to be a sermon by a reverend preacher that "a woman would quicker believe the Devil than the Lord." She quickly replied to me, "He makes himself interesting." Just as it was, it was significant in many ways. Persons who are attractive and interesting find this endowment as serviceable as charity. The estimation of man it covers the multitude of sins. I have heard vicious acts extenuated because those who did them made themselves agreeable. Much impunity is given; when the manners please, the morals are dispensed with.

Another quality is effective in popular assemblies. A man with large dimensions of body at the waist will carry an audience over when his arguments are frivolous. The "fair round belly" is all potent with the many. It is hard for those who are thin and spare. They may be right, and their facts and logic unassailable, but they are handicapped. Only geniuses like great Caesar have the discernment to decry the powers that may be possessed "separate Cassinas." Yet the men with "Lean and hungry look" are the ones that change the face of the world.

One circumstance has often impressed me. Many of those who are zealous sticklers for the hierarchy and absolute authority of the Bible, are unfamiliar with its contents. A quotation falls dead upon their ears until they learn where it is to be found. While employed in the office of the Evening Post in New York, I went to St. Paul's church the day the Episcopal convention assembled in quest of something to write. The morning session was just ended. I asked one of the members to tell me of the Bishop's sermon. He took a Bible, and found by the Book of Contents where the Book of Nehemiah began, after which he was able to tell me the text. This for a clergyman who was to be supposed to know the Scriptures which it was his vocation to expound, was little calculated to impress a person deeply in regard to his ability or the real importance of the book. I had known many Universalists and individuals adjudged to be heretics or skeptics, who had no professed confidence in the infallibility of the Bible but who could quote chapter and verse at a moment's notice.

An example is in point. Mr. Luke Barley of a little neighborhood in Western New York had known many Universalists of the old stamp, "Who believed in it?" One day he was visited by the Rev. Israel Brainard, a pastor of the Congregational church of the town, and a very able reasoner. He had come he said, to have a conversation on religious matters. He quoted several passages in which the punishment of wicked persons is set forth. Mr. Barley explained them as setting forth temporal calamities. "No," exclaimed the clergyman. "It is not so; they mean punishment in hell. When they are there, how then?" "God is merciful," replied Mr. Bar-

ley; "and as in the case of David, we may believe that he saves them from the lowest hell." The minister declared that there was any such statement, but there was little difficulty in finding the very text. The interview came rather abruptly to an end, and was never repeated.

It is not difficult to perceive that the reading of the Scriptures in families has gone out of fashion. The Bible is relegated to other places than the domestic and family records are seldom to be found in it. Indeed the American Bible Society itself has decided to close its business in New York as not meeting expenses. This change forestalls the adoption of new criterions of social life and neighborly relations. At some future day there will be a new version depolarized and expurgated of the innumerable interpolations of copyists. Let us hope with it all, veneration and fraternal charity will continue and increase.

Religious newspapers are subject at the present time to an extraordinary mortality. The *Independent*, which in the wide-awake days of Beecher, Bowen and Tilton, its trinity, was among the foremost and most influential, has become a secular journal to all intents and purposes; and the *Outlook* has followed in the same course. The Methodist combination abounds in Christian advocates, but most of them have been discontinued because they did not pay. A considerable number of smaller religious publications have disappeared for the same reason. Many that are still published are virtually moribund, and with the close of the Nineteenth Century will cease to exist.

Those who profess to care their permanency to the financial methods which are employed. They make to themselves friends of the man of unrighteousness which will abide even if plety goes by the board. In a certain sense this is wise, yet it gives occasion for some curious thinking. The Twentieth Century is replete with orthodox and conditions. It cannot be religious for all thinking men are religious, but the light which will illuminate will come from before and above, and not from the flickering lanterns of an effect or orthodoxy. Newspapers may die, but conditions will live.

It is a curious whim, and at times diverting, that persons professing the love of learning, should seem to take great pains to employ a terminology which the common reader or hearer cannot readily understand. They appear to have Jack Bunsby for a model, and to esteem any phraseology whose profundity consists chiefly in its obscurity and unmeaningness. Acknowledging in words that education is essential to the public safety, they actually by their affectation, obstruct the receiving of knowledge, however vital and important. They can by no means be said to follow the example of the man who holds his seat among the brightest stars, but grudges not to bestow his light and warmth upon the humblest one that lives on the earth.

Culture seems to have enhanced the miseries as well as the delights of the human race. The men who build gorgeous temples never go to them to worship; and the workman who constructs the palace does it for another. Even John Ruskin dwelt in a house devoid of taste or beauty. Culture that makes men skilful is attended with conditions that render their talents almost their misfortunes.

Women as Psychics.

BY ADELAIDE KEEN.

"Woman, in early times, was considered the 'weaker vessel,' and accordingly received the most knocks. Not only did her helplessness characterize her, but her nature, both inherited and acquired, made her superstitious to every light and shadow, to every whim and eccentricity of those with whom circumstances had thrown her. 'Women has magots in their minds,' as the old man said: 'they're little kattle'—which, being interpreted, means that the frail, gentle wife or daughter, the pliant, amiable authority in some small matter, and afterward proved the wisdom of her fancies with signal success. . . . Woman's comparatively lonely life—lonely even with her tasks—long centuries of oppression and self-effacement as well as the comeliness of her children, 'bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh,' have taught her the inner way to wisdom and shown her the hidden hand. This mysterious power, of which today we hear so much, is nothing more than the emotional side (or the sense of 'feeling') highly developed—not, as Eastern sages and ancient masters have called it, 'the intuitive sense.' It is the mind attuned to invisible harmonies or discords—the eolian harp, sensitive to the unseen breeze and warning those who will listen of what will follow."

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort and command."

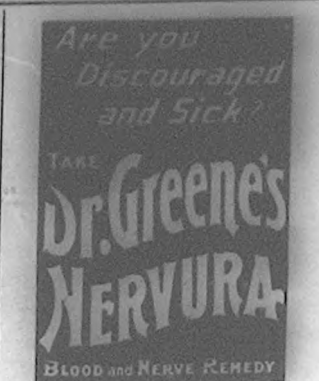
This sensitiveness is found most often in those men or women who have suffered greatly, and it may give pain and pleasure in equal proportions. It is always developed by contemplation, or concentration upon certain objects. This habit, like physical habits, becomes involuntary, and it is not necessary to "go to the trance," as we are sometimes told, that which is impalpable to the other four senses.

The saints of old, with their isolated lives, developed this power. Psychics are found in the wilderness, as a talent is nourished in solitude; but when it is part of the character it is most useful in the world. It has a commercial value also—unrated as yet, but increasing in size. The monks of the Middle Ages, when free from gross materialism, were exceedingly psychic. Alone with Nature, whom to know is to love, and independent of their fellow-men, they found illumination. These were the Mystics—going down into the "Silence," where God works, and bringing up pearls to the common eye.

It is in the household, then, whether of peasant, bourgeois, or king, that we find women using this groping guide for peace and happiness, warding off storms and contriving ways of individual enjoyment.

Men thus far have developed psychic power more systematically than women, because they are more fearless of ridicule, more logical, and more independent, and because of its commercial utility. Although useful in any profession, it is especially so to the bank clerk, traveling agent, ticket-seller, doctor, lawyer or minister. In such a capacity a man will trust divine intuition, then prove it by some system of reasoning or laws of physiology—merely to justify his "foolish impulse." But with women it is of slower, lower, and later growth, guarding her, a hundred times, from the machinations of the world, protecting her modesty, and leading her through unknown paths, ever onward, to her higher self. Women in some ways are "slower" than men, but when they had they bloom, making up all arrears with surprising agility.

This very power of feeling, so much derided by men, has made woman what she is and all ways was to their sex—fascinating, inscrutable, full of change and plastic vivacity. This susceptibility to sorrow and tears, to nerves and notions, has drawn her to her



mate with the invisible cords of opposite temperament, because he dimly sees that she can love as well as she can suffer and hate—that her patience will make her loyal and her moodiness make her anxious.

In children the psychic power is noticeable until the world laughs it away. A child's canny eyes will discern faults behind a smooth face, even as a dog knows friends or foes, more clearly and surely than the cynical diplomacy of older people can grasp after months of suspicion. As the child grows it stops saying, "Mama, I don't like to go to that house; they are not happy there; I feel ill!"—succumbing to threats and persuasion. If a boy, he usually forgets all about it; but if a girl, she keeps her faculty somewhere in abeyance, to serve her later. This feeling comes from the unseen world—Good, or God, so far from being blind, Love is double-sighted; and those who love, either en masse or one alone, develop it most quickly. Love and wisdom are the same; those who trust will learn. The key of the Kingdom is in the hands of a child, and its treasures of peace and joy belong to those who "fear no evil." The way of sorrow leads to the Mount of Victory. Passing through purgatory, we reach Paradise. So, in coming years, women through centuries of darkness will have found the full and abiding Light within.—Mead.

The Great Men and the Little Things.

To those who look upon the subject from the outside, it is often surprising that great men should show so much interest in little things. The pursuit of difficult thoughts and of high aims seems logically to shut mankind off from the trifles that make the sum of life when it flows along the channels of the mediocre and commonplace. . . .

While the genuine great men have or have not been always above the vanities, the extent to which they held precisely to the material, by the threads of all those harmless doings and havings that the material conditions us with, has been in a great degree the measure of their sanity. Probably there has been no better example of this than Balzac afforded. His prodigious labor and his pronounced tendency toward mysticism were enough to upset the equilibrium of the strongest brain. But his debts and his finances kept his mind as much on figures, on debt and credit and the rates of interest, as that of any merchant; and his occasional fancies and extravagant ideas—of house-furnishings, or of fine coats and sticks—occupied his thoughts even inordinately, and filled him with a child's delight. . . . It is the natural inclination of all men who have the dominant reforming instinct, to be very severe about such superfluities. Are they superfluities?

The contrary may very well be held; and this without one's being of that degree of materialism the qualifying adjective of which is understood to be "crass." There is a very profound speculation of modern German psychology by which the universe is conceived as remaining in any one state of its evolution until it has gone through all the potentialities of development of which that stage contains the material. As an analogue, it may be conceived that, since we are all, great men and little men alike, set down in this present network of infinitesimal affairs, a healthy and moderate amount of concern with them may be a necessary part of our processes of growth "within the limits of the fundamental adjustment." It is of no use to try to disembodiment ourselves before the time. Every-day people have no desires in that direction, but the great may have temptations of the sort which they do eminently well to resist. Shakespeare had his clowns, and there is no reason to suppose that they were solely concessions to the likes of the groundlings of that time. Quite probably he had a liking for their fooleries himself; being one of the very sound great men who doubtless showed interest, his life through in many childish or otherwise insignificant things which the average man would have thought beneath a great man's notice.—From The Point of View in Jane Scribner's.

What We Will Do When We Become Civilized.

First of all, we will strive to be healthy. Upon the healthful condition of its people, the nation's wealth depends. When we become good honest reasoners, it will be clear to us that Crime, Ignorance and Disease are identical the same. They cannot be separated. It is the birthright of everybody to be well born, and every child should have the privilege of being taught how to live.

A truly civilized man will make an honest effort to get acquainted with himself. In order to do this, he must be a close observer, and have a desire for self-knowledge. A civilized man will see the necessity of rooting out selfishness within himself, knowing that in the same proportion selfishness is destroyed, sympathy will be developed. A civilized man will know the importance of studying himself, and make up his mind fully to establish harmony within himself, as a foundation for being harmonious with the outer world. To be healthy is to be harmonious, and to be harmonious means to be sane—very few people are in this condition—when a person gets in this condition, he will be strictly governed by good sound thoughts. When we as a class can reach this point, we will have peace on earth, and good will to men. To those having a desire to be healthy in mind and body, we will recommend as a first step, to give up eating meats of all kinds and live on vegetables, grains, fruits and nuts. Also abstain from pastry of all kinds, coffee, tea and stimulants.—Editorial in Our Home Rights.

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BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1901.

ISSUED EVERY WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON AT 4 O'CLOCK FOR THE WEEK ENDING AT DATE.

Entered at the Post-Office, Boston, Mass., as Second-Class Matter.

PUBLICATION OFFICE AND BOOKSTORE
No. 204 Dartmouth Street, next door to Pierce Building, Copley Sq.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL AGENTS,
THE NEW ENGLAND NEWS COMPANY,
14 Franklin Street, Boston, Mass.

THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY,
and 41 Chambers Street, New York.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION IN ADVANCE
Per Year \$2.00
Six Months 1.00
Three Months50
Postage paid by publishers.

Issued by
BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY.
Harriet D. Barrett, President.
Frederic G. Tuttle, Treasurer and Bus. Mgr.
Harriet D. Barrett, Editor-in-Chief.
Marguerite C. Barrett, Assistant Editor.

Matter for publication must be addressed to the EDITOR. All business letters should be forwarded to the BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING COMPANY.

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Holiday Notice.

Monday, June 17, will be a legal holiday in Massachusetts, on which occasion the office of the Banner of Light will be closed throughout the day, in honor of the historical event known as "The Battle of Bunker Hill." Our patrons will kindly take notice, and govern themselves accordingly.

Another Attack upon Mrs. Matteson.

The physicians of Buffalo, N. Y., have recently made another attempt to drive Mrs. J. H. R. Matteson, the well-known clairvoyant physician of that city, out of the large practice that she has developed by her superior skill as an instrument of the spirit-world. They enlisted the secular press in their behalf and the most sensational stories found their way into print concerning the brave little woman whose sole offense is her ability to cure the sick, whereas they uniformly fail to do so. About two weeks since, an Italian mother with a sick child of three years of age in her arms, called upon Mrs. Matteson. She examined the child clairvoyantly, and told the mother to take it home at once, as the child was too sick to be out of doors. On the way home, the child grew so much worse, that the mother became frightened, and called upon the first doctor she could find. As she entered the doctor's office, the child was already stricken with death, and the doctor told the mother so.

The stricken mother had in her hand a package of herbs and a bottle of medicine that Mrs. Matteson had prescribed for the sick baby. These the old school doctor took possession of, and at once started the story that the baby had been killed by Mrs. Matteson's medicine. Startling headlines appeared in the daily papers, and every effort was made by the medical fraternity to procure evidence against the brave little medium, who has fought so long and earnestly for the privilege to heal the sick. The doctors analyzed the medicine and found it harmless, but this was not enough; they must have a post-mortem examination, and an inquest. Accordingly these were ordered. The post-mortem revealed the fact that the cause of the baby's death was double pneumonia, and that not one drop of the medicine given by Mrs. Matteson had been administered to the child. The parents testified that they had been treated by Mrs. Matteson in the past, and that they had been cured. They both added "She is good to the poor." The inquest failed to bring out one atom of evidence concerning Mrs. Matteson with the cause of the baby's death, but showed that she was really a "Good Samaritan" in the case.

A few of the Buffalo papers published the results of the inquest, and were honest enough to state that Mrs. Matteson had been completely exonerated. The Buffalo Express, also the Buffalo Courier, the two leading papers of the city, also the ones that had published the most misleading rumors concerning her, did not even mention the inquest, nor its results. They did not have the honor to do Mrs. Matteson the justice to say that she was wholly exculpated from all blame in the case. They remained silent, to their eternal disgrace, and thereby forfeited the respect and support of all decent people. Thus may Spiritualists expect to be treated by the secular press—until they respect themselves enough to make themselves felt as a political power in the land. They persist in voting men into office who pass medical monopoly laws, and then blame the doctors for what they, the Spiritualists, are solely to blame. They will submit to any kind of treatment by the secular press, provided the papers that attack them are on their side in politics. In other words, they prefer to be abused by a Republican or a Democratic paper, to boycotting it for its injustice, and to voting for men of the other party who are true and honest.

In Mrs. Matteson's case, the action of the papers in question will not be forgotten. The New York State Association of Spiritualists will not forget the affair very soon, while the N. S. A. will also hold the case in mind for a goodly length of time. These continued assaults upon our true and worthy workers clearly prove the necessity of a thorough organization among the Spiritualists. Supposing the Italian baby had been Mrs. Matteson's patient, and that it had died under her treatment. Would one case have been a large percentage when compared with the scores of patients the "regulars" each lose every year? They are never molested, no matter how many patients die under their treatment, but when a successful irregular loses a case, he is an Osteopathist, a Christian Scientist or a Spiritualist, the news is heralded far and wide and a prison sentence is demanded by the regulars (7) for the so-called offender! But Mrs. Matteson did not lose this case, for it was never hers to lose. Yet the doctors sought to make her all the trouble they could, and tried to get her into the clutches of the law. It is quite probable that they will endeavor to prosecute her for the illegal practice of medicine, as an offset for their disastrous defeat in this case. We do not believe that an intelligent jury will ever convict her, for no proof can be offered to show that she has been other than a most successful healer, and generous friend, to the poor and needy.

These repeated attacks, however, should awaken the Spiritualists to a sense of their duty in the case. Restrictive medical laws should be repealed, and it is the duty of Spiritualist voters to see that they are repealed. This they can do only through organization. The New York State Association of Spiritualists defeated the medical and anti-medicine bills in the last Legislature of that State. Had this organization been defunct, or inactive, the bills would have undoubtedly passed. As it is, the Spiritualists of New York and the nation owe a debt of gratitude to the State Association. No honorable man or woman who believes in Spiritualism, can consistently withhold his or her support from organization, in view of what organization has done this very season to protect the rights of the people. Every Spiritualist who is opposed to medical monopoly laws, to laws putting a heavy license fee upon medicines, and other unjust measures, should join the State Association, and render it loyal support. If there is a local society at hand, it should be supported with equal fervor. Our rights as freemen have been invaded in twenty States this past season, and with few exceptions, our enemies have won their battles because they were organized and we were not. "Those who will be enslaved deserve to be enslaved," said Daniel O'Connell. Those Spiritualists who will submit to medical monopoly deserve only what they get in the way of persecution. If our Mrs. Matteson, our Fraits, our Le Grands, and others are to be protected, then the Spiritualists must give it to them. This they can only do by organizing their forces perfectly, and then elect honorable men to represent them in their State and National Legislatures. Will you do this, Spiritualists of America, or do you prefer party slavery to medical and religious liberty?

The Buffalo Exposition.

The Pan American Exposition is now in full blast at Buffalo, N. Y. It is grand even in its incompleteness, and is well worth seeing. In three months from now, it will be equal, if not superior, in many respects, to the World's Fair at Chicago. There are the usual discomforts connected with this Exposition that accompany all such gatherings. Extortion at nearly all hotels in Buffalo is quite common, and the process of "bleeding" is repeated many times on the Exposition Grounds. This is especially true of the restaurants there, all of which, save one or two, are under management of one corporation. Meals are very high-priced, and of an exceedingly inferior quality, while the service is also very unsatisfactory. Some hotels are charging two and three times their usual rates, and the one firm that has the catering of the grounds in charge, is endeavoring to reap a golden harvest of dollars from the people who were so unwise as to enter the Exposition without taking their lunches with them. Only one of the State buildings is completed, viz., that of Wisconsin. The South American States are also quite incomplete, while the sound of saw and hammer is yet heard in all of the public buildings, save those of the United States Government. In a few weeks all will be complete and the American people will have an opportunity to view one of the greatest Expositions the world has ever seen. Even in its half-completed state, the Buffalo Exposition is worth the price of admission many

times over. It must be seen to be appreciated, and it will be appreciated as soon as it is seen. If visitors would avoid dyspepsia and other ills, they should pay strict attention to their diet while on the grounds. There are two or three good restaurants there, but they have to be sought for, and are not under the control of the party that secured a monopoly of the Exposition eating houses. These few good restaurants are on the grounds of the foreign exhibitors.

Prof. George D. Herron.

This eminent and erudite gentleman has been much in evidence of late in the columns of the secular press by reason of his recent divorce and speedy marriage to the lady with whom the gossips had long been coupling his name. Prof. Herron lost his position in Grinnell, Iowa, University, by reason of his ultra socialist views, with which, it is said, his wife did not sympathize. This led to permanent estrangement, and finally to an absolute divorce. Prof. Herron maintained a dignified silence throughout the controversy, preferring to shoulder all of the responsibility, and censure of the separation himself, rather than add anything to the suffering of his wife. As he was a clergyman of the Orthodox Congregational Church, his divorce was made a church matter, and he was speedily subjected to persecution from that quarter. His recent marriage to Miss Rand has called forth further adverse criticism, but he still holds his peace, and pursues the even tenor of his ways. He has withdrawn from the church, and is now a radical of radicals in his religious and political views. His conscience led him out of the church, and has been his guide as a reformer for many years. His unfortunate domestic relations will cripple his influence as a reform advocate for some time, yet, if he is sincere in his convictions, and honest in purpose, he will regain his former prestige and again receive the homage due him as a conscientious advocate of the rights of man. His home life is his own affair, yet it has been made the concern of an unsympathetic public, hoping thereby to destroy him through religious and political prejudice. His future course will be watched with interest alike by his friends and enemies.

The Woman's Suffrage Convention.

The recent convention of the Woman Suffragists of the United States in Minneapolis, Minn., was a notable gathering. The venerable Susan B. Anthony was in attendance, and wielded the gavel as presiding officer for the last time probably. She greeted the Convention in her own name and that of the other honorary president, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and earnestly defended the principles for which she has so long contended. The Suffrage movement is only a few months younger than that of Modern Spiritualism. Its inception occurred in the same year, 1845, and has kept pace with it for more than fifty years. In fact, it has distanced its elder in the race, for the Suffragists have recognized the power of organization, while the Spiritualists have disregarded it. From 1845 to the present time, Susan B. Anthony's name has been associated with the suffrage cause. Nobly has she wrought in her field of reform, and many are the victories that she has won. Now, full of years and honors faithfully earned, she takes leave of the cause to which she has given her life, as its official representative and advocate. She has earned the heartfelt gratitude of every lover of right and justice on both continents, and deserves well at the hands of her fellowmen. The emancipation of woman is largely due to the influence of Susan B. Anthony. When the women of the future receive the right of suffrage, as they surely will, the work of Susan B. Anthony will have been accomplished, and her monument built for the endless ages to come. All honor to her to whom the women of America owe so much! All honor to her to whom the world is indebted for so much of liberty as women now enjoy!

The Florida Lynching.

The recent lynching of a brutal negro at Barton, Florida, has given the secular press an opportunity to dwell at length upon the wrongs of the negro, and the frightful sin of lynching, and that opportunity has not been lost. The fact that the brute was burned at the stake is enlarged upon, and held up as an object of horror to the world. It is to be regretted that the stake was resorted to in disposing of the brute in question, but no honorable man or woman can deny that he merited the severest of punishments for his fearful crime. An innocent, high-minded and true-hearted woman was needlessly assaulted and murdered by him without the slightest provocation. It was enough to lash public sentiment into a perfect frenzy of passion, and to demand extreme measures. The attempts of many Northern journals and people as well to condone the negro's offense, and to charge the Southern people with race prejudice, are absurd in the extreme. The honor of women and the sanctity of the home mean something in the South, and the people there take swift vengeance when the same are violated. In the North, when a negro or a white man destroys or outrages womanly virtue, he is often made a hero of, and is occasionally defended by the judge upon the bench. The South honors virtue and some people in the North have no respect for it. We do not believe in burning any person at the stake, neither are we in favor of capital punishment, but we do claim that under the circumstances that frequently attend these outrages, lynching has a moral justification that most will have recognition. Our courts are unequal, and juries often decide cases from political prejudice. Under such conditions, honorable men cannot be held wholly to blame if they resort to extreme measures in dealing with such conscienceless brutes.

If the offender could be sentenced to imprisonment for life, without the possibility of receiving a pardon, the ends of justice would

be served, provided, of course, that sexual amputation be administered to him as soon as he was captured. This Florida episode has done more than to reopen the question of lynching; it has once more brought forward the problem of the negro for the consideration of the American people. If the negro is to remain in America, he must become amenable to the laws of our country, and not pampered because of his color. If he furnishes ninety-nine per cent. of the rapists of the land, he must expect summary judgment and punishment. He must change his methods of life, and resort to other conditions for a livelihood. Colonization in some of the States, or deportation to Siberia, or to the Philippine Islands, seem to be the only alternatives left for the American people. It would be better by far for our government to spend millions of dollars in deporting the negroes, than to squander them in useless wars, naval and land fortifications. Better spend one billion of dollars in freeing our country of the one element that is most dangerous to its peace and prosperity, than it is to have hundreds of women and children annually outraged by brutes in the form of men. We are not the negro's enemy, but are rather his friend in advising that he be thrown upon his own resources, and placed in his native clime to work out his own destiny. Until this is done, political disturbances because of him, rapings, murders and lynchings will be frequent. Deport him and all of these evils will be overcome.

Phenomena.

Some Spiritualists are very much concerned about the presentation of phenomena from the public platform. Those who are most anxious for the so-called tests are usually Spiritualists of forty or fifty years' standing. We do not blame them for loving the phenomena so well, for we realize what those phenomena were to them in the early days of the movement. Such Spiritualists do not hesitate to condemn the practice of the Chinese when they put wooden shoes upon the feet of their female children, and keep them there until their feet are cramped and deformed. Yet they put Chinese shoes upon their minds, and deform them with one idea, until they have no wish to add anything to their growth. Phenomena are as much needed by scientists and thinkers as they ever were. They are also of great value to those who mourn the loss of their loved ones, hence should be presented to them in the form of a spiritual communion service. But the sorrowing ones of earth are not often those who receive the public tests. In fact, they feel as if it were sacrilegious to thus publish their griefs to the world. Phenomena are of value only in so far as they are used to interpret the forces that produce them.

When they become mere incidents to amusement for the unthinking, or playthings for those who do not care for the higher truths of Spiritualism, their presentation injures, rather than enhances the progress of our Cause. If we were to resort to the laboratory of the scientists, and to the sacred communion service, where only those who were spiritually educated were admitted, for our phenomenal manifestations, Spiritualism would soon be the one factor of value in the realm of religion. The thinking world respects the work of the Physical Research Society, because of the fact that it has demonstrated its every premise, and has never taken anything for granted. It has insisted upon evidence, and then has critically analyzed that evidence in its search for truth. It has rejected guess-work, credulity, and assumption, and has honestly striven to tell the plain, unvarnished truth to the world. Spiritualists have produced abundance of phenomena, but they have never classified them, nor offered them to the scientific world in orderly form. They have been greatly offended with the members of the Physical Research Society for insisting that classification and analysis were at all necessary in the investigation of the problems of psychism. If a scientist were to be told by a man of the utmost veracity that he had discovered a new planet, the man of science would at once ask for evidence of the truth of his claim. The location of the planet and all attendant facts would be sought for and then steps would be taken to place the alleged discovery in the world of science.

It is the same with Spiritualism. Spiritualists have claimed for a full half century that they have discovered something of greater moment than a new planet, in the form of the great revelation of life beyond the grave. Of late years, when asked by scientists for complete evidence of the truth of their assertion, they have flown into a passion, and have denounced the scientists for presuming to doubt their word. In the case of the Society for Psychical Research, its members have not doubted the word of any conscientious Spiritualist, but they have simply requested the confirmation of his claims by additional evidence. In some cases, our Psychical Research friends have been too arrogant in their demands, but many Spiritualists have been far more unreasonable in asking that the Psychical Research Society accept everything offered as a psychic phenomenon as an absolute truth without demonstration. It is evidence the world needs—not blind assumptions and ridiculous assertions. Spirit return is an absolute fact, and no man or body of men can successfully controvert it. The scientists, however, are justified in refusing to accept influence for evidence, and in their determination to analyze every phenomenon to which their attention is called, ere they place the label of truth upon it.

Spiritualists have psychic facts in abundance. It should be their province to educate the world in psychic science. This, however, they cannot and will not do until their phenomena are presented in a more attractive form than they now are at present. Platform tests are based upon facts, but they have become messages merely, and only in a few instances do they possess scientific value. As messages, they are still of the utmost importance to the sorrowing ones of earth. Let

those who are grief stricken receive them in a helpful, and cheering manner. Let them be placed beyond the reach of the curious, taken away from the wonder-monger, and made a source of power in the revelation of religious truth to mankind. In other words, let us establish communion hours, at which true and tried mediums shall voice messages of comfort to those who have united with the local society as members, and to no one else. Make membership the open sesame to these seances, and our local societies will possess an attraction they have long lacked, while our public lectures will be freed from the feature that has made them objectionable to those who do not care to air their griefs and business affairs in public—the feature of amusement that has so long made many of our spiritual gatherings seem more like a show than like a religious or scientific service. This plan would soon abolish fraudulent tests, for the consecration of heart and soul on the part of the Spiritualists would be met by a consecration to truth on the part of the medium, under whose spell only truthful messages would be given. Let us then preserve our phenomena by placing them in the keeping of truth-seeking scientists, and honest mediums for use in the laboratory and communion hall, and then Spiritualism will be victorious.

Transition.

As we go to press, we learn of the transition of Dr. William Woods, a well-known citizen of Boston, and a veteran of the Civil War. He was beloved by all who knew him, and has passed away bearing with him the love and respect of hundreds of people. Our sincere sympathy goes out to his venerable parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Woods, and his widow, all of whom were too ill to attend the funeral services at Mt. Auburn cemetery on the third instant, at which Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes officiated. Mr. and Mrs. John Woods are old-time Spiritualists, and faithful workers for the Cause of truth. The entire family have the consolations of Spiritualism to cheer them in this hour of grief and sadness. Dr. William Woods was the worthy son of noble parents, and has made the world better for his having lived in it. Peace to his memory.

By a vote of five to four the Supreme Court of the United States has decided that the inhabitants of Porto Rico were citizens until Congress made them otherwise by the so-called Porto Rican Act. All tariffs collected prior to that date can be recovered by those who paid them under this decision. Now that the Court holds that the Porto Rican Act is valid, the inhabitants of Porto Rico are neither citizens nor subjects, nor yet aliens. Just what they are it is hard for an intelligent person to determine. They can be taxed on their products as are foreigners, yet they are not foreigners, for Congress is declared to have the exclusive right to make laws for them. To a rational mind, it looks like a clear case of taxation without representation. History says the American people rebelled against that doctrine a century and a quarter ago. Now they advocate it, and uphold it, even in the Supreme Court! How times have changed!

The National Congress of Mothers has been in session the past month, and has indulged in numerous lively debates upon topics of interest to men and women alike. It is to be hoped that the proceedings of this interesting convocation will be published in full for the benefit of the progressive thinkers of the world. Would it not be well for this Congress to form an auxiliary for men, and call it "The National Association of Fathers?" How many men would join such an organization?

Spiritualists, the Ninth Annual Convention of the National Spiritualists' Association will be held in Washington, D. C., October 15, 16, 17 and 18 prox. You are all needed there, and should plan to attend it. Low rates on all railroads and reduced hotel prices will enable you to do so.

Our sincere sympathy goes out to our valued friends, Mr. and Mrs. David Sherman, of North Collins, N. Y., who have been called upon to part with their talented daughter and only child, Miss Lizzie Sherman. Miss Sherman was a talented artist, and has left many choice productions of her brush as mementoes of her noble and useful life. She has long been an invalid, and after much suffering, has taken leave of earth at an early age, to take up the threads of life anew in the home of the soul. She was and is one of nature's noble women, and has made the world better because of her sweet and unselfish life. Peace to her memory, and may the loving angels console her grief-stricken parents at this sad hour.

The New York State Spiritualist Convention in Buffalo was a decided success in all ways. The weather was unusually stormy, yet every session was well attended, and a great deal of interest was manifested in all of the proceedings of the Convention. It was the most representative Convention that has been held in New York for some years. This fact augurs well for the future of Spiritualism in that State. The following officers were elected without opposition for the ensuing year: Moses Hull, president; Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing, Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds, vice-presidents; Herbert L. Whitney, secretary; Hon. H. W. Richardson, treasurer; E. G. Reilly, Mrs. S. Comstock-Ellis, Mrs. Laura Holt, and Miss M. J. Fitzmaurice, trustees.

In the occult life we only possess what we have given to others, and what we have given is a possession that requires no protection; what we have is dead until we give it, then it takes on itself life. What we give away is our investment in divine life. It is the bread we cast upon the waters which never fails to return, though often after many days.—Joseph M. Wade.

subsequent to the apostolic era, the Christian church diverged from the simple ways of its founders; it degenerated into a complicated and irrational creed, the fault lay not with organization, but with the lust of power and riches of its leaders who forgot that Jesus had said, "My kingdom is not of this world," and "Thou canst not serve God and Mammon."

If, in this respect, the Christian church was false to the principles of its organization, all the good to mankind the church has done and is still doing, is due to organized action. What! Labor organizers to resist the encroachments of capital, organized charity braves death on the battlefield and disease in the hospitals, or carries relief and hope into the squalidst hovel, and we, Spiritualists, unheeding our guides' teachings and earnest appeals, would, after a wild outburst of sentimentalism, fold our hands and cry out, like the lost in the Greek fable, "O Hercules, come pull my wagon out of this rut!" No; and if the spirits in any way help us, who will not help ourselves and our brothers, the must, indeed, carry charity to its utmost limits.

The trend of spirit inspiration makes now for an altruistic religion; for whoever has studied persistently the course of instruction pursued by our wise teachers, this must appear natural; it is the purest altruism moves exalted spirits to work for the rescue of their more ignorant brethren, be these incarnate or discarnate, and here again they invite our cooperation. They have inculcated throughout the principles of altruism, beginning with the Golden Rule, and now they think we should be ripe for the putting into practice of those principles.

It is in the practice of true altruism mankind will find the means of righting the wrongs of society and of reaching that high, spiritual plane which will bring man in closer touch with God and his angels. But, while the individual, conquering selfishness and indifference, may claim to be an altruist, he can accomplish but little by himself; it is only by organized altruism the much desired end of social progress and general betterment in both the material and spiritual lines can be attained.

Annual Convention of N. Y. State Association of Spiritualists.

Though the weather was cold and the sky dark and lowering it did not chill the spirits nor depress the enthusiasm of our delegates and active members of the association as we gathered in the Spiritual Temple in Buffalo, the queen city of western New York.

Kindly greetings and smiles were the order of the day. The platform was a perfect bower of bloom owing to the efficient work of the ladies of the Buffalo society. For the first session an unusually large number was present and proved prophetic of the largest convention we have held since our Association was organized.

At 11 a. m. an informal meeting of the officers, trustees, delegates and members was called to order by the President, Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twine, and after appointment of the Committee of Credentials: Frank Walker, Mrs. Laura A. Holt, S. Niver, and the Committee on Rules, Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds, H. W. Richardson, Birch Ellis, short addresses were given by a large number of the convention, which were extremely interesting and spirited.

The convention then adjourned till afternoon. At 2:15 p. m. sharp the afternoon session opened with our president, Carrie E. S. Twine, in the chair. After congregational singing the Rev. Moses Hull made the address of welcome in behalf of the Buffalo society and our president responded. The chair then appointed the various committees of the convention.

The secretary presented the convention with forty copies of sheet music, fifteen entitled "My Bird and I" and twenty-five entitled "Soul of My Soul," which the author of both words and music, Mrs. Sophie E. Woodside of Haverford (whom our president designates as our song bird), presents—half to our State Association and half to the National Association. The vote of thanks was extended for the same and the secretary instructed to notify Mrs. Woodside of the action of the convention. The president's report was read and referred to the committee on president's report: Rev. Moses Hull, Miss Marie J. Fitzmaurice, Frank Walker. Then followed the reading of the secretary's and treasurer's reports which were referred to the committee on secretary and treasurer's reports: W. Wines Sargent, Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds, E. G. Reilly.

W. Wines Sargent reported regarding the late successful mass meeting in New York city, followed by Miss Marie J. Fitzmaurice and the secretary on the same subject. H. W. Richardson, Mrs. Lizzie Brewer reported the series of mass meetings held last September in western New York, after which followed the reports of the delegates from our chartered societies.

Mrs. Mattie Hull, secretary of the Helping Hand society gave a lengthy and exceedingly interesting report of the work of that society, followed by remarks by Mrs. Mary Von Kanzer of Syracuse. The meeting then adjourned.

Evening Session, Friday.—Meeting opened by singing; invocation by Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds; inspirational singing and playing by Mrs. Gage of Buffalo; address by Harrison D. Barrett of Boston, president of the National Spiritualist Association and editor of the Banner of Light; address of Mr. Wilson, vice-president of one of the Toronto, Canada, Spiritualist Associations; "Bobbie Shafro" and "Watching the Sparkling," readings by Mrs. Alfarata Jahake, daughter of Moses Hull; address by Prof. Wm. J. Lockwood; spirit messages by Mrs. Margaret Gable of New York City; singing; benediction by H. D. Barrett, adjourned.

Saturday Morning.—Convention was called to order by the president, Mrs. Twine and after singing, W. Wines Sargent, chairman of committee on secretary and treasurer's report, stated the committee for both reports to be correct and so reported them to the convention. Reports were unanimously adopted.

The committee on resolutions then submitted their report, which after being read was taken up article by article and acted upon separately. The report as follows, was unanimously adopted.

Madame President, Ladies and Gentlemen of the Convention:—Your committee to whom was referred the president's report and who were to present a series of resolutions to be considered by this convention, have attended to their duties and submit the following:

We commend the report of our president. The motherly and sympathetic tenderness that permeates the same meets our hearty approval, and is a recognized trait of the Spiritualists wherever she is known.

We have thought it the better part to include the various points of her report in the following resolutions:

Resolved, That as the young are especially receptive, more strenuous and persistent efforts should be made to impress upon them the valued truths of our philosophy and to inculcate in them the moral responsibility to take up and carry on the work in a progressive manner.

Resolved, That we recommend the organization of children's progressives become in every community where it is possible.

Resolved, That all attempts to legislate away our liberties shall be contested to the utmost, and that any measure calculated to curtail religious or medical privileges should be prevented if possible.

BELL BILL CONDEMNED.

Resolved, That the N. Y. S. A. of Spiritualists in convention assembled do hereby express their thanks and appreciation to the Senators and members of the Assembly who so fearlessly opposed the proposed medical monopoly and other bills, such as the Bell bill, the Wagner bill and the Babcock bill, all of which were inimical to the rights of the people; and that the secretary be instructed to write to such representatives congratulating them on the stand they took and thanking them therefor.

Resolved, That the report in favor of the resolution of Brother W. V. Nicum of the First Spiritual Church of Buffalo, which reads as follows, be adopted:

Resolved, That the thanks of the State Association of Spiritualists and of the First Spiritual Church of the city of Buffalo, are hereby extended to Rev. Moses Hull and to L. W. Richardson, who in answer to the calls from the State Association and the First Spiritual Church, went to Albany and used all their powers in combating and assisting in the defeat of the proposed legislation against the liberties of the people.

Resolved, That we challenge a comparison between the records of the regular schools of medical practice and those of clairvoyant and spiritual healers, and that we have no doubt but that the result would be highly favorable to the latter.

Resolved, That we favor a continued effort toward the abolishment of capital punishment until this relic of barbarism shall be wiped off our statute books.

Resolved, That we unite with the president of the N. Y. S. A. in our regrets that we have been able to do so little in the direction of missionary work, and that we recommend that the incoming board redouble its efforts in that direction.

Resolved, That we are opposed to fraud and chicanery of every character, and that we will use our best endeavors to place membership upon the highest possible plane.

Resolved, That we are opposed to compulsory vaccination, believing that beside being an encroachment upon the liberties of the people, its effects often are more injurious than that which it is intended to prevent.

Resolved, That to that staunch friend of the common people Mrs. J. H. H. Matteson, who has done so much to alleviate the sufferings of humanity and who is ever ready to support our organizations and the cause in general, to her we extend our hearty and sincere sympathy and good will especially so at this time and because of the recent nefarious attempts that are being made by the medical associations to interfere with the exercise of the gifts with which nature has endowed her and thus deprive the people of their legitimate privilege and right to be healed through her mediumship.

Resolved, That the hearty thanks of this convention are due, and are hereby extended to the secular press of Buffalo for its respectful and liberal report of the proceedings of this convention.

Resolved, That we extend our thanks to the First Spiritual Church of Buffalo for its hearty co-operation, the free use of its temple, and for the courtesies extended to the delegates to this convention.

Resolved, That we believe in an integral education, and in a ministry at least equally educated with the ministers of other denominations, and that to this end, we commend the Spiritualists' Training School at Lily Dale, and further, we recommend that the State Association pay for at least one scholarship each year therein.

Resolved, That we commend the Spiritualist literature, both books and papers, to the Spiritualists at large and encourage them to extend to them their patronage.

Resolved, That we extend to the National Spiritualists' Association our hearty co-operation and support, and congratulate it upon having at Washington a headquarters of its own, with a substantial fund in its treasury, and that we hereby express our thanks and appreciation to our planning brothers, Theodore J. Mayer and Samuel France, for their munificent gifts to said association, which have made that result possible.

Salem E. Parker of Versailles, N. Y., was then presented to the audience and gave two eulogistic selections, "The Orthodox Team" and "An Irishman's Opinion of the Flages," Brother Parker, both as singer and an eloquentist, ranks high, and his efforts were received with wild applause.

Mrs. Marguerite Barrett, the talented wife of our National Association president, gave a most interesting address, the subject being "Our Children."

Prof. Frank Walker, delegate from Hamburg, and Prof. Harrison D. Barrett made an honorary member of our State Association. Rev. Moses Hull amended the original motion by making it include Mrs. M. Barrett also. Amendment adopted. Adjourned.

Afternoon, Saturday.—Our president called the convention to order at 2 p. m. and at once named as nominating committee, Frank Walker, Hamburg, N. Y.; Wm. V. Nicum, Buffalo, N. Y.; E. H. Kent, East Aurora, N. Y.; Mrs. Lizzie Brewer, Syracuse, N. Y.; Birch Ellis, Auburn, N. Y. The committee retired and the president made a short address, stating her reasons for putting the matter to become a candidate for re-election as president. She was followed by short addresses by Mrs. Mary Von Kanzer of Syracuse and E. W. Bond of Waukegan, Ohio. Mrs. Alfarata Jahake, the charming and talented daughter of Moses Hull, gave a reading, followed by spirit messages by Mrs. Margaret Gable of New York City. The nominating committee then reported as follows: President, Moses Hull, Buffalo; vice-president, Carrie E. S. Twine, Westfield; second vice-president, Tillie U. Reynolds, Troy; secretary, Herbert L. Whitney, Brooklyn; treasurer, H. W. Richardson, East Aurora; trustees, W. Wines Sargent, Brooklyn, Sarah Conner-Ellis of Auburn, E. G. Reilly of Syracuse, Laura A. Holt of West Potsdam.

W. Wines Sargent of Brooklyn, for personal reasons, positively refused to accept the office for the coming year, and nominated Miss Marie J. Fitzmaurice of New York City. Convention accepted by nomination and W. C. Nicum and S. A. Niver were appointed. The nominations were accepted unanimously and the secretary was instructed to cast the deciding ballot.

Remarks were made by President Moses Hull, Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twine, Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds, Dr. G. C. Beckwith Ewell and Dr. E. P. Butterfield.

Brother Moses Hull, the new president, was welcomed to the stage with cries of "Good enough for you, Moses." In delivering his address of thanks to the convention for the honors conferred upon him, he said:

"You are in a hard place, I am sure. I will work. Within the last few minutes your message came to me and has changed my plans for my life. I had planned to go to Europe next year to extend the work. Within the next few hours I shall write that my plans are changed and that I will not go. In September and October I

had planned to carry on the work in British Columbia, Washington and Colorado. I am not going to always stay in New York state, but during the next year I am going to make it my aim to double, if not the number of societies, the number of individual members of our association. I shall hold mass meetings in September and October, if I can not get more than seven people to come to them."

Brother Hull succeeded in working the convention up to a high state of excitement. Vice-President Twine, the retiring president, followed Mr. Hull and was warmly welcomed. She said: "Brother Hull made a real fresh introduction, but he'll find work mighty hard to do without the aid of the people. When he has written 200 letters to people about the state asking aid and requesting them to join and send \$1 to the aid of the work and then gets only one reply and that from an old blind and sick woman who simply sends greetings and wishes us well, he will lose some of his enthusiasm."

"But Moses will stick to it. He is built that way, and I will do all I can to aid him. But when you hold mass meetings all alone it is lonesome, I tell you. I have tried it and know. Reformers are always stoned until they succeed and we will yet succeed."

Tillie U. Reynolds, the second vice-president, said: "My Spiritualism is my life. It has done for me more than I can tell and I shall always stick by it." The other officers made brief remarks.

Rev. Moses Hull and Carrie E. S. Twine were elected delegates to the National Convention in October.

Resolution adopted instructing Board of Trustees to appoint delegates if required to fill any vacancy that may occur.

Resolution adopted that the time and place of our next annual convention be left to the Board of Trustees to adjourn.

Saturday evening.—Singing; invocation, W. V. Nicum; a demonstration of telepathy, Mr. and Mrs. Danzig; song, Mrs. Fredericks; address, Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds; reading, Mrs. Alfarata Jahake; address, Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twine; song, Mrs. Fredericks; tests, Dr. C. Beckwith Ewell; song, Mrs. Lizzie Brewer; reading, Mrs. Swobe of Lockport. "The Colored Campmeeting." Adjourned.

Sunday morning session opened with congregational singing, followed by an address by our treasurer, H. W. Richardson, "A History of Our Legislative Fight at Albany."

A resolution was carried requesting the Board of Trustees to have the history of this fight printed in pamphlet form for distribution. Remarks, Mrs. J. H. H. Matteson; address, Harrison D. Barrett; address and spirit communications, Dr. G. C. Beckwith Ewell; address, Mrs. Mattie E. Hull, "Children's Lyceum." Adjourned.

Sunday afternoon.—Singing; invocation, Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds; inspirational playing and singing, Mrs. Gage of Buffalo; reading, "Leona," Harrison D. Barrett, followed by an address; duet, Salem E. Parker and his sister, Mrs. Capitola Parker-Bowen; reading, Mrs. Alfarata Jahake; address, Lyman C. Howe of Fredonia; communications, Dr. C. H. Figures of Cleveland, Ohio; duet, S. E. Parker and Mrs. C. Parker-Bowen. Adjourned.

Sunday evening.—Singing; invocation, Mrs. M. E. Hull; admission of several new members to the First Spiritual Church of Buffalo, by the pastor, Rev. Moses Hull; duet, "If I Were a Voice," "The Unseen City," Salem E. Parker and Mrs. Capitola Parker-Bowen; short address by President Moses Hull, followed by ordination exercises conducted by our late president, Carrie E. S. Twine; Mrs. Ella Atcheson and Wm. V. Nicum having been granted ordination papers by our association. Rev. John A. Sayles of East Aurora Universalist Church delivered the charge at the ordination exercises to an audience. Address, Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twine; spirit communications, Dr. C. H. Figures; reading, "The Price of a Man," Mrs. Alfarata Jahake; communications, F. Cornea White; duet, "Dipped in the Golden Foam," S. E. Parker and Mrs. C. Parker-Bowen. Adjourned.

Herbert C. Whitney, Sec'y.
1056 Jefferson Ave., Brooklyn.

Spiritualist Camp Meetings for 1901.

Cassadaga Lake, Lily Dale, N. Y., July 14 to Sept. 1.
Onset, Mass., July 14 to Sept. 1.
Lake Pleasant, Mass., July 23 to Sept. 1.
Marshalltown, Iowa, June 23 to July 7.
Clinton, Iowa, July 23 to Aug. 25.
Harwich, Mass., July 14 to 27.
Camp Progress, Mass., June 2 to Oct. 6.
Etna, Maine, Aug. 29 to Sept. 8.
Vicksburg, Mich., Aug. 2 to 25.
Ashley, O., July 14 to Aug. 14.
Chesford, Ind., July 15 to Aug. 25.
Queen City Park, Va., July 23 to Sept. 1.
Nanticoke, Conn., June 24 to Sept. 9.
Earnecliff Grove, Chelmsford St., Lowell, Mass., June 2 to Sept. 29.
Island Lake, Mich., July 15 to Sept. 2.
Hasslet Park, Mich., July 23 to Sept. 1.
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MRS. MINNIE H. SOULE.

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

These circles are not public.

To Our Readers.

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

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

Report of Seance held May 9, 1901. S. E. 54.

MESSAGES.

Henry K. Leonard.

I see the spirit of a man about sixty years old. He is very tall and angular, with gray side-whiskers and gray mustache. He has gray blue eyes and a bald head with a little hair round the edges, and he has a bright, happy-go-lucky way. He throws up his arms with an air of freedom as much as to say, Here I am, boys, and I am going to say what I want to. He has in his hand a flag and I know by that that he is an old soldier and was fond of the flag. He says, "I didn't die for it but I suffered for it, and I want to tell you that my name is Henry K. Leonard and I lived in Troy, N. Y. As long as I lived I loved the colors of the old flag. I don't know what it was but every time I saw it floating in the breeze, I felt like taking off my hat, and when I did I wanted it near me, and it is. I am buried in the soldiers' lot and the little flag that is stuck up over my grave gives me a little thrill of delight every time I see it. I don't know that you need a Grand Army discourse but I wanted to tell you that the boys come flocking around me and we sit down and tell stories of what we went through, and then we get up with a new courage and make battle for the truth now as we did then. We used to have very strange ideas. We, every one of us, believed that somebody was near to us on the battlefield and saved us. It is a very common occurrence for us soldiers to see more forms than those in bodies whose names we knew. I want to send this word back to Nellie and Lizzie and I want them to know that their father is alive and vigorous and speaks his mind out as plainly as he did when he was here. Tell George, too, that he wants to be careful how he thinks because I know and I may have a reckoning with him when he comes over. He will laugh when he hears that because he will know what I mean. Thank you."

Edith Snow.

There is a girl comes here now. She has dark eyes, dark brown hair and is about eight years old. She is very cunning; her hair is in curls and it looks as though it wasn't natural, but was curled by somebody. She says, "My name is Edith Snow. They used to call me Edie, and I want to get to my mama and my papa; they live in Harlem. I want them to know that I know how they cry; I want to help my little brother and have him grow stronger. Tell them to leave some of my playthings where I can get them. My doll, my doll I used to call Nance. Leave it out where I can get it and I will try to move it, and tell mama that I have on the little pink dress which she liked so much and I did, too, and that I like picture books just as well as I used to, and won't take hold of everybody's hand any more than I used to, and that Aunt Daisy is with me and she helps me and teaches me. I want to send a thousand kisses and all the love they can imagine."

George Peterson.

There comes quite an old man. I say he is quite old, perhaps fifty-five or sixty years. He has a white horse with him. He doesn't drive in here, but he shows me a picture of a white horse and an open wagon as though he and his horse and wagon were always seen together. He is just as quick and active as though he were twenty years younger than he is, and he says, "If you had lived in Lansing, Mich., as many years as I did, you would see at once that I had to have my horse to get round with. Things have changed a good deal since I came over, but I couldn't get anywhere without my old pony. My name was Peterson, George Peterson. Everybody there most knew me and when they knew me, they knew my regalia which I have shown to you. I wish I could stir the folks up there on this question. They once in a while get a little buzzing like a dish of popcorn, it gets burnt on the bottom and spouts or else pops out all over the room and nobody gets any good of it. If a good, steady condition could obtain there, I am sure that some of us who are so anxious to get back and give a boost to the people left, would be able to do it. I never had much use for ministers or churches, and to tell the truth, I haven't a bit more now than I had before. I don't know as that is any reason why anybody else should not go there if they want to, but that old meeting house that I passed so many times just before I got to the bridge was just about an eyesore to me. I didn't like to see the folks putting on their Sunday faces when the time came for them to go in and worship the Lord, and all the rest of the week do anything they pleased. Didn't mean much to me that they could sit

and hope to be preached right into heaven, and I have seen some of them since I came over here and they are not any nearer the kingdom of heaven than I am myself, and I don't believe that church and preaching ever pulls anybody into the kingdom. I have been a little severe, but that is the way I feel and so I have to give it out to you."

Abbie Storor.

There comes a woman; she seems so weak that I think I will have to speak for her next. She says, "Don't keep me waiting, please. My name is Abby Storor and I used to live in Boston and I have such a desire to speak to my Boston people. Those who know me best will know that when I had anything to say or do, I did it as quickly as I could, and some people say I might have lived a good deal longer if I had not worn myself out with undue haste with whatever I undertook to do. I don't know how that is, but I found myself in spirit unexpectedly. The sickness was so quick and it hurried itself through my body at such a rate that I just came over here almost with eagerness that I had left the body, but when I looked back and saw Fred, I felt that I must send a message to him. Since then he has come to me and now he stands with me and says, 'We are both anxious to give anything we can to help our own people. We want to send a word to Aunt Mary Webb. She will understand why we come to her and that is to help her and to get everything in her conditions as they should be. I am sure it will be possible for us to bring things up for her a good deal before another winter comes, but not much just now. Goodbye.'"

Frank Demeritt.

Now I see the spirit of a man about fifty years old. He wears spectacles, has a full gray beard and quite heavy gray hair. He is short, thick set and has a kind of a good-natured way. "God bless us, and is this the way to come? Why I had an idea we would speak through a telephone. I didn't know we would just stand up here and talk. My name is Frank Demeritt; I came from Oswego, N. Y. I was in business there, had a store, and worked from morning till night, and didn't seem to make much except to get along from day to day and keep things running. Since I have come away, things have changed hands and they are not at all the way I would like them, but I don't know as it is of any use to fret over any change that has come for better or worse. I suppose it would be a good deal better if I just stand here and say that I do want to get to my people like the folks who preceded me. I want to go to Laura whose last name is like mine and I want her to understand that she has been a very foolish woman to give up her rights as easily as she did and it is not too late to make a fuss now and get something back again. If I were here I would kick until I made myself heard, and I want her to do the same thing. You may think I am speaking a little roughly and using strange language, but if I went to using any of your high-toned phrases, Laura would know it wasn't I. She would think it was something you had fixed up, so I have to talk just as I did when I was here. I just felt when they stood around crying over my body that half of them there didn't mean it, and I just tell you if I could I would have got up out of my box and said, 'Half of you people leave and the other folks keep still and do what you can to help Laura,' but land sakes, I could no more do it. I had lost my body and had to listen to the words that didn't mean anything. If I had a message to the world, it would be, Don't play you are sorry when you are not, don't go standing round like a lot of mourners when you are wondering why on earth people care if he is where he is standing tortures. It does me good to say I am not in half as hot a place as I thought I would be. Now to come back to Laura again. If she will only take hold, and fight for her own, I will help her all I can because I believe she is brave and I believe she is good and honest and I want her to have what belongs to her, not by working so hard all the time, and not by trying to take care of herself and her children on half the money she ought to have. Thank you. That is all I can say."

Arthur W. Biggs.

Here is another man. He is a little above the medium height with square shoulders, blue eyes, black hair, and dark side-whiskers. He looks very important, stands up with an air as though when he had anything to say he said it with all the strength he had, and my goodness, I believe he is a minister because he has a Bible in his hand. His name is Biggs, Arthur W. Biggs, and he says as he looks at me, "Yes, I was studying to give out the gospel. It was an awful shock to me when I came over here and found it was so different from what I had expected. I looked about to find my Savior and to see the streets of the Holy City and I couldn't understand what had happened. It seemed to me that I must be lost, and yet everything was so sweet and pure about it that I couldn't make up my mind that that was what had happened. It may seem strange to you but for quite a while I did not realize that I could see my own people. I was not in a stupor, but I seemed surrounded with an atmosphere which came from myself that shut out from my gaze my own people until at last one day some sound of suffering from my wife attracted me and I found that I was able to see her at almost any time. I look back on it now and feel that my desire to go to Heaven must have carried me right out of my earthly conditions into a state in the spirit and that the cry of suffering brought me back into close connection with my own. Since that hour I have been trying to devise ways to means to communicate with my wife. Her name is Jenny and I want her to understand that there isn't a single thing to be afraid of; that when she sees me as she has on the last three nights, reckoning from the day I am speaking, March 7, it is not that I have come to warn her or to frighten her but that I have come to give her evidence of my presence and my love.

That is all. I want her to feel that if there is any way that I can lighten her burdens I shall do it. God bless you for giving me this opportunity. God bless the spirits who made it possible to have this circle formed." He comes from Amherst, Mass.

Letter from Abby A. Judson.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY SEVEN

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

My mind has reverted of late to some singular experiences in 1888, and as some useful lessons may be drawn from them, will give some account of them. Mediumistic persons in process of development often have the same.

The autumn before, irrefragable evidence had proved to me the doctrine of spirit return, and I was constantly embracing every opportunity to obtain more light. The following summer had been spent in lessons about putting both our bodies in rapport with the solar magnetic currents, and our soul in tune with the higher intelligences, all of which is elucidated in "The Bridge Between Two Worlds," though I had not at that time practiced the processes enough to preserve my mental equilibrium if subjected to a strain.

School work had been resumed in the autumn, and though pressed with labor, I was on the lookout for anything that might bring me further spiritualistic light, when a lady arrived in Minneapolis, who had come from Australia through California, who is a well-known psychic and mentally gifted to a rare degree. In connection with her, came my first acquaintance with the doctrines of theosophy.

Realizing her mental strength and her spiritual insight, I willingly placed myself under her influence, and began to receive a course of private lessons with her alone.

Up to this time in my investigations I had found the sweetest peace in realizing the presence of my father and mother, and in the clairvoyant visions vouchsafed to me of them and other dear ones, and of life in the spirit world. My mental enlightenment had come chiefly through the answers to questions given through Miss M. T. Shelhamer (now Mrs. Longley) in The Banner of Light. I was like the sincere enquirer who has accepted Christ and rests in sweet content on the promises.

But from the first lesson with this brilliant stranger, I felt the ground slipping away from beneath my feet. I was told that my self-poise was extraordinary, that my soul united both sexes in one, instead of my being only one part of a future dual being, like common persons, that there was very little my parents could do for me so uncommon as myself, that most of the manifestations in which I delighted were performed by half-conscious astrals, or by elements of a low grade; that I was to discard everything of the sort, and aspire, alone and self-poised, to regions celestial. I went home, tried to commune with my spirit friends, wondered where they were or whether they existed at all, and went to bed in a very unhappy frame of mind.

The next time I went to the lady she was out. I sat awhile in her rooms. Like the singing moth, my wings were hurt, I could not fly very well, and yet a secret longing made me hover near the bright and dangerous light. I took still more lessons, always in private, became more and more dazed, began to think that my confidence in Spiritualism was ill-founded, and that I better go back to my Savior. I felt more unhappy than ever, and went for a long ride on the street cars. While speeding along, enjoying the views about me, suddenly an inner voice spoke to me distinctly and said:

"Give up these lessons. They do you no good. We are always with you. It is all right."

Returning to my rooms, I wrote a courteous letter to the lady, saying that perhaps through my own fault I could not assimilate her teachings, that I was dazed, that I was losing faith in everything, and must stop. On the way to carry the note to her, I met her coming to see me, and I gave her the note. Her psychic power enabled her to master its contents, she felt displeased, and we parted.

That night I had bad dreams, and on awaking saw a very unpleasant little being making faces at me. She would pull her mouth one way, and say, "I'll make you pay for this," and then pull it the other way, with "I would like to kill you." I was dreadfully frightened.

Whether this seeming imp was an actual, separate entity, one of the satellites of this powerful psychic, or whether her displeasure at my discontinuing the lessons took an apparent form in this way, I never knew.

The next day I went to tell Mrs. Brown all about it. She is the noble, staunch Spiritualist and independent clairvoyant in Minneapolis who did much to strengthen me in the early years of my quest. She told me to go home without the shadow of a fear, to burn up every particle of paper the lady had given me, to think no more of her, to "take my magnetism" and "wrap myself up," psychically. I did as she bade me, and had no more trouble.

Mrs. Brown told me months later, that when I went to her that day, the "imp," as I called it, accompanied me, and was peeping over my shoulder when I went in, but it did not dare to come into her room.

I now see the mistakes I made. Having already the teachings given in "The Bridge," which I had not yet made the habit of my life, I ought not to have at that time wanted something to supplement it. When I found myself becoming dazed and shaken, I ought to have stopped at once, and put myself in the hands of the powers above, until such time as they impressed me to go on. And besides, as I already had good spirits who were able to teach me much more, it was unwise to go to any child of earth for instruction, especially when that instruction belittled or contradicted the teachings of such a father and mother as mine.

A few years after I met the same lady at one of our great camps. Having become a public worker in the Cause, and filled with interest in my labors, it did not occur to me to be on my guard against psychic influence. When she invited me to lecture to some of her friends in a neighboring town, I readily acceded. But a warning came to me that very night. I will not detail what took place, but the experience was so painful that I cancelled the engagement the next morning. During the rest of that camp I avoided contact with the lady, though all the while admiring her greatly.

Years passed on. I had taken the missionary tour through the Middle West, had written "The Bridge," and filled a year's engagements in New England, when I met the same lady at the same camp. We became close friends, we saw much of each other, I admired her as much as ever, and her great influence with a large circle of friends enabled her to do me many kindnesses. I had become much stronger psychically, and the old power to control me had disappeared. Our views differed, but our friendship was firm, and we shall always meet with pleasure, be it on this side of the great divide, or be it in the broader space-ways of the home of the soul.

What a subtle thing is the influence that one soul pours upon another! In many cases, it is unconsciously exerted, and received as unconsciously. In other cases, he who exerts it does it so all unknown to him who receives it; while in still others, the recipient is bathed in it, while he who gives it out from his inner being knows nothing of the power he wields. But in all cases, the power is great.

As regards influence, we should all seek to understand ourselves and to strengthen ourselves. We should seek to become as self-poised as possible. By so doing, we become stronger, and less exposed to the various powers that may be exerted upon us, while we are at the same time enabled to do much for those who are weaker, and look to us for aid. The motto has been suggested:

"Be positive to the mortal side of life, and negative to the spirit."

This is a safe rule so far as the first part is concerned. There are so many varying currents in the world, of which many are evil, that we often have to be on our guard against them, to enter our bark aright. Did our little boat veer and tack with all the counter-currents, did our tiny sail shift and yield to every wind that blows, our progress would at best be zig-zag, and we might find towards the end of life's voyage that we had gone in an opposite way from that we intended.

The wisdom of the second direction, to be negative to the spirit side of life, depends on what sort of spirits are at hand to guide us, and also on what sort of person we are ourselves.

If our governing purpose be good, and if our will be strong, we shall be in the long run tolerably safe from disembodied spirits who desire to work evil upon us or through us. They will find that they cannot do much to us, and besides they will not like our company.

But if your purpose in life be not God-ward and heaven-ward, or if our will be not very strong, it will be wiser not to be negative to the spirit side of life. In fact, we ought to be much more positive to incarnate spirits than to mortals, in such a case, for the following reasons.

We can see what mortals are doing, we can hear the words they speak, and see the paths in which they tread. If we do not like their words, or looks, or actions, we shall not imitate them in these particulars, and will not be influenced by them.

But hounded in as we are by mortal bodies and physical senses, it is not possible for us to see what spirits are doing, and they can hint impure thoughts, unkind suggestions, selfish acts, without our knowing it. Before we are aware, they have by "suggestion" led us to do some of the wrong things that they cannot do on account of having no physical bodies and members to do them with.

And the more mediumistic we are, the greater is our danger. We must substitute a strong will for a weak will, and knowledge for ignorance. If Guiteau had not been mediumistic, he would not have shot Garfield. His will was so weak that when he heard, clairvoyantly, a voice bidding him to kill the President, he could not resist the command; and he was so ignorant, that he thought it was God's voice that he heard, when it was really the voice of a murderous spirit.

Yours for humanity and for spirituality,
Abby A. Judson.
Arlington, N. J., May 25, 1901.

Night.

"It was a glorious night. The moon had sunk, and left the quiet earth alone with the stars. It seems as if, in the silence and the hush, while we her children slept, they were talking with her, their sister—conversing of mighty mysteries in voices too vast and deep for childish human ears to catch the sound."

"They awe us, these strange stars, so cold, so clear. We are as children, whose small feet have strayed into some dim-lighted temple of the God they have been taught to worship but know not; and, standing where the echoing dome spans the long vista of the shadowy night, glance up, half hoping, half afraid to see some awful vision hovering there. And yet it seems so full of comfort and of strength, the night. In its great presence our small sorrows creep away, ashamed. The day has been so full of fret and care, and our hearts have been so full of evil and of bitter thoughts, and the world has seemed so hard and wrong to us. Then Night, like some great loving mother, gently lays her hand upon our fevered head, and turns our little tear-stained faces up to hers, and smiles; and, though she does not speak, we know what she would say, and lay our hot flushed cheeks against her bosom, and the pain is gone."

"Sometimes our pain is very real, and we stand before her very silent, because there is no language for our pain, only a moan. Night's heart is full of pity for us; she cannot ease our aching; she takes our hand in hers, and the little world grows very small and very far away beneath us, and borne on her dark wings, we pass for a moment into a mightier Presence than hers, and in that great Presence, all human life lies like a book before us, and we know that Pain and Sorrow are but the angels of God."

"Only those who have worn the crown of suffering can look upon that wondrous light; and they, when they return, may not speak of it, or tell the mystery they know."

Jerome K. Jerome.

Questions and Answers.

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF
W. J. COLVILLE.

Ques.—[By Joseph M. Bare, Ligonier, Noble Co., Indiana.] It being conceded that the Anglo-Saxons, the English speaking people, are the ten lost tribes of Israel, where are the other two tribes, and who are the people of today that compose them?

Ans.—We have never yet come across any thinkers who have found it difficult to account for the two tribes of Israel (Judah and Levi) for these are universally acknowledged as Jews or Hebrews. The ten scattered tribes of Israel are referred to in various parts of the bible as Israel or more correctly, the remainder of Israel, the two tribes with an admixture of a portion of a third (Benjamin) being called Judah many times in ordinary translations of the Hebrew text. The nine and one-half tribes which are identified by many modern scholars with the Anglo-Saxon race are "dispersed among the Gentiles" to use a familiar biblical phrase.

The Church of England liturgy appropriates all those scripture passages which refer to Israel and there are numberless instances in the common usages of the Anglo-Saxon race to prove that kinship is claimed with the ancient house of Israel. Our own conviction is that the dispersed tribes are not exclusively scattered among Anglo-Saxon communities but that they are to be found among all nations of the earth, the Anglo-Saxon race having simply a preponderance of the Israelitish element.

The distinctive Jew belongs either to the tribe of Judah, Levi, or Benjamin, and the other nine tribes constitute a heaven among all the races of mankind. Persons particularly interested in this problem will find abundant literature at their disposal if they consult the publications of the Anglo-Israelite Pub. Society which has branches all over the world and a strong propagating force in America.

Ques.—Is the North Pole positive and the South Pole negative?

Ans.—Though there may be no absolute scientific testimony concerning the poles generally accessible, we consider that there are many evidences pointing in the direction of agreement with our questioner's suggestion. We have always held that the Magnetic needle points not to the North Pole itself, but to the brain of the earth which is situated in the Northern Hemisphere several degrees south of the pole.

As land greatly preponderates in the Northern Hemisphere and water occupies the greater space in the Southern Hemisphere, and moreover as all vast centres of population are in the Northern Hemisphere and all great movements take their rise north of the equator, while the Southern Hemisphere receives its population from the north and has no calendar of its own, there seems strong evidence that below the equator is a region of receptivity rather than of origination, and indeed all signs go to prove that the South Pole is the polar opposite of the North, and as every magnet must have two poles, the one positive and the other negative, the earth being an immense magnet cannot be exempt in its constitution from the universal law of equalized polarity. This question is properly one for strictly scientific consideration and belongs to the domain of pure astronomy.

Ques.—A. J. Davis says that the South Pole is neither positive nor negative. Wherein do you differ if at all with Mr. Davis?

Ans.—We cannot accept a neutral pole in the sense of neither positive nor negative. The polar opposite of positive must be negative and vice versa.

There are many statements in the works of A. J. Davis which are open to criticism, for though his "Nature's Divine Revelations" are extremely valuable and highly instructive, they should not be accepted as infallibly oracular. Some errors crept in during transcription, and the youth was not always in a condition to be the perfect mouthpiece of unseen intelligences who were acquainted with all facts of science, nor was it possible for him to steer entirely clear of mistake in announcing the result of his visions.

Davis was often magnetized and some of the ideas of Flahbough and other people prominently connected with his early history have at times been inadvertently introduced into the text of his published works. Taken as a whole, the Great Harmonia is a most important body of inspired teaching, but we must not claim for it a higher value than it actually possesses. Spiritual messages and clairvoyant visions are all worthy of thoughtful consideration, but their chief value lies in the light they throw on spiritual problems rather than in the strictly scientific evidence they proffer of a mundane character.

It is now being increasingly admitted by intelligent investigators of Spiritualism in all its phases that spiritual discernment is limited by the channel through which it passes on its way to earthly culmination. The conditions of spirit life can be well ascertained in outline through mediumship, but entranced sensitive sometimes echo the views entertained by magnetizers if, as in the case of Davis, they enter a state of magnetically induced trance.

